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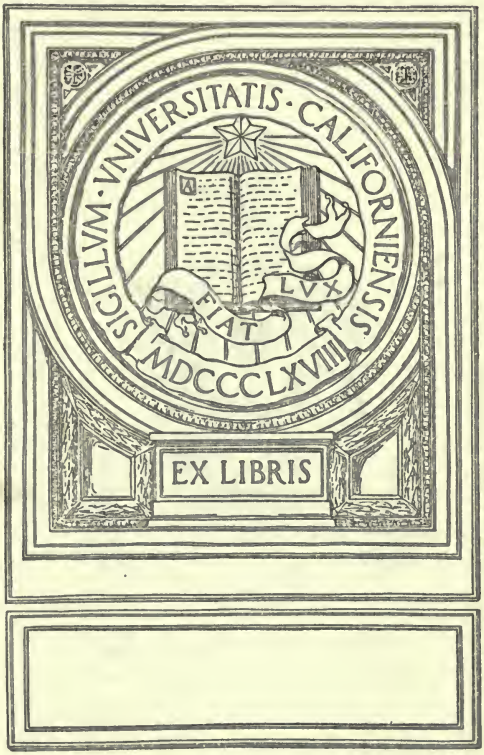
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THE WHITEFOORD PAPERS

HEWINS

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

The Whitefoord Papers

BEING THE

CORRESPONDENCE AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS

OF

COLONEL CHARLES WHITEFOORD

AND

CALEB WHITEFOORD

FROM 1739 TO 1810

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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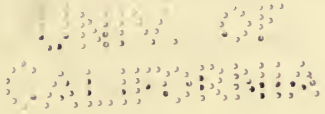

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PREFACE

On the death of the late Rev. Caleb Whitefoord, Rector of Whitton, Salop, his executors asked me to look through the papers of his father, Caleb Whitefoord, and his grandfather, Colonel Charles Whitefoord, with a view to their publication. Many of the papers seemed to me to be of great value and interest, and, with the consent of the executors, I offered them for publication to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who were good enough to accept my proposal. The family wished me to undertake the selection and arrangement of the papers, and at that time I thought that the work would be an agreeable task for the vacations. But during the last three years my Economic work has been very exacting, and the Whitefoord Papers have been laid aside.

INTRODUCTION

Sir Walter Scott once apologized to the late Mr. Whitefoord for misspelling the family name in the preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. 'Dearly as I am myself particular,' he wrote, 'in the spelling of my name to a "T," I had no right to treat your "O" as a cipher,' and when he transferred the story of Colonel Charles Whitefoord, in which the mistake occurred, from the *Chronicles* to *Waverley*, he took care to introduce the additional letter. But the name is, in fact, spelt in at least twelve different ways in authentic documents. Before the main branch of the family settled down to 'Whitefoord,' the forms Quhitefurd, Quhitefurde, Quhitefuird, and other variations, frequently occur. The first of the family is said to have been a certain Walter, who, for his services against the Norwegians at the Battle of Largs in 1263, received the lands of Whitefoord near Paisley, in the shire of Renfrew. It is much more likely that Walter derived his name from the lands, than that they were named after him. There is, however, an improbable

tradition[1] to account for the wheatsheaf in the Whitefoord coat of arms. It is said that 'one of the heads of the family, who stood firm for his country against the usurpation of the English, in the time of King Robert the Bruce, surpris'd and defeated a party of English, who lay encamp'd on the opposite side of the river Cart, by a stratagem of putting great quantities of wheat sheaves and other corns into the water, and to perpetuate the signal overthrow he gave them, they carry the wheatsheaf in their armorial bearings.'

There are many references to the family in the *Registrum Magni Sigilli* and the *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, from which it appears that the early Whitefoords were frequently engaged in laying waste each others' lands or those of their neighbours. One of them and his wife are commemorated in the old ballad of 'Hughie Graham[2],' but I have not been able to identify the pair. John

[1] A brief account of the family will be found in Crawfurd's *History of Renfrew*; Paterson's *History of Ayr*; Paterson's *History of Ayr and Wigton*, ii. 465; McKerlie's *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*; Burke's *Extinct Baronetcies*, 638; *The Genealogist*, vol. iv. no. 35; vol. v. no. 37.

[2] Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the Bishop's knee,
'Five hundred white stots I'll gie you
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.'

'O haud your tongue,' the Bishop says,
'And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall dee.'

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the Bishop's knee,
'Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.'

'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honour he maun dee.'

Whitefoord, son and apparent heir of John Whitefoord of that ilk, complains in 1579[1] that his father, partly on account of the 'constant and trew service done be him to his Hienes, in furthsetting of his Majesties authoritie at all tymes to his power, sen his Hienes coronatioun,' and partly by the persuasion of Margaret Simple, his said father's present wife, and the complainer's step-mother, 'hes still procurit and socht his wrak and distruction,' by putting his step-brother Adam Whitefoord 'in fie of the haill landis of Quhitfurd.' Nothing was now wanting to complete Adam's title but the great seal. Such a grant the complainer believes would not have been made if Adam's 'conditionis and behaviour' had been known to the king, his said brother having at all times assisted the king's traitors, even 'cuming in thair company with displayit baner to bereif his Majestie of his life and crown.' No cause, however, was found to stop the confirmation in Adam's favour[2].

Walter Whitefoord, Bishop of Brechin, a younger son of Whitefoord of that ilk, is described, in 1630, as 'Rector de Moffet, Prebendarius de Stanehouse in collegio de Bothwell[3].' He was made Bishop of Brechin on the recommendation of the Earl of Stirling[4], and was one of the 'three or four aspiring bishops,' as Burnet[5] calls them, who tried to force Laud's liturgy on Scotland. He signed the letter of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and other prelates pro-

[1] *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland* (1575–1585), p. 234.
[2] Cf. *Registr. Magn. Sig. Reg. Scot.* (1546–1580), 2282.
[3] *Ib.* (1609–1620), 2071; *ib.* (1620–1633), 705, 1007, 1532; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland* (1613–1616), pp. 162, 163, 546, 547, 552; *ib.* (1616–1619), pp. 25, 359.
[4] Bishop Guthrie's *Memoirs*, p. 16.
[5] *History of His Own Time* (1875), p. 14.

testing against their exclusion from the Parliament appointed to be held at Edinburgh on Aug. 26, 1639[1]. He afterwards retired from Scotland to France, and is said to have entered a religious house[2]. He married Anne, fourth daughter of Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael[3], and had several children. One of his daughters, Christian, married William Burnett of Barns, and his three sons, Adam, Walter, and David, are worthy of notice.

Adam Whitefoord was a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, died there in February, 1647, and was buried in the south transept. Colonel Walter Whitefoord, 'a stout and desperate man[4],' was one of the Scottish followers of Montrose, many of whom were at the Hague in 1649. When the Commonwealth sent over Dr. Dorislaus, the regicide, as their special envoy in April of that year, Whitefoord took part in the scheme to murder him. On the evening of May 2, just as Dorislaus was sitting down to supper, Whitefoord and five others burst into his room, and while some of them secured his servants, Whitefoord, 'after slashing him over the head, passed a sword through his body[5].' He escaped into the Spanish Netherlands. He is next heard of with Montrose in Scotland, in 1650. With Sir William Hay of Dalgetty, and 100 men, he was left in Dumbeath Castle, when Montrose marched to Glenmuick. After the battle of Carbisdale (April 27, 1650), the garrison of Dumbeath Castle were

[1] *Hist. MSS. Commission*, 9th Report, ii. 254 b, 257 a.
[2] *Whitefoord MSS.*
[3] Douglas' *Peerage of Scotland*, i. 753.
[4] Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* (1721), ii. 532.
[5] Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 73. Wood says that Whitefoord killed Dorislaus 'by cleaving his head asunder with a broad sword.' *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 339.

forced to surrender, and were sent to Edinburgh. Here Sir William Hay was executed on June 8, and Whitefoord narrowly escaped the same fate, but was ordered to depart the country before July 31. His good fortune is attributed to the part he had taken in the murder of Dorislaus, 'which was counted to him for righteousness[1].' In August, 1656, he is mentioned amongst those at the court of Charles[2], and two years later Downing writes to Thurloe: 'As for Whitford, I did give De Witt two or three times notice of his lodging, and he must have bin taken, but that it was always 24 hours ere an order could be had; and he removed his lodging every night. And if I had endeavoured to have done it by the States General, it would have bin much more tedious, and would also have bin knowne; and he is since, as I a good while ago gave you an accompt, gon for Muscovy, in a ship bound with ammunition[3].' On the restoration, Whitefoord's services were acknowledged 'with characteristic humour[4].' 'The family arms were altered in his favour, when the dove was discarded from the top of the wheatsheaf, and that itself was changed from sable to gules, while the motto "D'en haut" was changed to what really seemed highly appropriate to his career, "Ubique aut nusquam."' According to Burnet[5], however, Whitefoord turned papist, and entered the Duke of Savoy's service, 'and was there when the last massacre was committed on the Vaudois. He had

[1] Wishart's *Deeds of Montrose*, 298, 496; Monteith's *History of the Troubles of Great Britain*, 54.
[2] Thurloe's *State Papers*, v. 315.
[3] *Ib.* vii. 429.
[4] Rev. Caleb Whitefoord in *Whitefoord MSS.*
[5] *History of His Own Time*, 433.

committed many barbarous murders with his own hands, and had a small pension given him after the Restoration.' Burnet also gives a highly coloured account of his death. 'He died a few days before the Parliament met; and called for some ministers, and to them declared his forsaking of popery, and his abhorrence of it for its cruelty. He said, he had been guilty of some execrable murders in Piedmont, both of women and children, which had pursued him with an intolerable horror of mind ever after. He had gone to priests of all sorts, the strictest as well as the easiest, and they had justified him in what he had done, and had given him absolution. But his conscience pursued him so, that he died as in despair, crying out against that bloody religion[1].' Wood declares that he was still living in Edinburgh in September, 1691[2].

David Whitefoord, another son of the Bishop of Brechin, was elected a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1642, from Westminster School, aged sixteen. He soon after served with the garrison of Oxford, and was ejected from his studentship in 1648. He fought at the battle of Worcester, was wounded, taken prisoner, and brought to Oxford. Thence he was removed to London, where he was released 'by the importunity of his friends.' He then became usher to James Shirley, the poet, 'when he taught school in the Whitefriars.' He was afterwards taken into the service of the Duke of Lauderdale. Restored to his studentship, his bedmaker found him dead in his rooms at Christ Church on October 26, 1674, 'lying on his bed with his wearing apparel on him.'

[1] *History of His Own Time*, 433. [2] *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 532.

He was buried in the south transept of the Cathedral, near his brother Adam. He was 'always accounted an excellent Grecian and Philologist,' and published *Musaei, Moschi et Bionis, quae extant, omnia*, London, 1655; *Selectiora quaedam Theocriti Eidyllia*, in Greek and Latin; and an *Appendix* to Wishart's *Compleat History of the Wars in Scotland under the conduct of James, Marquess of Montrose*, 'as I have been credibly informed by those that knew him well[1].'

There is nothing worthy of notice in the history of the family from this time until the period covered by the letters and documents now published. The eldest branch of the family was Whitefoord of Blairquhan, afterwards of Whitefoord, Ayrshire, descended from a younger son of Whitefoord of that ilk. The head of the family in the first quarter of the eighteenth century was Sir Adam Whitefoord, created a baronet in 1701, eldest son of James Whitefoord of Dunduff, and nephew of John Whitefoord of Blairquhan. He married Margaret, only daughter of Alan, seventh Lord Cathcart, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of James, Viscount Stair, by whom he had four sons, John, Allan, Charles, and Hugh, and a daughter, who married Captain John Dalrymple, and died in April, 1743. The name of his brother-in-law, Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, frequently occurs in the following correspondence. Lord Cathcart was appointed to command the West India Expedition, and sailed from Spithead in October, 1740, but was seized with dysentery, and died in the following December at Dominica. Sir Adam Whitefoord died in November, 1727, and was buried in the new church of Ayr.

[1] *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 532.

His son, Sir John Whitefoord, the second baronet, entered the army in 1720 as a Cornet in Cadogan's Dragoons, and became Captain in 1726, and Major in Stair's Dragoons in 1743. He succeeded Lord George Sackville as Colonel of the 12th (Prince of Wales') Light Dragoons in Jan. 1750, and was appointed Major-General in 1758, and Lieutenant-General in 1761. He died in Edinburgh on March 2, 1763[1]. He married Alice, daughter of John Moore, of Tullyhalen, in Ireland, who survived him till Sept. 29, 1776. His son, Sir John Whitefoord, the third and last baronet, Major of the 107th Foot, and afterwards of the 104th Foot, is the subject of the fine lines by Burns, sent to him along with the 'Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn':—

> Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
> Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
> To thee this votive offering I impart,
> The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
> The friend thou valuedst, I the patron loved;
> His worth, his honour, all the world approved;
> We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
> And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

He is also said to have been the original of Sir Arthur Wardour in Scott's *Antiquary*[2]. He died in 1803. He married, in 1761, Miss Cartwright, one of the coheiresses of the family of Cartwright of Ossington, Nottinghamshire, by whom he had five sons, all of whom died before him, and five daughters. His eldest daughter, who married Henry Kerr Cranstoun, nephew of the fifth Baron Cranstoun, was the heroine of 'The Braes o' Ballochmyle,' by Robert Burns. Sir John

[1] His portrait is in the possession of Charles Whitefoord, Esq., Whitton Paddocks, near Ludlow. *Vide* also a sketch in Kay's *Portraits*.
[2] Cunningham's *Life and Works of Burns*, iv. 156–157.

Whitefoord inherited the estate of Ballochmyle [1] from his uncle, Allan Whitefoord, in 1766. In addition to the children mentioned above, Sir John Whitefoord was also the father of an illegitimate son, John Rousselet, who afterwards, with the consent of Sir John, took the name Whitefoord by Royal licence. John Rousselet Whitefoord was knighted by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on March 7, 1811.

Allan Whitefoord, the second son of Sir Adam Whitefoord, was appointed in 1733 Receiver-General of the Land Tax for Scotland. He afterwards became proprietor of the estate of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, and died, unmarried, at Edinburgh, on March 26, 1766. Hugh Whitefoord, the fourth son of Sir Adam Whitefoord, entered the army in 1730, and in 1732 was appointed Cornet in Cadogan's Dragoons, a regiment which at the time included Sir John Whitefoord, his eldest brother, and Captain John Dalrymple, his brother-in-law. When his uncle, Lord Cathcart, was appointed to command the West India Expedition, Hugh Whitefoord accompanied him as aide-de-camp and secretary, but died at Carthagena, 'from inclemency of the climate,' in April, 1741 [2].

Charles Whitefoord [3], the third son of Sir Adam Whitefoord, whose papers are now published, is the most interesting of the four brothers. Entering the sea-service in 1718, he served till he was qualified to be Lieutenant of a man-of-war, for which he passed an examination. 'But the Lords of the Admiralty then taking a resolution to provide for half-pay officers

[1] Sir John Whitefoord sold this estate in 1782 for £27,000. *Vide infra*, p. 178.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1741), p. 332.

[3] The following account is based on the *Whitefoord MSS.*

only, he entered into the land service, carried arms two years in the Dragoons, and learned his exercises of riding, &c. in the Academy of Angers.' He was made Ensign in 1728, Adjutant under General Blakeney in 1729, Lieutenant in 1733, half-pay Captain in 1737, and in 1738 exchanged with a Captain in the Royal Irish in Minorca. His letters commence with this period. The Minorca letters are taken up mainly with Lord Cathcart's marriage, and his own life in Minorca[1]. At the beginning of 1740 he exchanged with Lord James Maitland into Wynyard's Marines, but only remained in that post until April 4, when he was made Major of the American regiment. In July, 1740, he was gazetted aide-de-camp to his uncle Lord Cathcart[2]. The West India Expedition brought him many hardships. The ship which conveyed his baggage and his transport foundered, and he lost 'effects to a very considerable value, without receiving any consideration.' Lord Cathcart died in November, and his brother Hugh in the following April. At Carthagena he obtained promotion. He appears to have taken part in much of the fighting, and amongst his papers there is a good sketch, by him, of the fortifications of Castello Grande[3]. The Colonelcy of the 5th Marines changed hands rapidly in March and April, 1741. Douglas, appointed Colonel on Nov. 21, 1739, had his head shot off at Carthagena on March 23, 1741. He was succeeded by Grant, who was killed at Fort

[1] pp. 2–13 *infra*.

[2] I have printed (pp. 14–18) some notes on Sir George Rooke's expeditions to Copenhagen, Cadiz, and Vigo, which appear to have been sent to Lord Cathcart at this time and to have found their way into Col. Whitefoord's hands, either through his brother Hugh, Lord Cathcart's secretary, or as Lord Cathcart's executor.

[3] p. 17 *infra*.

St. Nazar on April 9. Grant was followed on April 14 by Daniel, who died in Carthagena harbour on April 25, and Daniel was succeeded by Cochran, who survived the expedition and died a Lieutenant-General in 1758[1]. When Cochran became Colonel, Charles Whitefoord became Lieutenant-Colonel, of the 5th Marines. He took part in the expedition to Cuba (June to November, 1741), in connexion with which there is an interesting memorial addressed to him by the officers under his command[2] on the danger of their position at Guantamano. Returning to England he was for some time stationed at Chatham. His letters at this time on the position of officers of Marines[3], his description of his Chatham quarters[4], his remarks on the position of midshipmen in the Navy[5], and his character of Governor Macrae[6] are interesting.

Whitefoord was visiting his friends and relations in Scotland when the Rebellion of 1745 broke out. 'We are alarm'd here,' he writes from Edinburgh, 'with an invasion which I believe will end in smoke. Certain it is that a few people have landed in the West Highlands from a French man of war, but their number [is] so inconsiderable that they only serve to put us on our guard. Sir John Cope takes all necessary precautions, and has himself march'd with the few troops he has to pay them his compliments on their arrival. They must be either fools or madmen, or perhaps both, to make such a rash attempt, this country being as I imagin extreamly well affected to the present government[7].' Whitefoord, however, at once

[1] Millan's *Succession of Colonels*.
[2] pp. 18, 19 *infra*.
[3] pp. 29, 39, &c.
[4] p. 33.
[5] p. 38.
[6] p. 40.
[7] p. 50 *infra*.

'went volunteer, refusing to be Adjutant General or aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief with pay, thinking it his duty to serve his Majesty to the utmost of his power without any private view[1].' His papers during this period[2] include the orders given at Edinburgh, particulars as to the transports, a return of Murray's regiment, a list of the Highland clans with the sums they received in the 'latter end' of Queen Anne's reign, the order of march from Haddington, the proposed and the actual order of battle at Prestonpans, a return of the wounded and prisoners, many particulars relating to the treatment of the prisoners, an account of the battle of Culloden, and an elaborate defence of Sir John Cope. As Commissary, Whitefoord provided stores for the Royal Army, and 'took 1150 tons of transports, without charging a farthing for his own expense or the freight of the shipping, which he retained while necessary and had six protests taken against him. At the unhappy affair of Prestonpans he acted (tho' unqualified) as Engineer, fired all the guns were discharged on that occasion, stayed, after he was deserted by the whole people were to assist him, till he expended all the powder he had, killed the Ensign and knocked down what they called their Royal Standard, was wounded, taken prisoner and lost his horses and baggage. . . . . The rebels' resentment was so strong against him that in the field after the affair, when prisoner with Lord Elcho, one of them cocked and presented a pistol at him, desiring Lord Elcho's leave to shoot him, which that lord prevented. He was marked down, described in their books to be destroyed; when prisoner at Perth, they

[1] *Whitefoord MSS.*

[2] pp. 49–94 *infra.*

fired into his room, through the garden door when he was walking, and frequently when he appeared in the field[1].' His conduct at Prestonpans has been graphically described by Sir Walter Scott, and in fact supplied the basis of one of the most striking scenes in *Waverley*. Scott declares that the chivalrous relations between the Baron Bradwardine and Colonel Talbot were based upon anecdotes supplied to him by Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, of what took place between himself and Charles Whitefoord. 'When the Highlanders on the morning of the battle of Preston, 1745, made their memorable attack on Sir John Cope's army, a battery of four field-pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observing an officer of the King's forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him, the Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust, which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stewart with difficulty prevailed on him to yield. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Whitefoord, an Ayrshire gentleman of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover.'

. . . . . .

[1] *Whitefoord MSS.*

After the battle of Culloden had ruined the hopes of Charles Edward, and dispersed his proscribed adherents, it was Colonel Whitefoord's turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stewart's pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list, in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared 'marked with the sign of the beast!' as a subject unfit for favour or pardon.

At length Colonel Whitefoord applied to the Duke of Cumberland in person. From him, also, he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request, for the present, to a protection for Stewart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the Duke; on which Colonel Whitefoord, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness with much emotion, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The Duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the Colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn and cattle at Invernahyle, from the troops who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call 'the country of the enemy[1].'

After the Rebellion nothing of any great interest in the life of Charles Whitefoord occurred. In September, 1751, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th (Irwin's) Regiment of foot[2], on the staff in Ireland. His letters from Ireland[3] throw some

[1] Introduction to *Waverley*.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1751), 428.
[3] pp. 104-117 *infra*.

light on the condition of the army, recruiting, and other military subjects. On the death of Lieutenant-General Irwin, Colonel of the regiment, the Duke of Dorset recommended Whitefoord to succeed him[1], and he was appointed on Nov. 25, 1752. But he did not live long to enjoy his promotion. He died at Galway on Jan. 2, 1753[2].

Caleb Whitefoord[3], the son of Colonel Charles Whitefoord, was born in Edinburgh in 1734. At an early age he entered James Mundell's school, where amongst his fellow-scholars were the Earl of Buchan, Lord Hermand, Lord Polkemmet, Lord Balmuto, and Dr. Andrew Hunter[4]. On March 3, 1748, he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, 'where he made so great a proficiency in classical knowledge, that his father intended him for the Church; but finding his son had strong objections, he brought him to London, and placed him in the counting-house of his friend, Archibald Stewart, Esq., M.P., an eminent wine-merchant in York Buildings,' Adelphi. He apparently did not find his duties inconsistent with frequent visits to the theatre. 'I am this moment,' he writes to his friend Stair[5], 'returned from the play, and the chief objects of my imagination are, Mr. Garrick strutting on the stage and Lady Coventry ogling in the stage box.'

While he was in London he received news of his

[1] *Historical MSS. Commission*, 9th Report, iii. 67 a.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1753), 51. The *Scots Magazine* states that he died on Dec. 24, 1752, but this is an error. His will is dated Nov. 23, 1752. So also his 'last wishes' (*vide* p. 117 *infra*). His portrait, in oils, is in the possession of Charles Whitefoord, Esq., Whitton Paddocks, near Ludlow.

[3] Several notices of Caleb Whitefoord were published, after his death in 1810, in the *European Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c., but they appear to have been all based upon the account of his life in *Public Characters* for 1801–2.

[4] *Vide* Mundell's letter to him, p. 140 *infra*; and p. 263 *infra*.

[5] p. 119 *infra*.

father's death in Ireland, in January, 1753, and during the next few months appears to have been much taken up with the business following upon that event. His father left him 'all that is in my power to leave him, whether in bonds, bills, or debts due to me not accounted for,' obliging him to pay legacies of £200 to his sister, Charlotta Whitefoord, £100 to his cousin Charles Fordyce, and £500 to Lord Cathcart. Sir John and Allan Whitefoord were appointed his guardians. In 1754 he went to France, where he stayed two years. 'I have your doing well much at heart,' writes Archibald Stewart [1]. 'You'll oblige me much if you'l write me a honest journal of your life, from the time you receive this, how all your hours are employed from six in the morning, the time I presume you rise, till ten that you go to bed, and I won't think there's any thing wrong, in seeing some hours there, every day, in company with French ladies.' Returning to London, Whitefoord commenced business by entering into partnership with Thomas Brown, of Craven Street, Strand, with whom he maintained a life-long friendship. In August, 1756, he was in Lisbon, and sent home to Brown, Stair, and others a vivid description of the state of that city after the earthquake [2].

Caleb Whitefoord may have met Benjamin Franklin before 1757, but from that year they were on terms of intimate friendship. Whitefoord lived at No. 8, Craven Street, and Franklin for some time lodged with Mrs. Stevenson next door [3]. After Franklin's departure from England they corresponded, and from 1762 onwards Franklin's name frequently occurs in White-

[1] p. 123 *infra*. [2] pp. 126–131 *infra*.
[3] A tablet recording the fact has been placed on the house, No. 7, Craven Street.

foord's letters and papers[1]. Whitefoord's intimacy with Franklin was well known to Lord Shelburne, and towards the end of March, 1782, Whitefoord 'was applied to, for his aid and assistance, towards bringing about a confidential communication with Dr. Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the Court of Versailles,' and 'in the beginning of April, 1782, proceeded with Mr. Richard Oswald to Paris, and by his personal interest with Dr. Franklin soon brought about a confidential communication, and procured satisfactory answers to all the questions then proposed by the British Cabinet. The negociation being thus commenced, Mr. Oswald was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary for treating of and concluding a peace with the Ministers of the United States of America'; and Whitefoord, 'giving up all other business, remained about thirteen months at Paris, where he acted as sole Secretary to the Commission, during the whole negociation of the Preliminary Treaty of Peace, in 1782, and until the end of April, 1783[2].' Burke endeavoured to depreciate the characters and talents of the plenipotentiaries by describing Oswald as a simple merchant and Whitefoord as a mere *diseur des bons mots*. A change of administration having taken place before Whitefoord's return from Paris, there was considerable delay in rewarding him for his services[3], and it was only after repeated representations

[1] *Vide* Franklin's letters, pp. 141, 197, 200 *infra*, and all the papers relating to the Paris negotiations, particularly pp. 187–189, 190, 193–195, 210, 211 *infra*.

[2] Cf. the account given in 'The Case of Brown and Whitefoord,' pp. 192–196 *infra*; 'Anecdotes of the Negotiations,' p. 187 *infra*; Oswald's letters, pp. 183, 185, 191, 192 *infra*; Whitefoord's letter to the *Public Advertiser*, p. 200 *infra*.

[3] Cf. Franklin's letters, 'The Case of Brown and Whitefoord,' and Whitefoord's letter to William Dundas, p. 198 *infra*.

to the Government that he received some compensation for his labour and the sacrifice of his business during his stay in Paris[1].

Whitefoord wrote many essays, poems, and epigrams which were published in the *Public Advertiser*, the *St. James' Chronicle*, and other newspapers. 'What first engag'd me in political controversy,' he writes in 1766[2], 'was a desire of undeceiving the publick, as to the notion which prevail'd two years ago, that most places of trust and profit in England were engross'd by Scotchmen. This assertion, false and absurd as it was, had been frequently repeated by the *North Briton* and *Monitor*; and as nobody took the pains to confute it, every John Bull in the kingdom believed it as firmly as his creed. I undertook to combat this opinion in a series of letters sign'd "Philo-Veritas."' Another of his pseudonyms was 'Papyrius Cursor.' Though he did not invent, he greatly improved Cross-readings, Ship-news Extraordinary, and Errors of the Press[3]. 'Whenever any change of ministry happen'd, and the party writers on both sides began the work of serious abuse, I have always endeavour'd to make such changes a matter of *laughter* than of serious concern to the people[4].'

His success against Wilkes and the Patriots won for him the approbation of the Ministry, and it is said, he was requested by a person high in office to write a pamphlet on the subject of the misunderstanding between England and Spain relative to the Falkland

[1] On April 23, 1790, he received £400 'on account of services performed during the negotiation of the last Treaty of Peace at Paris,' and on July 20, 1793, a pension of £200 a year was granted to him, to commence from July 5, 1793. *Whitefoord MSS.*

[2] *Vide* his letter to Knight, p. 143 *infra.*

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine* (1810), i. 300.

[4] p. 143 *infra.*

Islands. That task, however, he declined, but recommended Dr. Johnson as the ablest person who could be selected for the purpose. He was authorized to negotiate this matter with Dr. Johnson, which he did in concert with Strahan. It is said that, at this period, Dr. Johnson had conceived a high opinion of Whitefoord's taste and political influence, and often expressed his approbation of his essays and squibs, pronouncing them superior even to those of Swift[1].

Whitefoord's correspondence with the Woodfalls[2] and James Macpherson[3] refers mainly to his literary activities. In 1775 he apparently expressed a wish to H. S. Woodfall that his brother 'would fall foul of Dr. Johnson for the objectionable passages in his dogmatical account of his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*[4].'

Amongst the most interesting papers in the collection are John Croft's letters and 'Anecdotes of Sterne[5].' In writing to Trumbull on March 25, 1789, thanking him for 'a charming picture of Yorick and Maria,' he says, 'I had often wish'd to be possess'd of some work of yours, and this picture is doubly welcome to me, as the subject is taken from an author for whom I felt a particular regard and with whom I lived in habits of intimacy and friendship.' Croft put together the 'Anecdotes' at Whitefoord's request. They are a most valuable addition to the materials for Sterne's life.

[1] Cf. Smollett's letter, p. 148 *infra*. The *European Magazine* seriously disputes the soundness of Johnson's opinion.

[2] pp. 147, 150, 151, 154, 155, 161, 162, 163 *infra*.

[3] pp. 162, 217.

[4] *Vide* p. 161 *infra*, and Macpherson's letter, p. 162 *infra*.

[5] pp. 223–235 *infra*. I lent Croft's letters and the 'Anecdotes of Sterne' in proof to Mr. Sidney Lee for his life of Sterne in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

With Foote and Garrick[1] also Whitefoord was on intimate terms. His services were frequently in request for prologues and epilogues to plays. There is in the collection a large number of notes from Mrs. Garrick, but none of them of sufficient interest for publication. Another lady with whom he corresponded very frequently was Lady Anne Fortescue. She lends him *Culina*, encloses 'Bombaseen, which is said to be written by Mr. T. Sheridan,' thinks Mrs. Siddons 'inferior to Mrs. Cibber,' reads *Marmontel*, thinks *Anticipation* 'quite a treasure,' goes to Elliston's benefit to see the *Honeymoon*, 'has been told that *Adelgitha* is a very deep tragedy,' and sends him *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 'which is much admired.' With most of the artists of the day Whitefoord was on very friendly terms, and many of their works found their way into his collection. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portrait. Some who afterwards rose to fame, and many others who did not, were kindly welcomed at his house. 'The Letter of Introduction' which Wilkie brought with him to London, and which suggested the subject of a well-known picture by him, is included in the collection[2].

Adam Smith said that 'although the Junto of wits and authors hated one another heartily, they had all a sincere regard for Mr. Whitefoord, who by his conciliatory manners and happy adaptation of circumstances, kept his circle together in amity and good humour.' When any quarrel or disagreement occurred amongst his friends, Whitefoord used to invite the parties to it to Craven Street, where he gave them

[1] *Vide* letter from Garrick, p. 165 *infra*, and the 'Characters of Foote and Garrick,' pp. 166, 167.
[2] p. 260 *infra*.

a very good dinner and drank a glass to their reconciliation. It is said that once when Garrick and Foote had long been at variance, Whitefoord contrived to bring them to one of these conciliatory dinners, with the result that Garrick actually lent Foote £500 to repair his theatre in the Haymarket. The story of the composition of Goldsmith's *Retaliation* is well known. Whitefoord's *jeu d'esprit*, one of those which led to Goldsmith's reply, is amongst his papers[1]. Goldsmith's epitaph on Whitefoord was published in the fourth and subsequent editions of his poems[2].

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Tho' he merrily lived, he is now a grave man!
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was gen'rous, open, sincere,
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill.
A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to Newspaper Essays confined;
Who perhaps to the summit of science might soar,
Yet content if the table he set on a roar;
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.
Ye newspaper witlings, ye pert scribbling folks,
Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes,
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master and visit his tomb;

[1] Whitefoord's epitaph on Goldsmith began—

Noll Goldsmith lies here, as famous for writing
As his namesake old Noll was for praying and fighting.
In friends he was rich, tho' not loaded with Pelf,
He spoke well of them, and thought well of himself.

The remaining eight lines are unfit for publication. It is a mistake to regard Garrick as the author of the first two lines, which have been frequently quoted.

[2] An admirable miniature of Goldsmith, said to have been painted and presented to Caleb Whitefoord by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is in the possession of the Rev. Benjamin Whitefoord, Hon. Canon of Salisbury.

To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross Readings, Ship News, and Mistakes of the Press.
Merry Whitefoord farewell, for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I'd almost said wit;
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
Thou best-humour'd man, with the worst-humour'd muse.

Caleb Whitefoord was a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, and a member of the American Philosophical Society and of the Arcadian Society of Rome. He was elected a member of the Society of Arts in 1762, Chairman of the Polite Arts in 1786, and Vice-President in 1800. He obtained for the Society the portrait of Shipley, their founder, and of Templeman, a former secretary. He died in February, 1810.

Many of Caleb Whitefoord's 'fugitive pieces' are printed in Debrett's *Foundling Hospital for Wit.* The following were marked as Whitefoord's in a copy of Debrett belonging to Lord Bute, the Minister of George III, with whom Whitefoord was on intimate terms:—Proposals for a Female Administration, Verses to Garrick on receiving his picture, On the Errors of the Press, Cross Readings, To Brass Crosby, Esqr., Westminster Races, More Reasons for retaining the letter K, To Sir Joshua Reynolds, Ship News, More Cross Readings, Intelligence Extraordinary. Caleb Whitefoord had a magnificent collection of pictures, which were sold after his death[1]. It is difficult to understand the low prices at which they were disposed of. Supposing some of the old masters marked as genuine were copies, there can be no doubt as to the

[1] pp. 270 sqq. *infra.* Some of the prices obtained at the sale are marked.

genuineness of the pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other contemporary artists. In addition to the pictures Whitefoord had a large collection of prints, drawings, and medals, which were disposed of by T. Philips at his rooms, Warwick Street, Golden Square. In the announcement of the sale they are said to comprise 'numerous works of the great Italian masters, as Raphael, Correggio, Parmeggiano, Guercino, the Caracci, &c., &c., many very rare; and the best works of the English masters, particularly of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most complete perhaps in England—great part proofs of Mr. West, Mr. Cosway, &c., &c.'

Caleb Whitefoord lived first at No. 8, Craven Street, Strand, and afterwards at No. 28, Argyll Street. The latter house was sold after his death, by Christie, for 2,650 guineas.

There are portraits of Caleb Whitefoord by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of Charles Whitefoord, Esq., Whitton Paddocks, near Ludlow; by Stuart, engraved by W. Holl in the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, vol. xxix; and by an unknown artist, in the possession of the Society of Arts; and a drawing by Cosway engraved in the *European Magazine*.

WHITEFOORD PAPERS

1737—1744

[HUGH WHITEFOORD TO LORD CATHCART.]

PEZENAS, *Janry* 22d: 1737: N: S:

MY LORD,

A letter I Received from my Cn Charles brot me an Account of an illness your Ldp has lately had, which at first threatened the most fatal consequences. My happyness consisted in my ignorance of this 'till some time After the danger was over . . . . .

Charles takes notice in his letter that your Ldp was so good as write me to Spa, which I'm heartily sory I was not so lucky as receive. I give your Ldp a thousand thanks and am infinitely sensible of the Loss I suffd in not receiving it.

I would, a great while ago, [have] done my self the honour to have wrote to your Ldp but that I could send no news that was worth your knowledge or would be relyed upon. The history of my rambles was too insignificant to trowble your Ldp with, and you'r so perfectly well acquainted with this countrey that any poor description of mine must have proved infinitely too dear in the reading.

I can't pretend to have reap'd All the benefite from this long journey that I expected, tho' in the main I have had vastly more health than for these 3 last winters in England. When the winds don't blow hard from the mountains, we have Almost an eternal summer; rains are so uncommon that I have seen but very little since I came into this part of France,

and none at all for these two months past. I intend leaveing this countrey on my way to England about the end of Spring, but my designing to take a month at Spa will I'm afraid deprive me of the pleasure of seeing y^r^ Ldp before you leave Lond^n^.

The kind and genteel way in which Ld Cadogan gave me Leave of Absence lays me under such obligations to him, that I would gladly begg the favour of your Ldp to thank him,—I'm the readeyr to take this liberty with your Ldp that I'm perswaded his civilities to me (of which I have had several proofs) proceeds only from the regard he has for your Ldp. I begg my Comp^s^ in the most Affectionate manner to the young Gentlemen. I am My Lord, your Ldp's

Most Obed^t^ most Obliged and devoted Humble Servant

HUGH WHITEFOORD.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO HUGH WHITEFOORD.]

CIUDADELLA [Minorca], *Dec^r^*: 15th: 1738.

MY Dr HUGH,

Moore is actually married to Betty. Yours, of the 30th Octr from St Omers, and of the 23rd of Novr I was made happy with by the same packet. The one you wrote on your arrival at London I did not recieve but thank you for your good intentions. I am surpris'd that non of my letters have come to hand. I wrote to my Lord as duty, gratitude, and inclinations oblidg'd me, twice before this to you, to my mother, Sr John, Capt Dalrymple, Allan, Mr Blair and Captain Sharman, but have heard from nobody but you. I'm not surpris'd that letters miscarry, for our Post house here resembles Wilsie M^c^Donal's at Port Patrick, and I am quarter'd 30 miles from Mahone oblidg'd to take the accidental opportunities that offer to send my letters by; that non of mine shou'd come to hand is very odd, and what I am sorry for, because I wou'd avoid being troublesom, by writeing too often or appearing undutifull by not writeing at all. Justifie me to the above. I can't express to you the joy I have on my Lord's perfect recovery. I hope his life will be long and happy and

that he'll succeed in everything he undertakes. Was fortune but half as much in love with him as the world is, his merit would be better rewarded. Your letter from St Omers diverted me much. I saw woman set in a true light; cunning, malice, envy, hatred, revenge, pride, deceit and lust are the principal engredients of their composition; there is no judgeing of them either from their words or actions; tears they have at command, and lying from a constant practice is so habitual to them that they cannot speak truth; I have as great a regard for the female agent[1] as for most of her sex, but to raise her own merit, in removeing the unsurmountable difficulties she meets with, she's oblidg'd to exagerate, and embellish the others behavior. You know a widow can't speak of her last departed dear without tears and faintings, tho' she's conscious that for a long time before she pray'd more sincerely for his death, than ever she did for the salvation of her soul, but like physicians consulting about a patient's health, it's a forme custom has impos'd upon them and they must keep up the farce; I have great hopes from a charge in person. If she saw with my eyes there are irre[si]stable charms not to be withstoode, and if she consults her own happiness she'll embrace the offer. Still I'm strangely divided in my wish; when I figure to my self a radiant Angel link'd to a Shrew, . . . for a little pelf, I tremble at the thought of it and wish it mayn't take place; but then when I see one possess'd of every good quality, everything that can please a woman, with good sense and good nature in the superlative degree, I fancy it may do well if she has anything human in her. If it happens, may they be happy as their wish; if it fails, there is too good an understanding to let it make any impression; heaven I hope will order what is best. Now my d^{r} Hugh as to yourself. I'm glad you have receiv'd some benefit from the waters, I'm sorry it is not more, and that your ensigncy is still depending. I need not use many arguments to convince you that I have your interest

[1] Mrs. Sabine, widow of Joseph Sabine, Esq., of Tring, Herts., *m.* Charles, 8th Lord Cathcart, in 1739. On his death (Dec. 1740), she married (1745) Lieut.-Col. Hugh Macguire, whom she survived. She died in Aug. 1789, aged 98. Miss Edgeworth relates in *Castle Rackrent* the story of her long imprisonment in her own house by her last husband.

and welfare at heart. If success attends the present scheme I have for you I shall be happy beyond expression; Cap[t] Bissiere of our Reg[t] has a mind to retire. I have bargain'd for you, as you'll see by the enclos'd for . . . lib if you can succeed him at once, and 300 with a Captain's half pay on the En . . . establishment, if you can do it easier in that shape. He had bargain'd formerly [with] Cornet Fitzwilliams of the Duke of Argyll's horse who was to give him 200[lib] more. You must go to Pons's coffee house and inform yourself of M[r] Sallee how far Fitzwilliams is off; there being more money in the case, he 'll to be sure prefer him: but as I cou'd not prevail on Besiere to give longer than three months, I wou'd rather have you inform your self by a third person of the State of the affair and keep this letter to answer to some time after the rising of the Parliament, the time you know business is done, that is to say not to deliver Besiere's letter to Sallee till the month of March, which will keep him bound till the end of May, being valid for three months after Sallee receives it. If you think this a little quirkish, do as you judge proper; tho' a company is not so good as it was there are still pickings. I'm sure it is cheap. I have always had the good luck to make better bargains for my freinds than for myself. Brig[r] Armstrong's consent must be had; that our worthy freind will procure you. Ply the little commander's wife: she may help you on this occasion; leave no stone unturn'd, and give me your thoughts of it by the first post. By an agreement of our Captains that all men brought to the Reg[t] shall be at the same rate my Ireish draughts will cost me 7 lib. a man. I made a curs'd *faut pas* with that S——hpr Sharman. Pray send me an answer as soon as you can. How far is a Captain comeing into a Reg[t] bound to stand to the private agreements of the Captains? W[t] the reasons for and against. I salute all my freinds. Pray assure my Lord of my most dutifull respects. I wou'd have wrote to Captain Wilson[1] but that he knows by other hands all I cou'd have said to him, so wou'd not put him to expense.

[1] Captain Alexander Wilson, Queen St., Westminster, Agent for several regiments.—Millan's *Succession of Colonels* (1744).

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO HUGH WHITEFOORD.]

MINORCA, *Jan^ry*: 27th: 1739.

MY Dr HUGH,

I have a letter from Captain Dalrymple from London Jan^ry the 2^d back'd by you, without any compliments from you which makes [me] imagin you wrote your self at the same time; if you did it has not come to hand. I am glad to see by it that my Lord is so well and that your honour is better than expectation. I can't concieve how that damn'd Ensigncy comes to stick so long on hand, he says it's now put into an infallible way. I wish I heard of your being rid of it, and that the other project had taken place; how happy shou'd I be was that brought to bear; I wait with the utmost impatience to know your thoughts about it.

I ship'd on Board of the Richmond Brigantin, Edward Hill Master, a Hogshead of S^t^gis [Sitges[1]] for My Lord Cathcart directed to Mr Douglass at the Brittish Coffee house. I hope it will prove good, tho' I fear it much not haveing tasted any wine since I came here like what my Lord had. The great demand for it has made the people at Barcelona (for we have it from thence) mix other wines with it to encrease the quantity so have spoil'd the wine. Mr Sharman wrote to his correspondants not to take anything for it. This, Mr Hugh, is what I won't suffer; I wou'd not have My Lord oblidg'd to such a scoundrel, therefor you must insist on paying him; it does not cost five pound; Allan will give me credit for it. Captain Wilson too was at some expence, or Douglas of the Brittish Coffee house. Be so good as pay them and draw on Allan. During these troubles we have no commerce with Majorca so I can't yet send any Alba Flora[2]. I intend to employ your freind but you have wrote his name

[1] Henderson, after remarking on the thickness and muddiness of the red wines of Ampurdan and other parts of Catalonia, says: 'The white wines are of a choicer quality, particularly the malmsey of Sitges, which approaches to that of Malaga, but does not keep so well, being very apt to fret, probably from the want of proper fining' [*History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, p. 194].

[2] 'At Banalbusa (Majorca) is grown the white wine known under the name of *Alba Flor*, which though it has less aroma, approaches in flavour to the growths of Sauterne. Minorca also produces some wines of a similar kind' [*ib.* 196].

in such haste that I can't read it nor can any body help me to it ; let me have it a litle more legible if you please.

I am confoundedly off w^t^ these draughts. By an agreement among the Captains that all men brought to the Regiment shall be at the same rate, the London Recruits and draughts are mix'd together, which will raise their price to eight pound a man. Eleven fall to my share. Judge of Mr. Sharman's conscience who gives me in equivalent what is not worth 5 shillings. I had some thoughts not to have stood to the agreement of the Captains, but to enter with a dispute into the Regiment, I thought wou'd have a bad grace so must put up with the loss. That and a thousand things I'm oblidg'd to buy will keep [me] under water for some time, but does not fret me. If you get here I'm perswaded it will cure you: Captain Congreve who complain'd of all your ails has enjoy'd perfect health ever since his arrival. When I know for certain of your affairs being done I will send you a list of what things you are to purechase. Housekeeping is the word, a task I hate but must submit to. No steel beds, they are mere bables.

I have nothing worth troubleing my Lord. Pray make my most dutifull compliments acceptable to him, and if you are acquainted w^t^ Mr Blair, you'll let him know that I wrote to him about Mr Stanhope who intends in a few days to leave this Iseland. I have no answer from Sharman in relation to his servant. Can the fellow show his face after using me in the manner he has done. My compliments to Mooker, Mrs Crosby, Capt. Forrester, Geo. Gray and all my freinds. Heaven bless you My Dr Hugh, Adieu.

No token of love. I am most impatient.

I salute Miss Jenny, whose health I drink twice a day.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO HUGH WHITEFOORD.]

CIUDADELA, *Feb^ry^*: 26th: 1738-9.

MY Dr HUGH,

Your letter which I receiv'd last night dated the 1st Ins^t^ has struck such a damp upon my spirits that a Tonn of

Hartshorn won't be able to raise them. I was so elated with the prospect of haveing you a Captain in this Regim^{t}, had form'd so many schemes for happiness in the enjoyment of your company, that I had bid defiance to Fortune, banish'd chagrin, and discharg'd all those gloomy vapours that, you know, us'd too too often to attend me, but alas, how fleeting are all our joys; they die before they're ripe, and we have only the melancholy reflection of being dupes to our imaginary projects; as no pleasure is equal to the liveing constantly with a freind one loves and esteems, my sorrow is in proportion to my disappointment. May something better happen to you, and I'll endeavour to be as easie as I can; it must be the climate, for sense vanishes, and reason weakens at the approach of years, yet I am easier in my mind, and bear disappointment with more tranquility than usual, and am in hopes of arriveing at that bliss'd insensibility, that makes mortals stupidly easie. It gives me great joy that the worthy of worthies is in so fair a way of succeeding, may he be bliss'd with Heavens choicest gifts. I can't help reflecting on his treatment from the Female Agent. How valuable is a freind, and how few deserve it that assume the character; honesty is certainly the best policy, and I'm perswaded had she acted with more integrity it wou'd have been better for her. How unlike is her behaviour to his, honest and sincere in all he says or does, despiseing the litle roundabout ways that sordid souls practise to procure their ends. I suspected all along the difficulties that were started to be the fetches of female cunning and must hate the author of them. He has acted with his wonted prudence, and I hope success will attend him in all his undertakeings; pray how stands his affair w^{t} Sr Jno Houstoun and Denny, for as his generosity made me what I am, I'm in the utmost concern for everything regards him, and in the greatest pain when his good actions meet with such ungratefull returns, but virtue is its own reward. Did he speak to Lord Harrington about Mr Stanhope as I tooke the liberty to beg of him? I wou'd be glad to know it. I'm sory your health is no better. I'm convinc'd as I wrote you last that this Iseland wou'd cure you. That damn'd

Ensigncy keeps you uneasie. What is it stops it now? I think Handasyd's order very hard seeing it is not your fault that the thing is not done. It behoves Mr Clerk as much as you to forward it, and I see no reason why you shou'd be punish'd for a thing you cannot help.

I am oblidg'd to you for the hint you have given about my housekeeping. Had you come over, we might have done it very well together; as you don't nothing but absolute necessity shall oblidge me to it, so I beg of you let my freinds give themselves no trouble of that kind. Now I must give you some commissions. The lookeing glass I had from you in Ireland was broke comeing over; that you'll please to supply w^t^ a pretty good one. Books here are scarce, and reading our greatest diversion, therefor the Tatlars, Spectators, Swift's works (I have the Tale of a Tub), the independent Whigg, Leonidas, Thomson's Seasons, Shakespear's Plays and Congreve's Comedies I shall be oblidged to you for w^t^ Dyches English Etymological Dictionary, the Beggars Opera and Pasquin, and anything that's to your tast. I have wrote to honest Allan from whome I have the kindest letter in the world that you'll draw on him for the money, for to tell you the truth the stoppages on me for recruiting have been so large that I have been forc'd to borrow money to pay my comp^y^ but that will soon be over. Douglass of the British Coffee house will put them on Board. If they were accompanied w^t^ a Hogh^d^ of right Dorchester Beer I wou'd drink your health now and then. My most dutifull respects to my Lord, and comp^s^ to all my other freinds. I have only had one letter from Capt. Dalrymple since I came tho' I have wrote him often. Send over Miss Jenny and I'll make her Queen of Minorca, kiss her for me, tho' I durst not for you. Heaven bless you My Dr Hugh. Adieu.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO HUGH WHITEFOORD.]

CIUDADELA, *Feb^ry^*: 28th: 1738-9.

MY Dr HUGH,

The pleasure I know you have on any occasion that offers for the service of your freinds, procures you this. We

were assembled this morning by our Colonel to consult about our Regimentals, and I have got the whole corps to back me in recommending Mr Pritchard to our Brigadier to provide us in cloath and lineings; the jobb won't be bad for him, and I'm sure he'll use us well, but our Brigadier being a little tickleish, he must be manag'd with address. I wou'd have Mr Pritchard wait upon him as soon as possible to prevent his being engag'd, and I have got Mr Armstrong here, to write to his Brother who is always about the Brigadier, to back our prayer; considering the number of needy relations that prey on poore Pritchard we shou'd all endeavour to make him some amends. I must also beg of you to send a penny post letter to freind Crafton the Quaker for such a hat as I had last, cock'd in your taste; your size serves me. New Regimentals, a mighty bad year this, no help for it, *un bon mariage payera tout*; I must also add to my former commissions half a dozen quares of gilt paper and half a pound of fine red wax. I have borrow'd out my credit. Mr Hutton, a very pretty young fellow that carries arms in my Company, will wait on you and deliver you some quicke and strong cement of this Iseland which you'll send to little Doctor Pringle with my comp^s^.

Our express gives me onely time to add my most dutifull respects to my Lord with comp^s^ to, &c. Heaven bliss you.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO CAPT. JOHN DALRYMPLE.]

CIUDADELA, *Ap^l^*: 12th: 1739.

MY Dr CAPTAIN,

I receiv'd yours with more joy than I can express or you concieve. My Sister well, I, in your good graces, and your fortune mended, these are blissings too great, I'm afraid to be of long continuance, but let us enjoy the present and be happy, at least while they last; sorrow comes soon enough, we'll not anticipat it, with chimerical conjectures of what may never happen; I hope your happiness will not onely continue but encrease. I know her being in health is what affords you the greatest comfort, and sure nobody deserves it better, it is

the onely want she has, of what is good, and had you but seen her before she had the damn'd small pox, you wou'd have found all that was aimiable in her sex join'd with all that is noble in ours. As you seem to have set bounds to your ambition, and got a retreat in your eye, let it be some place that will admit of me. I assure you all my views center in that; it ends my wish and the certainty of it wou'd make me compleatly happy. Allan too by that time will be tir'd of business. He's an Angel; I have such a letter from him as none but he cou'd have wrote, thank him for me the first time you write. Take in honest Hugh, and let it be at some small distance from our worthy Patrone. When that bliss'd time shall come to pass, I wont envy their happiness who liv'd in the Golden Age, nor wish to change my state for the feign'd joys of Paradise, I mean Mahomets.

Wou'd these damn'd Spaniards let us but alone I shou'd soone be in a condition, to leave what they call the pleasures of this world, but we are at present under no small apprehensions from the measures, we (at least I) wish and dread will be taken. The Spaneish treatment I think unsupportable; a war I looke on as inevitable and shou'd it turn on this quarter, we of this Iseland stand a bad chance; as certain as we're attack'd we're taken; never was there such villanny in the execution of any work in this world. The works are vastly extensive, yet there is not quarters in the Garrison for half the number of men necessary to man them. The men off of duty are equally expos'd to danger with those that are on. Our works are all commanded, and our walls in such condition that we dare not venture to fire our own cannon. You see Honour, Liberty and Means, are all at stake; our countrymen damn us for giveing up a place that is not tenable, our ennemies carry us off Prisoners and our household gods and chattels become a prey to the victors. I have not a great deal of the last, but more than ever I expected. How do you like our Situation? I assure you I don't exaggerat. While we have a fleet here, they won't attempt it; there lies our security; they must bring everything [with] them they shall have occasion for. My

blood boils over at the indignities our nation receives and I wou'd run any risque sooner than put tamely up with them. When they see us in earnest they will fall in their demands. The bounds of our American Plantations too to be determin'd! O rare Spaniard! O poore England! into what wretched abject state art thou fallen, the scoff and redicule of our neighbours.

By a most oblidgeing letter the last packet from —— I hope that affair is concluded. He seems to promise himself great happiness. I'm sure it can't exceed what he deserves or I wish. I long to know all the particulars, how it turns out on the whole, and how to be dispos'd of. This will make him independant. May he be great as he's good. I cou'd almost wish him out of Parliament now, the conflicts he has sometimes, I dread the effects of, which makes me wish him retir'd as he loves a country life.

I am grown so fat that it is become uneasie to me. I indulge too much, am return'd to suppers. Three meals a day and no excercise has put me out of all shape; and wou'd you beleive it, I am become an Assembly man, play at quadrille with the Ladies, go to Church on Sundays, but then I swear most intolerably all the rest of the week. My bad luck continues, and my damn'd temper grows worse, neither the folly of the thing nor respect to the Fair can bridle my passion, I .... like a madman. Oh cou'd we wash our minds as we can our faces, or wou'd even bloodletting do it, I cou'd open every vein with pleasure; but alas it is become too much part of my constitution to be alter'd.

On Monday we change Quarters and march to the other extream of the Iseland; where we are now is the quietest and cheapest, there we do duty; all my baggage sent by sea; we have no waggons, carts nor Horses in the Iseland. Mules or asses carry on their backs what we are oblidg'd to take by land. The next march I make, my embarras will be greater, as my moveables encrease. I have now two plenish'd chambers but have been unlucky hitherto in my houses, the last house I repair'd is not to be a quarter this year, so I lose that, and I have onely drawn half of a house for the next year which

oblidges me to buy my other half. When you write to my Sister let me not be forgot, for I adore you both. Adieu.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO HUGH WHITEFOORD.]

St PHILLIPS GUARDROOME [Minorca], *Ap^l* 19 [1739].

MY Dr HUGH,

The sudden sailing of the Pacquet, which will happen this afternoon, prevents my haveing the Honour to answer a most oblidgeing letter from the worthiest of men. By his I flatter myself by this time matters are brought to a conclusion. Oh how impatiently do I long for the confirmation of it, tho' I'm sure it's done, yet I shall be extreamly uneasie, till I see it under your fair hand, which I hope next Pacquet will bring me, then I think we may bid defiance to fortune. To see him happy that made me so, is all I wish.

I am just march'd into Toun, and without being allow'd to march off from the Parade, the Adjutant warns me for guard. Tho' youngest Captain, I obey with a Protest, Minorca Disciplin. I grudge it the more, that it deprives me of several things I intended to have given you the trouble of sending me. As I sent most of my things by water from the last Quarters, I have lost my whole stock of rum which was the best I ever tasted and the only valuable thing I had. I can't yet tell what I shall be able to provide myself with here. Several things I have bought, but many things I want. I'm told one of Captain Wilson's Clerks is agent for the Minorca officers; if so I shall employ him for the future; be so good as let me know. In the meantime I beg you'll add to my former commissions the great Historical Dictionary, if you can get it by means of Millard, Six Cambrick stocks answering your buckle, but much wider, at least two inches, for I'm grown monstrous fat, and two black silk ones which you'll get from Mrs Murray and pay her, to whome I shall make proper acknowledgements at meeting; you'll be so good as take the money from Mr Burroughs, our agent, and let him stop it out of my next abstract, I mean the whole you have laid out for me, instead of drawing on Allan, and if

you had a leisure hour some morning to let him know that I am his Humble Servant, and that in the month, or rather out of the Muster for October he'll pay Mr Ja^s^ Douglas 50 lib. and stop it out of my abstract I shall be oblidg'd to him, which you must also notifie to Mr. Douglas to call for, and Geo. Innis to inform me of the Payment of. You notifie to me some things intended to be sent me. I must beg the favour to know from whome that I may make the proper acknowledgements. I'm sorry they put themselves to the expence, but they are too generous. I must beg of you to visit Mr Stanhope whome you'll find at his Father's; he's cousin german to Bob. Rick is a young fellow of exceeding good understanding but the Post he has got I'm afraid *entre nous* will turn his head, but mum. If things are as I wish them, I beg you'll lay me with the most profound submission at the feet of the happy couple to whome I wish for the most perfect felicity. My comp^s^ to Capt Wilson and all freinds. Adieu my dearest Hugh, at 12 I go long rounds.

[THE EARL OF STAIR (?) TO LORD CATHCART [1].]

[1740]

I do not know what troops are propos'd to be sent from Britt. Surely for so many the inva. [Invalids (?)] are the propers^t^ Corps. The two Reg^ts^ in the Leew^d^ Islands and Placentia might be replaced by Marines. Whatever other Reg^ts^ go in my opinion to prev^t^ accid^ts^ should be double officer'd and if I had anything to say I would add a company of Grend^rs^ to every one of the Batt. and chuse the best Officers for those Comp. A few such Companies of Grend^rs^ make an excellent head for new troops. There is another thing wch may be done on the contin^t^ of America wch appears to be of great consequ. and wch probably may be done with fewer troops, and that is the seizing the Fort St Augustin. That F^t^ taken

[1] Lord Cathcart was appointed to the command of the expedition against the Spanish Settlements in the West Indies in 1740. He set sail from Spithead in October, 1740; was seized with dysentery and died at Dominica, Leeward Islands, in December.

and a station kept att the Bahama Islands the Bay of Mex. would be effect[lly] shut up so that no single Ship could go out without being seen. If France shou'd take p[t] with Spain in this Warr by the means of our Col. of New England and New York we may very soon put ourselves in a condition to take Quebeck and Canso. In y[t] case the fishing trade and y[e] furr trade will fall intir. into the hands of Brittain and the furn. all those N. count. of Amer. with our wool. manufactures will appear to be obj. of great imp. beside furn. the F. sugar [plantations] with bread lumber &c. You see my L[d] I have wi. great freedom told you such observ. as I have made. I shall be very glad if any of them can be of use. I can with great truth say I have ever been a faithfull serv[t] to y[e] King and accord. to the best of my understand. zealously attach'd to y[e] hon[r] and inter[st] of the K. and to y[e] hon[r] and int[st] of my count. w[ch] I look upon to be things insep.

I have at all times been very heart. y[r] friend and am so still and with great affect. y[r] most humb. and ob[d] serv[t] &c.

ST[AIR].

[NOTES[1] ON SIR GEORGE ROOKE'S EXPEDITIONS TO COPENHAGEN, CADIZ, AND VIGO.]

Descent (1700) *att the bay of Coq 3 l*[*eagues*] *from Copenh*[*agen*]. 18,000 men.

Anchored in the bay of Coq S Side. A Strong detachment both horse and foot appear'd att the place where we intended to land. After rowing forward towards for some time we suddenly tack'd about and landed on the opposite side of the bay before their foot could come up, a small party of horse being onely arriv'd.

The Troops were landed in large Swed. long boats holding about a hundred men and the landing cover'd by the cannon

[1] Sent to Lord Cathcart at about the same time as the foregoing letter, and probably intended to give him some guidance in the projected attack on the Spanish settlements in the West Indies. For details of the expeditions *vide* Lediard's *Naval History*, ii. 730 sqq., 747–759; Boyer's *Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 30 sqq.; Colomb's *Naval Warfare*, pp. 279–289.

of the Small vessels that could come nearest the Shore. The long boats carried each three pieces of 3 pounders in their bow.

1702. *Descent at Port St Mary's.*

Sail'd with ten thousand men under Sr Geo. Rook and commanded by the D. of Ormond. Arriv'd in the bay of Bulls opposite Cales [Cadiz] and sounded the water for three or four days in order to attack Cales where there was a slender garrison, during wch time the Span^ds^ sunk four or five Ships in the mouth of the harbour between Malaguarda of 100 G[uns] on one side and St Cruz 40 Gns on the other. Upon this a counsel of Warr was held and we agree'd to land in the bay of Bulls wch was done after this manner.

Five or six small vessels went as near the shore as possible and kept firing their cannon all the morning where ever any body of men appear'd, and According to our best information the Span^ds^ had six or seven thousand horse, att the same time orders being given for the boats to imbark the troops from the sever^l^ transports and to parade under the yatch's stern where the D. of Or. was to receive their orders wch were as follows. The eldest Brig^ds^ with their gen^lls^ were posted in the front line of boats with the Duke of Or^d^ att their head with a union in his boat's stern, the younger Brig^ds^ with their Gener^lls^ were in the sec^d^ line. Ab^t^ ten o'clock upon a signal given the whole moved forward in the best order possible, our frigates and small ships keeping a constant fire all the while upon the ennemies Cavalry. When we were within half musket shot of the shore there was such a swell of the sea that it put both lines in disorder and every boat pushing to get ashore we landed in great disorder so that there was about 21 boats overset and lost, and ab^t^ 70 private men drown'd and the ammunition of the rest spoilt. A Battallion of the guards and Kirk's being the first who landed receiv'd the ennemy's horse upon their bayonets and drove them back and kill'd their general. That afternoon and next day some distance from this the tents, ammunition and some artillery were landed.

The Dutch landed lower where the Sea was smooth and lost no men, onely fifty men kill'd by the cannon of a small fort from wch we were cover'd by a sand hill.

This bad success was owing to not attacking Cales before the ennemy sunk their ships in the mouth of the bay, wch might [have] been done the 1st or 2^d^ day, and not chusing the proper place to land.

The men were landed in the men of warr's long boats and in large flat bottom boats wch held fifty men each and built for that purpose. Two or three of these large flatt bottom'd boats were on board each man [of] warr. These large boats and long boats were tow'd by the small boats of the fleet, every soldier carrying his arms in his hands, every man having forty shot and six days bread, the men having their ammunition tied up under their arms. After six weeks stay the army march'd from St Mary's and were follow'd by six thousand horse. The army march'd along the strand having the sea on their left. The Spanish horse attempted our rear but were drove back by firing four field pieces loaded with pound shot. After this the four troops of Drag^s^ w^t^ every one a footman behind him were detach'd to Rota to secure the reimbarkation, wch they did by barricading the streets leaving onely passage for the men to march through to their boats. The last division that pass'd set fire to the barricades wch disappointed the ennemies horse in attacking us upon our imbarkation some skirmishing excepted, between the advanc'd parties of their horse and the last battalion that imbarked, with little loss on either side. In this affair the onely considerable loss we sustain'd was by our peoples going a marroding and being kill'd by the boors.

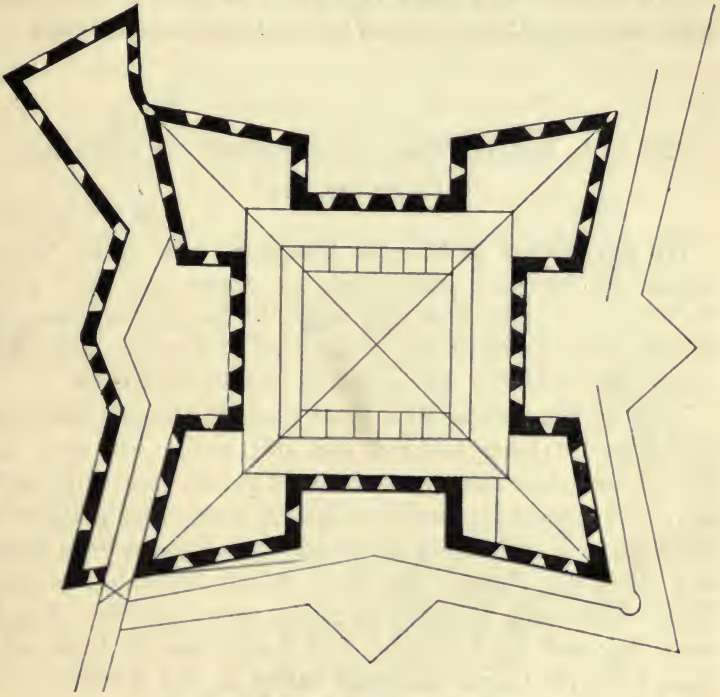
Descent on Vigo.

After the arrival of the fleet near the bomb at Vigo cover'd on one side by a fort of 3c^gs^ and 18 on the other, the D. Ormond landed 3000 men in the common way without any opposition wch attacked the fort the next day att the same time the shipping attack'd the bomb. The fort was carried by assault and the garrison put [to] the sword, the bomb being broke

and fort taken. The French set fire to most of their ships and got ashore by their boats or swimming. The ill success

CASTELLO GRANDE[1] [CARTAGENA].

Lying toward the mouth of the harbour.



Lying towards Carthagena.

	R.	F.	I.
Internal side of the polygon	31	4	3
face of y^e^ Bastion	12	2	0
flank	5	3	0
Curtain	24	3	7
Terre plein	4	4	8
Thickness of the parapet		4	8
from ye angle of ye curtain to ye angle of its square	3	2	9

here was occasion'd by attacking the bomb and ye fort, instead of landing our men on each side of the harbour and marching

[1] From a pencil sketch amongst Colonel Whitefoord's papers (probably April, 1741).

The narrow passage, three miles to the south of Cartagena, leading to the town, is formed by two peninsulas. The one to the west was in 1741 crowned by Castello Grand, mounting 59 guns; and the one to the east by a horse-shoe battery of 12 guns, called Mancinilla. The Spaniards evacuated Castello Grand on March 30, 1741. (Colomb's *Naval Warfare*, pp. 340, 343.)

round to ye bottom, wch was not above two mile and the land so high on each side that the fire of the shipping could have done us no harm, wch if we had done the whole fleet must have surrender'd with all their riches, most of wch they destroy'd because not a single man could have got a shore, their being no regular troops within two or three hundred mile.

To Col. Whitefoord, Commanding Officer at Guantamano[1].

Aug. 11th [1741].

We the officers under your Command and others whose names are hereunto subscribed, to whom you have done the honour to desire that they might let you know whatever should occur to them for ye good of ye Service, beg leave to offer the following particulars to your consideration.

That we have borne with great patience hitherto the great hardships we have suffered and still suffer, but that our Stay in this place has already brought us into great Difficultys and are of opinion that unless a Speedy Resolution be taken to extricate us it will be out of our power to Retreat from hence and rejoin our Army; the River which Separates us from Major Dunston's [Dunster's] party grows sensibly deeper every day and Capt. North[2], Col. Lewis and Mr Innes who came from the Camp yesterday assure us the Rivulet which hardly covered the Shoes when we first pass'd it is now mid thigh deep; so that in all probability our Communica^t^ either with one anoth^r^ or w^t^ the Camp may be cut off in a few days.

That if we by our delay suffer our retreat and Communication w^t^ the Camp to be cut off we will expose ourselves to Unavoidable ruin; we have sufficiently experienc'd that we can have no provisions but from the Camp, and at this present time we have only bread and

[1] Guantanamo, Cuba. For an account of the expedition to Cuba (June–Nov. 1741) under General Wentworth *vide* Beatson's *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 100–108, Appendix 28–31.

[2] 4th (Wynyarde's) Marines.

Rum for two days, and anoth[r] Supply is uncertain considering the accidents that may happen to it in passing the Rivers and the Damage it may receive by rains, not to mention y[e] possibility of its being cut off by y[e] enemy.

That in case of being attack'd it is morally impossible but we must have some men wounded, who, for want of proper care and assistance must be lost. The man who was wounded the other day when Capt. Web [1] was attack'd and who is now dead is a melancholy example of this. The Straits the Soldiers are in make them Murmur already.

The officers find it no easy matter to keep them within bounds, and if they find themselves much longer pinch'd the consequences may be terrible; the Negroes are upon hard duty and having nothing to subsist upon but what is spar'd from the soldiers' allowance it is very much to be fear'd that some of them will run into the woods and desert. Should that be the case, the Enemy thereby coming to the knowledge of our Situation will not fail to take advantage of it.

That having no place where our ammunition or bread can be secur'd from the rains we might possibly be attack'd when it would not be in our power to make any defense. Besides, the rains from which the houses that are here cannot defend the men, Join'd to their other hardships, must throw many into sickness who for want of proper conveniences cannot be recovered, nor even carried away with us, and so must be entirely abandoned and lost.

Sir, considering our present bad circumstances and our prospect of yet worse, we cannot help thinking it our duty to make this application to you our commanding officer and to declare it as our opinion that no time should be lost in Securing our retreat and Joining our Army whilst the men's health and the little provisions y[t] remain will permit us.

[1] 6th (Cotterell's) Marines.

[WILL OF JAMES FERGUSSON.]

COLLONELL CHARLES WHITEFOORD.

D^r S^r [*Aug.* 22nd 1741.]

As life is uncertain in all places, more especially in these parts, And that it behoves every man who believes the Being of a God, And that there is a Future state, To Settle his affairs while on life, so as to be distinguished From the Brute In Leaving his affairs in Some Order;

In Regard to the great Friendship that always have subsisted between your Good, and Noble ffamily, and ours; and your haveing been the only Instrument of my preferment in the Army;

I here apoint you my Sole Heir, and Executor, to my Eastate Real, and personal, And of all things that I may happen to have a right to, or be possessed of, att my Decease (In case you be on life) and failing of you to my good friend and Relation Mr Robert Dallrymple Surgeon of the Linn Hospitall Ship for the present Expedition in the West Indies and in as ample a maner (To him) As I have Narated in your favours, And this I declare to be my Last will and Testament, And declares all former wills, to be voyd and of non Effect. In pressence of Mr Donnalld McDonnald Ensign and Mr Charles Irving Surgeons Mate in Collonell Gooche's[1] American Regiment; at Kingstoun[2] Twenty Second Day of August one Thousand Seven Hundred and fourty one.

JAMES FERGUSSON[3].

Donald McDonald Witteness
Charles Irvine.

[1] W. Gooche, who entered the army on March 15, 1723, succeeded Spottiswood as Colonel of the American regiment in 1740.

[2] In Jamaica.

[3] Probably one of the Fergussons of Kilkerran.

LIEUT COLO WHITEFOORDS COMPNY.

Dr.

1741		£	s.	d.
Decr 8.	To Cash paid you by Major Chambre on Acct of Subsce from 25 April to 24 Octor 1741	208	12	6
	To Major Chambre for $\frac{1}{10}$ pt of £14 13*s.* 4*d.* for Surgeons and Paymrs allce short charged you from 25 Apl to 24 Octor 1741	1	9	4
	To $\frac{1}{10}$ part of £9 11*s.* 8*d.* for Contingencies to 24 October 1741 . .		19	2
	To paid Alexr Shanks an Invalid from 25 Apl 1741 to 7 October 1741 .	4	3	0

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
N.B.—The Credit for the time mentioned pr contra cannot possibly be stated for want of muster rolls or returns by which the strength of each company might appear. First as they have been paid and are to be credited only for the effectives. 2dly Because the subsistence received either by Major Chambré or Mr Guerin from 25 Decemr 1740 to 24 October 1741 has only been paid on Account of the whole Regiment. .	3825	14	5
And ye amount of wt Mr Guerin has paid	4466	1	2
There is upon the whole an overpaymt of	540	6	9
Which if equally distributed amongst the 10 Companys would make an overpayment to each for the said time of .	54	12	1
The proportion whereof to this Compny would be for 6 months of the above mentioned time	32	5	3

LIEUT COLO WHITEFOORDS ADDITIONALS.

1741		£	s.	d.
	To Lt Wood paid your Men at Quarters to 24 June 1741	10	12	10
	To do paid yr Men their Sea pay do time	8	18	9
	To do for $\frac{1}{10}$ part of £32 8*s.* 2½*d.* Regiment.	3	4	10

1741		£	s.	d.
	By 61 days Subsce from 25 April 1741 to 24 June 1741 1 Sergeant 1 . .			

[*The rest cut off.*]

L[T] COL[O] WHITEFOORDS ADD[LS].

Dr.

1741	£	s.	d.
To L[t] Wood p[d] your Men at Quarters to 24 Decem[r] 1741	10	14	6
To d[o] p[d] your Men their Sea pay d[o] time	5	19	4
To d[o] for $\frac{1}{10}$ part of £4 16*s.* 5$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* p[d] Doctor Lawrence for Medicines .		9	7$\frac{3}{4}$
To $\frac{1}{10}$ part of £15 10*s.* 1*d.* for L[t] Woods and Serg[t] Troys All[ce] to ditto time .	1	11	0
To p[d] the following Men returned from the West Indies from 25 Octo[r] to 24 Decem[r] 1741 and orderd by Gen[l] Wentworth to be placed to the Additionals—			
John Denham Drum . . .	1	19	6
Mathews — . . .	1	9	9
Ballance . .	30	13	7$\frac{1}{4}$
	£52	17	4

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
By 61 days Subsce from 25 Oct[r] 1741 to 24 Decem[r] 1741.			
1 Sergeant 1 0			
1 Corporal 0 8			
1 Drum . 0 8			
30 Men . 15 0			
Sh. 17 4 for 61 days	52	17	4
	£52	17	4

ADDITIONALS.

1742	£	s.	d.
To L[t] Wood p[d] your Men at Quart[rs] to 24 June 1742	22	18	9
To d[o] p[d] y[r] Men their Sea pay d[o] time	17	15	4

By 182 days Subsce from 25th Decem[r] 1741 to 24 June 1742.

[*The rest cut off.*]

LT COLO WHITEFOORDS COMPNY.

viz. { 70tys from 25 April 1742.
       30tys from 25 June 1742.

Dr.

	£	s.	d.
To 1/10 pt of £3511 19s. 0½d. for Subsce paid the Regiment from 25 April 1742 to 23 Febry 1742|3 . . .	351	3	11
To Lt Wood for necessaries furnishd your company to 28 Decr 1742 .	1	6	6
To the Pay of 2 Men credited you in your Personal Account for 305 days from 25 April 1742 to 23 Febry 17423	15	5	0
Ballance . .	230	0	7
	£597	16	0

Cr.

1742

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By 61 days Subsce from 25 April 1742 to 24 June 1742.						
3 Sergeants . .	3	0				
3 Corporals . .	2	0				
2 Drum . .	1	4				
20 Men . . .	10	0				
2 Warrt Men .	1	0				
Sh.	17	4		52	17	4
By 61 days Subsce from 25 June 1742 to 24 August 1742.						
4 Sergeants .	0	4	0			
4 Corporals .	0	2	8			
3 Drums . .	0	2	0			
50 Men . .	1	5	0			
2 Warrt Men .	0	1	0			
£	1	14	8	105	14	8
By 122 days Subsce from 25 Augt 1742 to 24 Decemr 1742.						
4 Sergeants .	0	4	0			
4 Corporals .	0	2	8			
3 Drums . .	0	2	0			
70 Men . .	1	15	0			
2 Warrt Men .	0	1	0			
£	2	4	8	272	9	4

[*The rest cut off.*]

PARTICULARS OF CONTINGENCIES TO 24 OCT[r] 1741.

	£	s.	d.
Postage of Letters	2	3	4
Serg[t] Majors Subsce from 25 April to 24 Oct[r] 1741	4	11	6
Warr[t] to Admit the Invalids to Chealsea	1	1	0
Pd Cap[t] Douglas for boat hire for the Regiments use	1	15	10
	£9	11	8

CONTINGENCIES TO 24 DEC[r] 1744.

Order for holding Courts Martial	0	10	6
Postage from 24 Febry 1742|3 to 24 Decem[r] 1744	19	5	0
L[t] Woods distribution to 24 June 1744 for Contingencies	11	2	4
	£30	17	10

25 June 1742.
Necessaries deliverd to the Marines of L[t] Col[o] Whitefoords Comp[ny] now at Sea—

Kent 15 July 1740.	John Cameron	1	4	3
	And[w] Cormick	1	4	10
	W[m] Aston	0	17	8
	John Bell	0	1	10
	James Pettigru	1	4	2
	James Robertson	0	5	4
	W[m] Sanderson	0	0	10
Litchfield 5 Aug[t] 1740.	James Keith			
Romney 2 May 1741.	W[m] Clark Corp[l]	1	3	5
	Norman M[c]Cloud	1	9	6½
	W[m] Stobo	0	11	2
	John Robinson	0	15	9
	John Lowther	0	16	4
	Dan[l] M[c]Pherson	0	19	6
	John Chambers	1	2	4
	Tho[s] Simmons	1	1	4
	John Bushill	0	15	4
Advice 16 Febru[y] 1741.	Tho[s] Carne Drum	2	16	6½

RETURN OF THE HONBLE COLO JAMES COCHRAN'S REGIMENT OF MARINES [1743].

Field Officers and Captains.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Staff Officers.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Drummers.	Privates.
Colo James Cochran	Capt. Lieut. John Wood	Thomas Troy Charles Preston	James How Chaplin	2	1	2	32
Lieut. Colo Chas. Whitefoord	John Fergusson	James Stewart Robert Shirley	James Walch Adjutant	3	3	1	27
Major John Stewart	Gaston Barnordon	Adam Cranston Willm North	Thos Stevens Qur Master	1	1	3	30
Capt Geo. Augs Killigrew	Edmund Fielding	Alexr Gordon Willm Thompson	John Usher Surgeon	3	2	2	29
Capt Gabriel Sediere	Dougal McDanold	Thomas Wayne George Storach	Samll Birch Surgeon's Mate	1	2	2	24
Capt John Murray	John Hay	Patrick Preston John Benson		3	1	2	29
Capt Sr Patrick Murray	James Halkett Arthur Fergusson	Robt Price		3	2	3	25
Capt Sr Robt Abercromby	Gustavus Kempenfilt	James Cleland James Sydeserffe		2	2	2	30
Capt Alexr Douglas	Ravelin Hillman	Willm Maitland Thomas White		2	2	1	37
Capt John Goodenough	George Swiney	Toomes Balfour Hugh McKie		1	1	1	23
10	11	19	5	21	17	19	286

Officers on Board.	Absent by Leave.	Sick.
Capt Jno Goodenough	Capt Sr Robt Abercromby	Major Jno Stewart
1st Lieu^{t} Edmund Fielding	Capt Alex^{r} Douglas	1st Lieu^{t} John Hay
— Dougal McDanold	1st Lieu^{t} Arth^{r} Fergusson	
2nd Lieu^{t} Robert Shirley	2nd Lieu^{t} Patrick Preston	
William North	James Stewart	
Thomas Wayne	Chas. Preston	
George Storach	James How	
Robt Price	Chaplin	
James Sydeserffe		
Thomas White		
Hugh McKie		

[Lieut.-Col. Charles Whitefoord to Lord Cathcart.]

[1743.]

Captain Wilson haveing communicated to me your Ldp's letter to him on the subject of the prosecution your Ldp intends to commence against people I acknowledge deserve the worst treatment, it gave me the greatest uneasiness. I know the fond affection and the generous freindship that's lodg'd in your Ldp's breast makes you sanguin in support of those who have a natural right to your protection. I know that, to serve your freind, there's no length you would not go, nothing so difficult you would not undertake, nothing so hazardous you would not attempt. But your Ldp will give me leave to say that the commendable, noble zeal that inspires you draws at the same time a veil over the rocks you'll find in the way, on which I am afraid you will shipwreck your cause. My gratitude to the late Lord, my esteem for the present, and the sincere good wishes for the wellfare of the Ladies, I hope will secure me even against the suspicion of not being in their interest, which I assure your Ldp I have too much at heart, not to be sensibly affected with whatever shall happen to them, either good or bad, as I dread the consequences. I feel for your Ldp and them. I therefor take the liberty to inform your Ldp that as I have the opportunity of being in mix'd companies, where their story has been too often the subject of conversation, I have heard the opinion of people, who, tho' strongly prejudic'd on your side of the question, have all express'd the greatest concern for what has happened, and would be extreamly

sorry, should it go farther. However we may flatter our selves, with the innocence of our intentions, and uprightness of our actions, the malicious world is always ready to see everything in its worst light, and I am afraid these letters I have had the mortification to read, with confusion of face and sorrow of heart, are too oddly worded not to bring (I wish I could find a softer word than) shame on their authors.

The impertinent freedoms the Lawyers may have taken in their petition I am a stranger to, not haveing seen it, so take it on your Ldp's word that it is so. As to the letters, your Ldp says they were wrote with an innocent intention. Deceit is seldom innocent, and few men would be fond of a wife so much mistress of it. Your Ldp will pardon me. for I am at present in the situation of a surgeon, who tho' he bleeds for his patient must go to the bottom of the wound. I hope the Commissary Court will give L: H: a seperat maintenance, and that the Ladies will live retir'd till their story is forgot, for the more noise is made in it, it will be the worse for them. Think how the envenom'd pen of a provok'd Lawyer will paint their case and how the ill natur'd Prudes will publish it. Your Ldp knows the world too well to be ignorant of the Arts of cunning and designing people, who have pleasure (unprovok'd) in sacrificing the reputations of even the most innocent.

[LIEUT. JOHN FERGUSSON TO LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD.]

[1743.]

Dr COLLONELL,

As James Hartwell of Sr Pat Murray's [1] Comp^y^ gave in a Complaint to you yesterday that I had not Cleared with him for his Sea pay I thought it proper to send you over the State of his Account which is as follows

[1] Sir Patrick Murray, only son of Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre, by his wife Katharine Fraser, third daughter of Hugh, ninth Lord Lovat, was born Aug. 21, 1707. He married, in 1741, Helen, eldest daughter of John Hamilton (second son of William Hamilton of Wishaw, by his second wife, daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, of Alva). Sir Patrick was lieutenant in Douglas's (afterwards Cochran's) Marines during the Carthagena Expedition, after which he became captain. He retired on half-pay when the regiment was disbanded in 1748. He died Sept. 9, 1764.

Dr		℔ Contra	Cr
he has had of me since he came a Shoar	£1 14 0		By his Sea pay £6 3 6
his Debt to his Capt besides the Bills that May come in against him from the Pursers . . .	3 15 3		
	5 9 3		
Ball.	14 3	Due to him	
	6 3 6		

And Likewise he has run himself in debt to a man in Stroud for which he has given his note of hand for two pounds fourteen Shillings & 6d½ so that paying the Man the Ballance that is dew to Hartwell on accd of his Sea pay which is 14/3 Still he will be owing the Man £1 10*s.* 3½*d.* so that instead of Money Due to him he is £1 10*s.* 3½*d.* in Debt by which means I hope that you are convinced that he is a very great Scoundrell. I have taken the Libberty to confine him on Accd of his behavour.

I am Sir your most hule Servat

JOHN FERGUSSON[1].

11 O Clock
To Collonell Whitefoord
att
Chatham

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO .....[2]]

MY Dr SIR, [1743.]

The great concern you have often express'd to me, you had for Sr Pat[rick Murray] would make it unpardonable in me, as I have the strongest freindship for him and the greatest regard for you, not to show you the hardships he is expos'd to, by continueing in the service where he now is. Words cannot express them nor can even imagination conceive them. With-

[1] Lieutenant in Cochran's Marines.

[2] Probably one of Sir Patrick Murray's uncles by marriage with Helen, daughter of John Hamilton, and grand-daughter of William Hamilton of Wishaw (died 1724).

out exaggeration I shall mention a few such as have come under my own knowledge.

A Captain of Marines, tho' of the highest quality, may be confin'd by the Cook of the Ship, the lowest of their officers haveing the command on board, over the highest of ours. He's allow'd no other provision than the meanest Sailor, and is often lodg'd less comfortably than a dog in a kennel; was I to say, a hog in a sty, it would be a nearer resemblance. This year he's sent to be scorch'd under the line; the next he's starv'd under the Pole; nothing certain, but a variety of woes. The onely sweetner to ballance all this misery is the chance of a prise, of which but a small part falls to his share, and that purchas'd with the loss of health, and a broken constitution. . . . . .

That he has got a good voyage at present is oweing to his freinds in the Admiralty Office. Before his return I hope he'll be in another way. He's too lately come into the army to have length of service to plead. Merit with us goes for nothing; money is the onely stair to preferment and interest gently lends her hand. Rank in our way is what every body should push for and tho' a step may appear to be dear bought, yet it is cheap in its consequence, when by that means you get higher for nothing. Sr Patrick is but a young Captain so cannot expect a promotion, either by succession or interest. He must therefore purchase. Being a Feild Officer would save him from a great many disagreeable and expensive duties which he's liable to as a Captain, but if a majority cannot be purchas'd, a translation either into the Horse or Dragoons would at least secure him from the terrible sea service. As no agent will enter into any engagement, where the money is not lodg'd, or such credit as it may be drawn for at sight, you can send up a letter of credit from the Bank for £2000 which as soon as it comes to hand, all the irons should be put in the fire to save you your nephew. I need not tell you the joy that results from good natur'd and generous actions, when the object is a worthy one, but as I am perswaded you onely want an occasion to serve Sr Patrick I shall say no more about it. I am sure you 'll thank me for this hint. . . . . .

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO CAPTAIN JOHN DALRYMPLE.]

[1743.]

MY Dr Capt,

Your last releived me from very great anxiety, but has given a turn to my negociation in your affairs that I am afraid will not meet with your approbation. When I apprehended that you had bad health I was not more sollicitous about my souls salvation than to get you out of the Army: but now that you acknowledge both good health and spirits, your quitting the service at this time can never appear to me a right measure, and must have a quite contrary effect from what you propose. I never will put my judgement in competition with yours, except where your own affairs are in dispute. Your mind just now is a litle diseas'd, and you know the wisest Physician when out of order, prefers the counsel of a blockhead to his own skill. Now, my dearest friend, that is just the case at present betwixt you and me. Upon this occasion you must give me leave to refresh your memory with some past circumstances of your life and lay before you your case in the light it appears to me. To serve for my excuse in case my judgement should have betrayed me into an error, in all events I flatter myself you will do me the justice to beleive my intentions are good. Don't you remember when you quitted the half to come again into the service, that I oppos'd that measure because I thought your good sense had made you despise all the hurry and bustle of the world? You was then in an agreeable society, to me the greatest happiness this life affords, yet even in that situation, you was so far from being easie, that my brother Allan, who has your interest as much at heart as his own, tho' he disapprov'd of the measure, gave his consent, because he saw your mind so bent upon it, that he dreaded the consequences had you not been endulg'd. You write me that at times you have melancholy reflections, which, alas, I am persuaded of, for I assure you it's my own case. That is a sore disease I acknowledge; but is retirement a cure for melancholy, and in a place where every object that strikes your eye must bring your loss to your mind? Company is the file to blot that

out of your memory, and action too must have its part, with a constant changeing of the scene. These are the releifes to the mind, which has such a loss as yours emprinted in too deep characters to be easily effac'd. Without the spirit of prophecy one may easily foretell the effects your present scheme must have on you,—a constant self reproach. The world has assum'd a privilege of judging of men's behaviour and God knows malice is too predominant in all to allow them to put the most favourable construction on the actions of others. Yours hitherto I grant will stand the test of the severest critique, but suppose yourself sauntering about idly without any occupation, depriv'd of the amusements you formerly had to keep up your spirits, perhaps pinch'd in your circumstances, what must occur to your self, what will be said by others, that you wantonly threw yourself out of business at a time when others of your profession were pressing to get into it and reduc'd yourself from a handsome income to a poore pittance against the consent of your freinds onely to endulge the spleen which at that time had dominion over you. This is the light in which it appears to my Lord Loudoun[1] who is your sincere freind and to me. I write this with all the concern of a tender hearted surgeon cutting off the mortified member of a belov'd freind but I choose rather to say this now than to hint when it is too late that I always was against such a measure.

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO GENERAL WENTWORTH.]

D^r^ SIR, LONDON, *Sept*: 6th: 1743.

Being disappointed of the honour of seeing you here, and haveing in toun neither boats nor horses, I am reduc'd to the necessity of accepting of Mr Marshal's offer to carry you the enclos'd.

Colonel Wolfe[2] the last time I was in town appointed

[1] John, fourth Earl of Loudoun, son of Hugh, third Earl, by his wife Margaret Dalrymple, daughter of John, first Earl of Stair, succeeded to the title in 1731 and died in 1782.

[2] Edward Wolfe, appointed Colonel of 1st Marines, Nov. 17, 1739; Brigadier-

Colonel Cotterel[1], Lt. Col. Paterson[2] and me to draw up a skeme for the Marines in order to be laid before your Colonels when you should meet in toun in winter. We have made some progress, but as we find the want of muster rolls to be the source of all our difficulties, that is the first thing to be attended to; respits in our service are unavoidable, and so dire in their consequences that they ought to be guarded against with all the care imaginable. As they cannot be entirely prevented, the next thing is to reduce their number so low as it shall appear upon the rolls that there are no more non-effectives than is absolutely necessary to answer the contingent expenses of the Regiment. That is to be done by the Commissary General Depute's extracting from the ships books the men bore there, and with them and the musters taken on shore to make up General rolls, by which it shall appear to the Secretary at War, that the none effectives are so few that he may without the risque of a Parliamentary enquiry apply to his Majesty for a warrant to mustering compleat. In order to prouve that, there must be a gratuity to Mr Clarke, who must be at a good deal of trouble and some expense in going from Whitehall to the tower to search the Navy books. Colonels Wolfe, Pawlet[3], Jefferies[4], Lt Col^s^ Paterson, Leighton[5] and myself have already agreed to it and signd the obligation which I hope you will do, and return the paper, and I shall send it to quarters to the other three as soon as possible that the business may be gone about immediately, time being precious.

There is another thing in which I'm afraid the four Regiments[6] y^t^ came from Jamaica in 1742 are defective in.

General, Feb. 25, 1744; Colonel of the 8th regiment of Foot, April 25, 1745; Lieut.-General, September, 1747; died March 27, 1759.

[1] James Cotterell, Lieut.-Colonel in Wolfe's Marines; appointed Colonel of 6th Marines, April 28, 1741, during the expedition to Carthagena; died Oct. 13, 1746.

[2] James Paterson, appointed Lieut.-Colonel in Cornewall's (7th) Marines, Feb. 24, 1741; Lieut.-General, Jan. 19, 1765; died at Richmond, Feb. 21, 1771.

[3] C. Pawlet, or Powlett, Cornet in 1st Grenadier Guards, March 4, 1740, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel; appointed Colonel of 9th Marines, Dec. 27, 1740.

[4] J. Jefferies, or Jeffreys, Lieutenant 1st Foot Guards, March 4, 1740; Captain shortly afterwards, and Colonel of 10th Marines, Dec. 31, 1740.

[5] F. Leighton, appointed Lieut.-Colonel in Fraser's (2nd) Marines, April 24, 1741.

[6] Wolfe's, Fraser's, Cochran's, and Cotterell's Marines.

From Octr 1741 to Aprill 1742 you know we are musterd by warrant, but from Ap^r 1742 to Octr following I am afraid there were no musters taken at all. As it is absolutely necessary they should be taken, if you will give the Commissary the same allowances [as if] he had taken them it may still be done. The first muster must not exceed 40, the next from 50 to 60, the last compleat. I am makeing that bargain for our Regiment, and I wish you would order the same for yours; other ways that want will put a stop to the whole affair. I hope you'll pardon this long letter and not think me officious, I wish it had been undertaken by some body better qualified, but what is everybody's business is no body['s]. I flatter myself you'll do me the justice to believe that my intentions are good, and that I am with the greatest esteem and regard . . . .

[Lieut.-Col. Charles Whitefoord to Allan Whitefoord.]

Chatham, *Sep^tr* 30th, 1743
in my own house

My Dr Brother,

I have the pleasure of yours of the 15th in which you express your surprise at my takeing a house, one of my wise schemes which I am heartily sorry I was under the necessity of doing, but that I may not appear altogether so criminal I must tell you the motives that induc'd me. This toun is situated at the bottom of two hills, from which every shower of rain, that falls almost incessant, washes down such quantities of earth, that, there being no scavengers, the streets are impassable; they are very narrow; all the inhabitants of the Toun are mechanicks in the Dock; all the Strangers drunken Sailors, to whose impertinence you are expos'd every time you appear in the Street; that petition in the Lord's prayer, lead us not into temptation, I interpret help yourself out of harms way. I know you do not always approve of my Comments upon the Holy Scriptures, but I think I am pretty right now. Hitherto there is at least an air of prudence,

for you must know that I bore the marks of the favours I receiv'd from some sailors 24 years ago, for three years afterwards, and remember their compliments even unto this day. I could not eat where I lay, and was reduc'd to the necessity of boarding. A large street dore introduc'd you to a little dirty parlour on the ground floore; a thin wooden partition divided you from the kitchen on the left, and another from the wash house and house of Office on the right, the side wall of which was the oven, all under the same roofe w^t^ our parlour. We were oblidgd to keep the great gate always open to let out the savoury smell attack'd us from right and left, which as I observ'd to you being very near as large as the roome, discovered to us many delightfull prospects. Our diagonal on the left was the slaughter house of the most considerable butcher in toun, eternally employ'd not even Sunday excepted; that on the right the stable, where the poore creatures bellowing dismal notes waited impatient their approaching fate at about 20 foot from us each. Directly before us at about 12 foot distance was the Dunghill where all the filth was thrown and a wall built up to keep in the clotted blood.

[Lieut.-Col. Charles Whitefoord to Captain Douglas[1](?).]

[1743.]

Sir,

I understand that you have insinuated as much to Capt Hamilton[2] of the Augusta as may occasion him to beleive, that I had spread a report that Lord Paisley, now

[1] Of Cochran's Marines.

[2] Hon. John Hamilton, second son of James, seventh Earl of Abercorn, by his wife Anne, daughter of Colonel John Plummer, of Blakesware, Herts., was appointed Captain of the *Augusta* in February, 1743 [*Gentleman's Magazine* (1743), p. 107]. In 1746 he was a member of the Court Martial on Admirals Lestock and Mathews, when he moved the resolution protesting against the arrest of Admiral Mayne, President of the Court, and Captain Renton, one of the members, at the suit of Lieutenant Fry, for a sentence passed on him at a court martial, of which they were members, held in the West Indies. Captain Hamilton was appointed to the *Vanguard* in 1748, and to the *Lancaster* in 1755. He was drowned at Spithead on Dec. 18, 1755, the boat in which he was rowing ashore being accidentally capsized. He married (Sept., 1749) the widow of Richard Elliot, of Port Elliot, Cornwall, by whom he left a son afterwards Marquis of Abercorn. [Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, v. 92–99.]

Earl of Abercorn, should have desir'd Co[l] Cochran to drop the dispute was betwixt Cap[t] Hamilton and him, which is entirely groundless. Therefor if you have hinted any such thing to Cap[t] Hamilton I must desire you to let him know, that I never said it to anybody, and I have wrote so to Lord Abercorn.

I must own I was not a little surpris'd and did not expect you would have given me as an author of anything was not true, and in my weak judgement I can never think it a friendly part, to wrest meanings and draw conclusions from sayings in compy that will not bear. It must always be attended with bad consequences ; therefor I am sorry you was concern'd in it. I impute it to your zeal for your friend as his interest was the motive that induced you to inform him. The same principle will oblidge you to undeceive him.

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO THE SAME.]

[1743.]

D[r] SIR,

I am oblidg'd to my freind Cap[t] Burleigh for showing you my letter, for I assure you I was not in charity with my quondam ensign. I had flatter'd myself to have some share in your esteem, and to find Cap[t] Hamilton impress'd with a notion that I was capable of so low, so mean and so silly a lie, was setting me in so contemptible a light that I was extreamly provok'd. To have recourse to such practises was a proofe of a bad cause indeed, and to be given as the author by you I acknowledge heighten'd my regret. I am in this dispute no otherwise concern'd than in supporting the Hon[r] of a corps that I own I think barbarously and unjustly attack'd or I am very much impos'd upon. Not being at quarters at the time of that embarkation, I onely have it from others but I think the proofs are in a manner self-evident. From the regard I have for my Lord Abercorn and the good character Cap[t] Hamilton universally bears, I am sorry he has met with ill designing people who have impos'd upon him. Disputes of that kind can have no other

effect than to widen the breach betwixt the two services which has already gone too far as he says. That report of his brother is an impudent lie. I must insist on your setting him right with regard to me. I wrote so to you at Exeter thinking you was there. I have it under Capt Dunbar's hand that I never said it to him, nor to anybody else I assure you. You say it is pretty evident, who is in the right from the thanks the Lords of the Adm^{ty} have order'd to be given Capt Hamilton. What the nature of the thanks is I am at a loss. Capt Hamilton has very possibly thank'd you for your information, yet I do not apprehend, that I said any such thing notwithstanding you imagin'd you was told so.

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO LIEUTENANT BALFOUR [1].]

LONDON, *Oct^{r}*, 1743.

SIR,

I was a good deal surpris'd to find a complaint from Captain Hamilton to the Lords of the Admiralty, of a party of my Regiment on board of his ship, conceivd in terms, that nothing but malice, rancour and ill nature could inspire. Had his charity bore the least proportion to his boasted humanity, he would not have credited a report so ill grounded, and would have taken other methods to have had his imaginary greivances redress'd; but then he would have been depriv'd of an opportunity of endulging his spleen, defameing me, displaying his epistolising talent, and retailing his borrow'd wit. Had his facetious Author liv'd in our days, and drawn us the picture of a particular Captain of a man of war and his crew, I believe Sir John Falstaff and his company might have been kept in countenance. I admire his address in pilfering a peice of a coat (on which he so much values himself) which he has sent to the Lords of the Admiralty as a pattern; but I fancy his servant must have impos'd upon him, by giving him a bit of the Governments cloath, with which the Captains of the men of war sometimes

[1] Toomes Balfour, of Cochran's Marines.

cover their Cabbin floors, to save them the expense of buying a Carpet; if it is bad, I deny it to be my cloathing. He is, too, most damnably mistaken in the price of the hats, but that is perhaps one of the commodities the Captain does not traffick in. He complains that the men want caps, and gives you as his author[ity] that 4/- a year is stopt from them on that account. If you have said so, you have been extreamly in the wrong, and I must tell you that every good man will be very cautious in advancing facts injurious to anothers reputation that he is not well inform'd of. Six of the men he says wanted wastcoats, which I cannot beleive. You ought to have known your duty so well, as to have represented to me the deficiencies, which you never did, nor have you wrote of your party at all, till lately, which was answer'd you the next post by the Lieut. Colonel, ordering you to supply the men with whatever they wanted, being but too sensible of the miseries they suffer on board of a man of war, not to endulge them with everything in our power, in order, if possible, to make their lives somewhat comfortable. Besides, there were many wastcoats in store, and an order for the Commanding Officer of each comp^{y} to return the number of men who wanted wastcoats, and they got them. As this was before your embarkation it is not probable that your party went without them. Perhaps your Captain has a familiar that informs him of future events, but alas, I onely correspond with mortals, and till they inform me, am quite ignorant of the motions and circumstances of people at a distance, so could not possibly know that he was in Plimouth, and that men extreamly well provided in the end of Aprile, should be so destitute of all necessaries the beginning of Octr following, as the fertility of his lively imagination represents them to be. Was his power or inclination to redress greivances, equal to his art in painting them or industry in spreading the report, you would be extreamly happy, as I see no proper step taken to cure the evil, but great pains to publish it. My Charity is not so strong, as to beleive the Captain acts from humanity, which does not often pitch its tent in the Cabin of a man of war; Charity sees no evil, is never sedulous to rail or with

envenom'd tongue to blast the fame of other men. I am very sorry that your Captain is so extreamly credulous. That he is, is but too apparent from his beleiving himself human and good natur'd. From such good nature may the Lord soon deliver you. You may show your Captain this.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO THOS. CORBETT[1].]

SIR, [October, 1743.]

Haveing a party of my Regiment on board of his Majesties Ship the Augusta, commanded by Captain Hamilton, I have judg'd it necessary, to inspect the navy books, in order to be satisfied of his crew. I find indeed he's very just with respect to numbers. I wish I could say as much of his equity in rateing them, but his injustice in that respect is so glareing, that I dare not be silent. Duty, humanity, and common honesty call upon me, to lay the shamefull scene open to their Ldp^s^. Out of — midshipmen, suppos'd by the Government to be people vers'd in the Mathematicks, of good families, to be a nursery for Officers to serve in the Royal Navy, I find a Cook, a valet de Chambre &c. rewarded with the wages of these men. If the other petty officers are rated in the same manner their Ldp^s^ can easier come to the knowledge of than I can inform them: I thought indeed Captain Hamilton's integrity had made him incapable of such practices; their Ldp^s^ will pardon me the Allusion but he hourly brings to my mind the parable of the mote in the eye in the new testament: I must humbly entreat their Ldp^s^ either to order Captain Hamilton to get midshipmen well qualified, or let the party of my Regiment go on board of another ship, for it goes sore against me, at the breaking out of a French war to expose people to be taken prisoners by the ships being improperly mann'd, in order to gratifie the Captains vanity and luxury.

[1] Secretary to the Admiralty.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO CAPT. JOHN DALRYMPLE.]

MY Dr CAPTAIN, [1744.]

I simpathise with you most sincerely in your present disagreeable situation and am sorry I can see no resource but patience. Your good sense I'm sure will secure you against both imprudent words and actions, and your fears I must own appear to me Chimaerical. I hope you do not do me the injustice, nor any body that knows you half so well as I to impute your desire of quitting the service to any other cause than being yok'd with people who are not equal to what is expected of them. The avarice and monstrous partiality of those must be shocking to a generous mind but human nature is such, self and pride are too predominant ingredients in our composition not to get the ascendant over all other motives, and betray us by their false lights into measures that deprive us of what all men endeavour at, I mean general applause and the esteem of the world. The dilatoriness of the Offices, and the advance of the season make any scheme impracticable for this year. Should you continue in the same way of thinking, we must look out this summer, and put all our irons in the fire against the next winter. Notwithstanding the pressing demand for Marines and the repeated remonstrances of the lords of the Admiralty we cannot get even our vacant Commissions fill'd up and it is so with the whole army. Politicks at one time and the sickness of the secretary at war at another, make many anxious expectants pass their time very disagreeably. My Lord Stair's situation does not allow him to act nor indeed has his success hitherto in getting his requests give him any great encouragement. There is none one can employ that has not so many things to ask for himself that he does not care for being endebted for favours that do not turn out to his own immediat advantage. My Lord Loudoun I'm sure has your interest as much at heart as you have yourself and would chearfully go any lengths in his power to serve you, but he chooses rather to stand your reproofe for not going into your

views, than your reproach when it is too late, for having contributed to what he thinks must make you unhappy.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO ALLAN WHITEFOORD.]

MY D[EAR] B[ROTHER], [1744.]

Yesterday's news papers inform[ed me of] the death of Governor McCrae[1], a man I could not help despising; he was excessively proud, vain, ambitious, insolent, overbearing. Yet the meanness of his birth, I mean education, show'd itself in every action of his life, whatever his false generosity prompted him to. His sordid low covetous temper restrain'd by two violent passions pride and avarice, he could never have any inward quiet. His rank and wealth oblig'd him to make a figure that the avarice of his temper would not permit. He could not help being extreamly jealous and interpreting every accident as an affront, and suspecting every one that dealt with him as a cheat. The oppressive ways by which he amass'd his vast Fortune were a worm in his conscience that gnaw'd without ceasing, and the thousands he starv'd to death in a time of great scarcity when he made a monopoly of the rice, star'd him constantly in the face. All his thoughts gave him the bitter reflection, of his oppression, cruelty, tyrranny, and Barbarity, and effectually destroy'd that peace of mind which is the onely thing can make happiness. To look back on all our actions and see nothing to reproach our selves with is an

[1] James McCrae is said to have been an orphan, and to have gained a livelihood by running messages, when Hugh McQuyre, or Macguire, 'violer' or musician of Ayr, took him under his protection and educated him. He afterwards went to sea, and ultimately became Governor of Madras. He amassed a large fortune, returned to his native country, and purchased Monkbarn, or Orangefield, Houston, and other estates in the west of Scotland. He was admitted a burgess of Ayr, Aug. 1, 1733, when he is styled 'James Macrae, late Governor of Madras.' In 1734 he presented Glasgow with a statue of William III. On his return to Scotland he sought out his benefactor, and Hugh Macguire of Drumdow, the son of the 'violer,' owed his advancement to Macrae's generosity. Macrae also educated and richly dowered Macguire's children. To James, his son, he left the estate of Houston, on condition that he assumed the name of Macrae. James Macrae's son was the well-known Captain Macrae (Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*; Kay's *Portraits*). Hugh Macguire's daughter Elizabeth was married to the Earl of Glencairn; his daughter Margaret to James Erskine, afterwards Lord Alva, one of the Lords of Session, and his daughter Macrae to Charles Dalrymple, Sheriff Clerk of Ayr. [Paterson's *History of Ayr*, ii. 385.]

undoubted emblem of heaven but the dire remorse of the reverse must be attended with an anguish that exceeds the torments of hell. In all my afflictions, says Job most beautifully, yet have I retain'd my integrity still. Life must have been a burden to him, and his memory will stink while his behaviour is rememb'red; yet from what cause I do not know, pity or what you please to call it, I am sorry for him. The connection with Lord Cathcart and you, the friendship he profess'd tho' I believ'd him incapable of any, rais'd in me a kind of gratitude that makes me regret his death. Your propensity to do good natur'd offices gives me room to apprehend your being evolv'd in trouble with his affairs which I shall be very sorry for, being convinc'd you have too much business already that cannot fail to injure your health. I would with joy see you rather give up what you have than undertake any more. I would not pretend to advise did I not know that your great friendship where you profess it draws a veil over all the consequences that attend being employ'd.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Lord Glencairn[1].]

My D[ear] L[ord], [1744.]

I had the Hon[r] of your Ldp[s] from Enfeild complaining that the rude shaking of that detestable machine had fatigued your body. I was glad it had no effect on your mind, which seem'd quite free and compos'd. The manner you parted with the great men gave me unspeakable joy, could one but trust them. May the torments of the sapient Lady, and the swell'd face of the easie Knight be their portion if they do not keep their words, or rather may they have such

[1] William Cunningham, second son of William, twelfth Earl of Glencairn, by his wife Henrietta, second daughter of Alexander Stewart, third Earl of Galloway, succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father (March 14, 1734). He entered the army in 1729, was appointed Major in the 9th (Powlett's) Marines in 1741, Lieut.-Colonel of the 9th Foot in 1747, and Major-General in 1770. He married (August, 1744) Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Macguire, of Drumdow [*vide supra*], and died at Finlaystoun, Sept. 9, 1775. His son was Burns' patron, and the subject of the *Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.*

as the first for a wife and the second for a companion all the days of their lives which I hope will equal Methusalah's, in which case Death tho' attended with Damnation would be a releif. Your Ldp must now be at the litle Metropolis, happy with your relations to whome I beg to be remembred in the kindest manner. I hope Miss has tasted the Sweets of matrimony, I give her joy, and wish most sincerely that she may realy enjoy all that was even feign'd of happiness in that state. Poore Mrs Hamilton's[1] death I am sure your Ldp would regret. I was extream sorry for her. Matters must now go through another Channel, which I hope will still prove effectual, by means of a Brother of the young .... who is daily expected home. He was my fellow traveller in Germany, and I shall now renew the acquaintance. Mr. Hamilton[2] is with me. Before he goes, we shall agree upon the scheme, of which your Ldp shall be advis'd. If Col^l^ Cathcart[3] is at Ed^r^ a few compliments would not be thrown away upon him ; and if your Ldp should have occasion to go through Glasgow there lives in that toun one Mr And^w^ Cochran[4], who had good dispositions. A how d'ye [do] to him would not be amiss, all which I submit to your Ldp's better judgement.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Robert Dalrymple.]

[1744.]

Tho' my innocence sets me above thy malice, you wound me thro' the Sides of that tremendous body the marines, and asperse that illustrious corps with opprobrious names.

[1] ? Widow of Hugh Hamilton of Clongall, merchant in Ayr.

[2] Probably Robert Hamilton of Bourtree Hill, eldest son of Hugh Hamilton of Clongall, who amassed a large fortune in Jamaica.

[3] James Cathcart, who took the name of James Rochead Cathcart, of Inverleith and Carbiston, son of James Cathcart of Carbiston by his wife Magdalen, eldest daughter of Sir James Rochead of Inverleith. [Paterson's *History of Ayr*, i. 330.]

[4] Andrew Cochrane, of Bridgehouse, son of David Cochrane, merchant in Ayr, and Janet Crawford, grandson of Andrew Cochrane, of Ayr, and Agnes Garvan, was born on Feb. 19, 1693. Like his father he was a merchant of Ayr, and lived for the first thirty years of his life in his native town. In 1720 he acquired from the town, upon wadset, the 'Common Isle.' Shortly afterwards he removed to Glasgow. He was Provost of Glasgow 1744–46, 1748–50, 1760–63. During the Rebellion of 1745 he managed the affairs of the city with great ability. The Cochrane Correspondence, containing his letters on public affairs during this period,

Tho' they are the onely scourge of our Ennemies, are often in action, always return brown'd with glory, enrich'd with spoils, leading into captivity thousands of prisoners, these are pigmies, dwarfs, Lilliputions. I grant you we are not of your gigantic make, but our actions resemble your size, while you great luberly monsters are infamous for doing nothing but frightening old women and children and robbing hen roosts that were even the chickhens to defend, I beleive you durst not attack. In the beginning of the Campaign the French were superior to you, then fear, under the denomination of prudence made you avoid your Ennemies. When you were superior to them, being good Christians all of you, you were restrain'd by our holy Religion which orders you to do as you would be done by, so the good of your imaginary souls preserv'd your dastard bodies, for your Behaviour to me is a strong presumption if not a proofe that you have none.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO JOHN WHITEFOORD.]

M[Y] D[EAR] B[ROTHER], [1744.]

I am afraid my letters do not reach you as you never mention the receit of any. I was made happy with yours and assure you there is scarce a week that I do not epistolize you not that they are of any other consequence than to show you that I write frequently, for news I have none, not even a maiden freind lost by sanction of holy Preist, or guile of faithless lover, who with false oaths deceives the willing fair, or reputation of young virgin blasted by the envenom'd breath of some old godly hagg, who preys incessant on heedless actions of unthinking youth and, to hide her own, crams

was published in 1836 by James Smith of Jordan Hill, with a prefatory notice by James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, and presented to the Maitland Club. Cochrane married Janet, eldest daughter of Peter Murdoch, Provost of Glasgow, by his wife Mary, daughter of John Luke of Claythorn. He died, without issue, on July 9, 1777. [*Cochrane Correspondence*, ix–xii; Paterson's *History of Ayr*, i. 212, ii. 503; Cleland's *Annals of Glasgow*, 173, 174.]

her ravenous, greedy, unsatiable maw with lost characters, a hatefull horrid monster despis'd by Gods and men, indefatigably industrious in spreading the Scandal her own malice invented, never happy but in the misery of others, mais laissons la ces Chiennes. You take no notice of M^c^Crae's death. I can now tell you with pleasure that Allan is not concern'd. He writes me that Lord Glencairn has entred the body of Miss with whome he has the estate of Ochiltree burthen'd with 7000 lib. but the last will not being as yet found, disposeing of the Executory if she has any part of it, which its beleiv'd she has, she will be no bad match for his Ldp.

[LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO CAPTAIN BROWN[1].]

MY Dr BROWN, [1744.]

All the uneasiness I was under on occasion of the storm immediatly happen'd after your sailing was taken away by your agreeable epistle of the 4th, for which I return you my sincere and unfeign'd thanks. It was a perfect Catholicon to me, for before this day I had not heard from Flanders these two months. My freinds there are such devilish clever correspondents, tho' their situation of late has not been so safe as to be out of the power of a disaster.

I simpathise with you on account of your hardships, and admire the beauty of your disposition. C'est la nouvelle methode a faire la guerre. It is not folly but finesse, the French will naturally imagin you will do so and so therefor you must do the direct contrary, as you had made a long march that day it was probable the fatigue your men had undergone might incline them to rest, so for fear of being taken napping the Baggage would serve as a barricade and give time to your people to rub open their eyes. We con-

[1] Formerly lieutenant in Cochran's Marines. Appointed captain in the 36th (Fleming's) Regiment of Foot after the attack on Carthagena (1741). Now (1744) in Flanders.

ceive great hopes from Prince Cha[s] passing the Rhine[1]. Avert Abortions ye heavenly powers! I give you joy of the junction of the Dutch troops. They are a heavy body, and if they fall on the French they must infallibly smother them. Our hopes are rais'd to a great pitch from all these favourable circumstances, and our impatience so great to know the consequence that even in opening the letters to tear the paper so as to be depriv'd of the Account it brings, which was my own case in some degree this very day. But as there is no such thing as perfect happiness, our joy is a litle ballanc'd by the march of 15,000 men into Dunkirk, where it's said there are 500 transports to receive them, in order to pay us a visit, unless they hung up all the Marines on the sea coasts to serve as scare crows, the Devil take me if I know any defence we have. Our wooden walls are but a wooden security. We have a large staff it's true, but a small army to oppose an invasion. Our trust must be in the Lord, under whose protection I leave you.

[Lieut.-Col. Charles Whitefoord to Captain Brown.]

My D[r] Captain, [1744.]

A letter from honest Rob[2] informed me of your being in the party under Gen[l] Charles [*sic*] which if I had known of before I was inform'd of the retreat of the French I should have been under the greatest concern. Superstition you know is generally an attendant on old age. As I advance in years I find my self more enclin'd to beleive in signs, omens and prognosticks. The receiving three letters from you in one fortnight some months ago certainly foretold the approaching end of my dearest freind. Besides the dead wak'd, and midnight bells had disturb'd my sleep, croaking ravens broke my rest and loud knockings from an unseen hand awaken'd me, when I saw your image skip [a]cross the roome,

[1] July 1 and 2, 1744.
[2] Robert Dalrymple.

and with a parting smile dart through the key hole. As you had nothing of that gloomy discontented look the realy departed always appear in I was not so much alarm'd, tho' it confirms me that there is something in these warnings. The chearfull air you assum'd prov'd to me that tho' you was in Danger nothing would happen to you to give me pain, and I in contradiction to all my sister visionaries even interpreted the apparition in my favour and was glad I had not heard from you for some time as it assur'd [me] you were to escape from this boute so now if you [escape] you may write again. If your disposition to [exchange con]tinues Major Pawlett[1] of the Youn[g Mar]ines sold his majority for 2600. I onely show you this to put a just value on your parchment, that commissions do not sell, and if we can be but so lucky in the Lottery as to draw one of the great prises, retirons nous au plutot et moquons nous de grandeur et richesse, soyons heureux, dans un bien mediocre et une societé agreable. Sans nous meler d'autre chere que le plaisir. The stay of our Paymaster in Scotland has prevented my going to London to clear accounts with the Agent or to buy the [vessels?] which keeps me uneasie as it will now be too late in the year to visit you.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Captain Brown[2].]

[1744.]

I had the pleasure of receiving my D[r] Brown's letter with a joy that nothing but that of seeing him could have equall'd. It is great charity to releive the anxiety of our minds; the pain we are constantly in from a combination of causes, the publick interest always first to be sure, in the hearts of all Patriots, then for us minor poets the concern of our freinds I own keeps me in great uneasiness. Without the help of a lively imagination, prolifick of disasters happening to people we dearly love, their profession, and situation at present

[1] Appointed Major in the 7th (Cornewall's) Marines, April 24, 1743.

[2] Formerly lieutenant in Cochran's Marines; appointed captain in the 36th (Fleming's) Regiment of Foot after the attack on Carthagena. In Flanders in 1744.

exposes them to fatigue hardships wounds and even death itself whose meagre carcass, with his tragick face, I hope will reign triumphant in your neighbouring Camp, and send perfidious Gauls to Lucifer by thousands, to dispute universal monarchy in Hell. On earth the gallant Johns will never suffer the tawny slave born faithless French to give us laws. Their insolence we have often chastis'd. I hope our former victories will get fresh lustre from some glorious action this Campaign. May they be haunted by the ghosts of their departed freinds at Oudenarde and seiz'd with a pannick fly from their own Shadows an easie conquest. Their present situation I am afraid is too strong to be attempted. Now that Prince Charles has got Hagenau[1] there is onely Befort betwixt him and France so that Coigny will be under a necessity of engaging. Should the Comt de Saxe who has the character of a gallant officer make any motion, I hope you will give a good account of him. To see the French army secured by Courtray and Menin[2], should make the Dutch blush if they are capable of it, and stir up their resentment to a degree of revenge, that nothing but extirpating their deluders ought to allay. I am extreamly oblig'd to you for your last kind letter, and must beg the continuation of a correspondence that I assure you will make me extreamly happy. I entreat you to thresh for me that lump of sloth, the spawn of a Lady's lap dog, Rob Dalrymple.

[CHARLES WHITEFOORD TO UNKNOWN.]

SIR,

The Justices of the peace misconstruing in my opinion, the 45th and 46th articles of ye Act of Parliament relateing to the apprehending and the reward for takeing up Deserters, do not think a soldier who apprehends a deserter entitled to the reward, because it is his duty, and imagining that the 20/- comes out of the County Stock purse, they have hitherto

[1] Occupied July 30, 1744.

[2] Courtray was seized by the French, May 17, 1744; Menin was invested on the following day, fell into the hands of the French at the beginning of June.

absolutely refus'd issueing their warrant to the Collector of the land tax who by Act of Parlaiment is to have it allow'd him out of the land tax money for that year. As their backwardness is a great encouragement to desertion, by which we suffer greatly, I hope you will be so good as lay the case before Mr Secretary at War, that we may have his opinion upon it: I would not be understood to mean any complaint against the Gentlemen who are all well affected to his Majesty and willing to do justice to the army, but as these articles appear to them in a different light, from the sense of the whole kingdom, never haveing had it refus'd any where but here; and as the Act expressly says any person whatsoever, surely a soldier must be comprehended, who on that occasion has both extraordinary fatigue and expense. The design of the Parlaiment, being by that clause to prevent desertion, the intention of the Act is frustrated by the Justices' conception of it, which Mr Secretary at War's opinion will probably set them right in. Another quirk the people have fallen upon in order to get men out of the service is to credit them above the value of ten pounds and then arrest them for the debt, which practise if continued will soon make a thin army. When I came into this Quarter I sent to notifie to the inhabitants the pay days, and warn'd them not to trust the men, which was all I could do.

[CHARLES BROWN TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, CHATHAM YARD, *Nov.* 14th, 1744.

I have just now the favour of your obliging Letter but the Gout has left me so very lame in my hand, that I can but make a hard Shift to be understood. I am sorry to find that Lieu^t^ Cambell[1] should give you the trouble, to mention what

[1] ? Lieutenant James Campbell, appointed commander of a sloop of war, Sept. 4, 1744; captain of the *Chesterfield*, Jan. 26, 1749; and commander of the *Sterling Castle* in the Havannah Expedition (1762). For failure to obey the orders of Captain Harvey, who directed the attack on the north-east part of the Moro (July 1), he was dismissed the service, after trial by court martial. [Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, vi. 97.]

Capt. Cornwall[1] hapen'd to Say in a private Conversation which In my Opinion was nothing more then that he had rec[d], when on Board his Ship, your Discharge by a Woman, for a Marine that had deserted some time past from the Superb, which in the Sea Service would have been Eregular, but that he was not a proper judge of yours, and concluded with declaring, that he had a great regard for you. Lieu[t] Cambell came the next day to my House for no other purpose but to revive the Same Subject, which I took occasion privately to tell him I thought him in the wronge. I am very thankfull for your very kind wishes for my health. I thank God I am much better, I have just got the News of my Son in Law Counseller Roches Death, which prevents me from saying more at present, then that I am

Dear Sir

Your most obliged and most
obed[t] Humble Servant
CHARLES BROWN[2].

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO LIEUT.-COL. WM. CONGREVE[3].]

[EDINBURGH, *August*, 1745.]

My dear Freind, I am sure, has too much charity to impute my long silence to any bad cause; but as appearances are strong against me I must remove the prejudices that might shake me in your esteem and make me forfeit a freindship

[1] Frederic Cornwall succeeded his cousin, James Cornwall, who was killed at Toulon (Feb., 1743), in the command of the *Marlborough*. He was appointed to the *Revenge* in 1755, was with Byng in the Expedition to the Mediterranean in the ensuing spring, and afterwards gave evidence against him. Cornwall retired from the service after Byng's trial, and died subsequent to 1786. [Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, v. 288.]

[2] Charles Brown was appointed to the command of the *Strombolo*, March 18, 1709, and of the *York* in 1717, when he was sent to the Baltic with Sir C. Byng. After having the command of the *Advice* (1726), the *Oxford*, and the *Buckingham* (1731), he was appointed to the *Hampton Court* in 1738, when he was ordered to Jamaica. On this station he commanded as senior officer until the arrival of Admiral Vernon. He distinguished himself in the attack on Porto Bello (1739), and returned to England in 1740. He succeeded Admiral Mathews (March, 1742) as Commissioner of the Navy, resident at Chatham. He died March 23, 1753. [*Ib.* iv. 3–6.]

[3] Entered the army Aug. 25, 1737; Captain in the 22nd (Pagett's) regiment May 1, 1738; afterwards Lieut.-Colonel in the 17th (Wynyard's) regiment.

that I prefer to the gold of Ophir, and which I hope will last till the sisters clip my thread. I had set out with my old grey freind and your humble servant on a round of visits to my relations, and propos'd being happy with them for a longer time, had not cruel death oblidg'd me to return to Ed[r] to pay the last devoirs to Baron Dalrymple[1]. On my arrival I was made happy with your epistle and am glad honest Patoun[2] has succeeded. I have a letter from him complaining of great injustice in his Ingeneering preferment, which I have endeavour'd to get represented in such a light to the Duke of Montague as I hope will secure him for the future. He's a worthy venirble fellow, which in this iron age I'm afraid is rather a bar than a motif for his being better provided. As he is, his œconomy will secure us against any risque except in case of death and then I shall regret the loss of him much more than the money. This post I write to M[r] Fenn[3] as you direct, oblidgeing myself in case of accidents to M[r] Patoun to pay him 75 pounds of the 150 advanc'd by him on account of that purchase for which he has your security. We are alarm'd here with an invasion which I believe will end in smoke. Certain it is that a few people have landed in the West Highlands from a French man of war, but their number so inconsiderable that they only serve to put us on our guard. Sir John Cope takes all the necessary precautions and has himself march'd with the few troops he has to pay them his compliments on their arrival. They must be either fools or madmen or perhaps both to make such a rash attempt, this country being as I imagin extreamly well affected to the present government.

[1] George Dalrymple, of Dalmahoy, Baron of the Exchequer, was the third son of John, first Earl of Stair, and therefore first cousin once removed to Col. Whitefoord. He married, in 1720, Eupheme, daughter of Sir Andrew Myrton, Bart., of Gogar, and had issue John, afterwards fifth Earl of Stair, William, a General in the army, and other children. [Paterson's *History of Ayr*, ii. 437.]

[2] Archibald Patoun was appointed Lieutenant in the 22nd (O'Farrell's, late Fagett's) regiment in July, 1745, shortly afterwards removed to the Engineers, of which he became Sub-director and Major Jan. 4, 1758.

[3] C. Fenn, Portland Str., Tyburn Road, agent for O'Farrel's regiment.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Lieut. Archibald Patoun.]

My Dr Sir Isaac, [Edinburgh, *August*, 1745.]

I am endebted to you for two letters both which I receiv'd in this country. The first I believe had visited all the post towns in England. In the first place let me give you joy on a promotion that your merit had entitled you to long ago. I must blame you for setting so great a value on so small a trifle as fell to my share. I can only tell you that if my ability equall'd my inclination there is nothing my power, or indeed of your other acquaintances, that we would not prevent your wishes in. As words are the only exchequers of the poore, and too too often liable to suspicion, I shall be spareing of them, but be assur'd there is nothing could make me so superlatively happy as being usefull to a man I value and esteem. By my distance from London I could not myself agent your last commission, but I enclos'd Lady Hyndford's[1] letter and yours to a friend that has promis'd me to do all in his power for you. Perquisites are things I never touch, but am told that there is a certain metle that has strange qualities (perhaps occult) in removing obstructions that clogg wheels. A man can make no figure in any country where he does not understand the language. Have you nobody near the Board that could make himself understood to Apollo's Preist or Secretary. You must quicken the clerks, whatever office you w^d lust at.

My comp^s to Genl Wynyard[2], Major Hargreave[3], honest

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John, fifth Earl of Lauderdale, by Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Cunningham, tenth Earl of Glencairn, married James Carmichael, second Earl of Hyndford. She was the mother of John, third Earl of Hyndford, the diplomatist. She died at Bath Nov. 27, 1753, aged 71. [Wood's *Peerage of Scotland*, i. 756.]

[2] John Wynyard entered the army April 10, 1703. He served with his regiment, the 17th Foot, in the Peninsula during the war of the Spanish Succession, and in Scotland during Mar's rebellion. He was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of his regiment July 10, 1718, and Colonel of the 4th Marines Nov. 20, 1739. Charles Whitefoord was for some time a Captain in the latter regiment. Wynyard was removed to the 17th Foot Aug. 31, 1742, became Lieut.-General Sept. 1747 and died in 1752. [*Army Lists; Hist. Rec. 17th Regiment*, 51.]

[3] Major in O'Farrell's regiment.

Rob Boyd[1], McKellar[2], Morris and any other of my acquaintance.

[ORDERS GIVEN AT EDINBURGH.]

. . . . to march with the line who are to have tickets from the Commanding Officer of each Battalion ; Col^l Lascelles Reg^t[3] to exchange 15 firelocks p^r Company tomorrow and to march on wensday morning and join the army at Creiff.

All the spare ammunition to be deliver'd into the Train all swords but the grenadiers and Highlanders to be deliver'd into the Castle to the Storekeeper who is to give a receit for them.

[Sir John Cope's March.]

Aug^t	19th	to Stirling	
	20th	Creiff	19
	22	Amobrie	10
	23	Taybridge	12
	24th	Trinifour	11
	25th	Dalrecardock	7
	26	Dalwhinny	12
	27th	Ruthven	10
	28	Dalruckne	24
	29th	Inverness	18
Sept^r	4th	Nairn	

[Computation of Transports[4].]

Rank and file	1641
Serjeants 76 D^rmrs 48 . . .	124
Officers	85
Servants	50
Women	108
Highlanders	212
Com^d and non Com^d Off^rs . .	33
Train	100
Staff	50
Horses equal to	400
	2803

McKays Sutherlands and Monroes expected to join which numbers with the baggage it was thought would require 2000 Tonns.

Horses Army	99
Staff and Off^rs	34
	133

[1] Afterwards Colonel of the 39th Foot.
[2] Afterwards Sub-director and Major of Engineers.
[3] 58th regiment of Foot.
[4] On the back :—

(*a*) Debts to be p^d at London.
Turner lace man
Pritchard
Cooper Taylor
Whitefoord Upholsterer
Oliphant Hatter
Graham Stationer
Mr Stewart Wine Mer^t

(*b*) Col^l Gardiner proposes to shut the gate every night to patrole, and to shut up the [*illegible*] of the town walls.

(*c*) a Mon^r.
Monsr Denny
Superieur du College des Irlandois
a Toulouse
pour faire tenir a Mi Lady Houstoun

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Sir John Cope.]

[Aberdeen, *September*, 1745.]

I have the Honour to inform your Excellency that from the badness of last night I could not possibly reach this sooner than nine this morning, I am afraid at the expense of my cavalry who suffer in a good cause. I immediately on my arrival went to the Provosts[1], whome those vermin the Physicians had sent out of toun for his health. I assembled the other magistrates whome I found zealous for his Maj[s] service and ready to give you all the assistance in their power. The bread was getting ready with all expedition and the shoes I bespoke, but on this occasion I told them it would be necessary to unhallow the Lords day, which like good Christians they readily went into. I have Patroles going every hour round the bakers and shoemakers and a report every night of the quantity made. I flatter my self your excellency will find them in good forwardness on your arrival.

The magistrates laid before me two letters which gave undoubted information of the Rebels being in possession of Perth, of their threat'ning Dundee, and raising all the money they could from the receivers in these countrys.

By this situation I saw the passage of the Tay would be so difficult that I immediately laid an embargo on all the shipping here, which I found amounted to 1000 Tons. I intend to set out for Montrose and do the same thing there onely waiting the Arrival of the Provost.

1: Brigade.

Harrison Red Vane Wolfs White Lowthers Bleu Douglass Yellow	Main Topmast head.

2[d] Brigade.

Wentworth's .	Red	Foretopmast head.
Robinson . .	White	
Wynyards . .	Bleu	
Mortons . . .	Yellow	

[1] James Morison, junior, of Elsick, Provost of Aberdeen 1744–1746. The bakers and shoemakers of Aberdeen were incorporated. [Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 233, 245, 249.]

When the Gen[l] would speak with the commanding officer of any particular Reg[t] if of the 1st Brigade a Flag shall be spread on the Main Top Gallant stay of the same colour with the distinguishing Vane the Transports of that Reg[t] are orderd to near, if of the Second Brigade a flag in like manner on the Fore Top Gallant stay.

N: B: The Transport of each Reg[t] that has the commanding officer on board shall have a Swallow Tail in their Vane.

Ships that do not carry Troops red Vane at the Mizen Topmast head.

Victualler White Mizen Topmast head.

Ordinance Yellow at y[e] Mizen Top mast head.

Signals for the Masters of the Transports.

[Aberdeen, *September*, 1745.]

The Transports are divided into three divisions for Soldiers, the ships of the first division to wear onely one vane and that at the main topmast head.

The Ships of the second division to wear only one vane, and that at the Fore Topmast head.

The Ships of the third division, to wear onely one vane, and that at the Mizen Topmast head. But if a Brigg, Snaw[1], or Sloop happens to be of the third division she is to wear no vane at all.

For the Embarkation.

All the Ships of the first division to wear their ensigns at the main top mast head, till the men are all embark'd.

All the Ships of the second division to wear their Ensigns at the fore top mast till the men are all embark'd.

All the Ships of the third division to wear their Ensigns at the Mizen top mast head till all the men are embark'd, if a Snaw, Brigg, or Sloop happens to be of this division, they are to hoist their Ensign on their after shroud or Back stay.

The Highlanders and Col[l] Lees make the 1st Division.

[1] A 'brig' differs from a 'snaw' in having no trysail mast, and in lowering her gaff to furl the sail. [Murray's *New Engl. Dict.* art. Brig.]

The Edward and Mary, Young Master, and the Margaret and Mary carry the horses of this Division.

[First Division.] Colonel Lee's[1].		[Second Division.] Colonel Murray's[2].		[Third Division.] Colonel Lasscells's.	
Ships.	*Masters.*	*Ships.*	*Masters.*	*Ships.*	*Masters.*
Ann . .	Masterson.	Dove . .	Wilkinson	Ranger .	Taylor
Janet . .	Ramsay.	Mary . .	Howison	Margaret .	Martin
Helen .	Stephen.	George .	Gray	Mary . .	Ferguson
Catharin	Boyter	Unity .	Thomson	May . .	Burton
Edward and Mary.				Montrose .	Dunbar

SIGNALS FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF CORPS.

If the General would speak with the Commanding Officer of the Highlanders, he will hoist a Union Jack at the Mizen Peek, and a whiff in the Ensign.

If with the Commanding Officer of Lees the same signal without a whiff.

If with the Commanding Officer of Col[l] Murrays a French Jack at the Mizen Peek.

If with the Commanding Officer of Col[l] Lasscell's a Dutch Jack at the Mizen Peek.

If with the Quarter Master General a Dutch Jack at the Ensign staff.

If with the Cheif Ingeneer a Dutch pendant at the Mizen Peek.

Transports of the same division to anchor as near together as possible.

[1] 55th, afterwards 44th Foot. [2] 57th Foot.

AN EFFECTIVE RETURN OF THE HONBLE COLONEL MURRAYS REGIMENT

With the Horses in each Company Aberdeen September 12th 1745.

Companys	Commission Officers	Staff Officers	Non Commission	Drummers	Centinels	Women	Servants not Soldiers	Totals	Horses in each Company
Colonel Murray . . .	1	3	5	2	60	4	0	75	4
Lt Colo Clayton . . .	2	0	6	2	54	4	0	68	0
Major Talbot	3	0	6	2	57	4	0	72	3
Captn Cochran	3	0	6	2	60	4	0	75	4
Captn Leslie	2	0	5	1	58	4	2	72	4
Captn Reed	2	0	6	2	60	4	0	74	4
Captn Spencer	2	0	5	2	52	4	0	65	3
Captn Scott	3	0	6	2	53	4	0	68	7
Captn Bishop	3	0	6	2	56	4	0	71	1
Captn Blake	3	0	6	2	59	4	0	74	4
Total 3d	24 24	3	57	19	569	40	2	714	34
2d Lee's Regt	13 13	2	26	9	298	20	4	372	24
4th Lascelles's	25 25	2	53	20	593	38	9	740	17
1st Highlanders and Staff	12 12	2	25	8	239	4	8	298	56 Staff
Totals	74	9	161	56	1699	102	23	2124	131
							Officers to be deducted	83	58 Train
								2041	189

[On the back] Return at Aberdeen 1699
Return at Dunbar 1467
Difference 232

LIST OF THE CLANS WITH THE SUMS THEY RECEIV'D IN THE LATTER END OF QUEEN ANN'S REIGN.

	Men.	*Money.*
Frasers Lord Lovat	700	360
Macdonalds Sir Alexander	800	360
Dº Capt. Clanronald	700	360
Dº Glengary	500	500
Dº Keppoch	400	100
McClauds—McClaud Minor	700	200
McDougal—McDougal	200	100
Cameron—Locheal	600	360
Stewart Apping	300	500
McKennon	200	100
McPhersons—Cluny	400	150
McLeans	600	360
Glencos	60	
McKenzies	800	3450
McIntosh, Clan Hatton and Sheaes	600	
McGregors	300	
Grants	600	
Monroes	400	
McKays	400	
Southerlands	400	
Athol Men and Rennock, Sir Robt Menzies and Strower	2500	
Broadalbin	700	
Campbell Argyll	2000	
Farquharsons, Innerkeel and Braes of Mar	600	
McFarlans	100	
	15560	

Chisms of Strathglase
McNeils
Duke of Gordons
} no Computation.

ORDER OF MARCH[1].

The Highlanders.
One Regiment of Dragoons.
Two peices of Cannon and Coehorns.
Lees Regiment.
Lascells Regiment.
Two peices of Cannon.
Murrays Regiment.
Two peices of Cannon.
Regiment of Dragoons.
Artillery waggons with a guard of a Sergt and vi men.
Generals Baggage with a guard from the Generals guard.
Armys Baggage.
Rear guard 1 Capt and 50 men.
1 capt 2 sergts and 80 Dragoons to make the Advanc'd guard and grand guard at night.

[1] From Haddington.

Order of Battle[1].

Sir John Cope.
Brig[r] Gen[l] Fowks.

	Brig[r] Gardiner.		Brig[r] Lascells.	
2 Squads.	Murrays.	Lascells.	Lees.	2 Squads.
			cannon 2 peices and mortars.	
	1 squad.	Highlanders.	1 squad.	

Prestonpans[2].

	Paces.
The Kings Army consisted of 1400 drawn up 3 deep makes 467 (*a*) files allowing each man in front in order of battle. Officers at the heads of their platoons 2 feet makes (*b*)	312
(*c*) Two and one half Batt[s] of Foot, Intervals betwixt them . . .	60
3 Squads of Dragoons 100 men each drawn up 2 deep make 50 in front, allowing 3½ feet to each Dragoon mounted makes (*d*) .	179
Intervall betwixt the 2 Squadrons on the left	60
D[o] betwixt the Dragoons and foot on the Right and left	6
D[o] betwixt the Sq[d] of Dragoons on the Right (*e*) and the Cannon .	15
Six Cannon and (*f*) Intervals	18
Coehorns and D[o] (*g*)	9
Intervall betwixt the Coehorns and Artillery guard	10
	669
The Rebel Army outflanked the Kings	100
	769
	Men.
As the Rebel Army (*h*) occupied 769 paces, without any interval in their line as is prov'd by many Officers and Country Gentlemen who were Spectators, it must consist of	3450
The Second line compos'd of the Athol men and lowlanders . . .	2000
Rebel Army	5450

(*i*) The Highlanders always march 3 men in front and form by files, they advanc'd regularly to the Action without any interval from the Right to the left of their lines till the Cannon fir'd upon them, then the first line form'd into Columns.

[1] The proposed 'order of battle' was delivered to the commanding officers of the several corps before leaving Haddington, Sept. 20, 1745. [*Report of Proceedings*, &c., 38.]

[2] Another copy, in Col. Whitefoord's handwriting, on the back of a Plan of the Battle of Prestonpans, differs in some particulars:

(*a*) 476 instead of 467.
(*b*) Two battalions and one half of foot.
(*c*) 'on the right' omitted.
(*d*) 'their intervals being six.'
(*e*) 'makes' omitted.
(*f*) 'mounted makes' omitted.
(*g*) insert 'their.'
(*h*) 'As the Rebel Army's first line.'
(*i*) Omitted and 'N.B. a ditch being on the right of the kings army and left of the Rebels the outflanking was on the left of the king's where all the spectators happen'd to be.'

Return of the Wounded and Prisoners, Sept^{r}: 21st: 1745.						
Regiments.	Feild Officers.	Officers.	Quartermaster.	Centinels.		Totals, Non Com^{d} Offr^{s} and Centinels.
				Wounded.	Prisoners.	
Gardiners		1	3		52	52
Hamiltons	2	2	1	5	62	62
Guises		5			40	40
Highlanders		11			155	155
Lees	1	10			157	157
Murrays	2	16			226	226
Lasscells's	1	16			266	266
Totals	6	61	4	368		958

Lieut. Col^{l} Chas Whitefoord
of Col^{l} Cochran's Marines
and Master Griffith [1] of the Castle of Eden^{r}.

[PRINCE CHARLES' DECLARATION WITH REGARD TO THE PRISONERS.]

Whereas it has hitherto pleas'd the Almighty to favour our arms with the most surpriseing success towards the recovery of our just rights, and whereas it is well-known, how barbarously the King our Father's subjects have been formerly treated when bravely appearing for his royal cause: we think it proper in this publick manner to make known our intentions,

[1] Conductor of the train and Commissary of the stores and provisions. Griffiths gave evidence before the court-martial on Sir John Cope. [*Report of Proceedings*, &c., 8, 40, &c.]

with regard to the prisoners, in the Elector of Hanover's service, either taken at the late battle of Gladsmuir, or who may be taken in any subsequent engagement. We therefor declare that from our nature and inclinations we are utterly averse to all cruelty and bloodshed, and shall with the utmost reluctance see our selves forc'd into such violent measures, as have been formerly set to us as an example by our Ennemies. Therefor if they now think on the safety of their own friends we require them to open a Cartel with us, upon such terms as shall be agreed on by Commissaries on both sides to be appointed, whereby the lives of brave men may be spar'd as far as possible, as in other wars between Christian Princes. If on the contrary this our intimation shall be neglected, we shall take care for the future that the friends of your Royal cause shall not be upon a worse footing than those who venture their lives in defence of a foreign usurpation, and thereby endeavour, to rivet the chains of their own Country.

COPY OF THE OBLIGATION SIGN'D BY THE OFFICERS ON PAROLE DATED HOLYROOD HOUSE 28 SEPT. 1745.

[Endorsed]

Copy of the Officers Parole.

2d.

It is Requir'd of you by his Royal Highness that you forthwith repair upon y^r^ Sollemn parole of Honour to the Toun of Perth, there to remain for the space of 15 dayes, during which time you may provide your selves in furniture for your Accommodation in any other part wh. shall be judged proper by his Royal Highness for that purpose, and that you shall upon your Arrival there present y^r^selves to a person Specially to be Appointed for that purpose as his R. H. prisoners and you are further to be bound by y^r^ parole of Honor, not to depart from the place to be appointed for you at any distance exceeding two Milles, that you are not to correspond with any

of the Enemys of his R. H. upon any pretext q^{t}soever and that for your Subsistence and Conveniency you shall have a Commissary appointed in the toun of Ed^{r} who shall receive and transmit to you the pay that shall be allotted for you by those appointed for y^{t} purpose and y^{t} the country round shall be order'd to furnish with all necessarys at reasonable Rates. These conditions being accepted, ratify'd and Sign'd on your parts you are at Liberty and requir'd immediately to depart. There is an escort to be appointed to attend you on your Jurney to Perth to prevent any Insults y^{t} may be offer'd you from Stragling Soldiers as also from any surprise from the Castle of Stirling, Men of War, or otherwise.

To the Gentlemen Officers
taken Prisoners at the Battle
of Gladsmuir.

This is a trew Coppy of the Obligation Sign'd by the Officers who are upon their Parole of Honour this 28th Sep^{r}: 1745—George Murray.

[Another copy in Col. Whitefoord's handwriting and signed 'George Murray,' written on the back of a copy of Prince Charles' Declaration, proceeds:] This paper was brought by Lord George Murray accompanied by the Duke of Perth; the officers agreed to the conditions, but beg'd a day's longer stay in toun, which demand the Duke of Perth carried, I brought back word that it could not be granted.

The Duke of Atholl was told that the gentlemen prisoners here in Perth, ask'd to know if he would have morning Levees, because they intended accordingly to wait upon him. His answer is that he thanks them kindly for the polite compliment they design'd him. His Grace is not fond of ceremonious visits, tho' he will be always glad to cultivat an acquaintance with gentlemen whose actions show they are true Britons, by standing up for supporting the ancient constitution, and liberties of well born subjects, whose honour is engag'd to shake off the slavery of a foreign yoke.

COPY OF THE OBLIGATION SIGN'D BY THE OFFICERS ON PAROLE DATED HOLYROOD HOUSE, 28TH SEPTR 1745.

[Second copy.] Accepted.

[There follows:]

The following letter[1] sign'd Atholl (unasked) was sent to Lieut Coll Wright[2] and the other prisoners.

GENTLEMEN,

You were order'd by his R: H: the Prince Regent to Perth on your paroles of honour, with leave to remain there the space of fifteen days; since you are not as yet order'd to any other place, more out of the way, this is requireing you to still remain as you are in Perth, till further orders, on your said paroles of honour. In the meantime any of the gentlemen that would be remov'd from Perth, to have the same liberty elsewhere, they may draw a representation of their demands. I shall do all depends on me for their satisfaction, by regularly laying the same before his R: H: to obtain the liberty they think fit to demand.

Signd,
ATHOLL.

Dunkeld, Octr 18th, 1745.
To Lieut. Coll Wright
and the other prisoners.

LETTER TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

MY LORD,

I have the Honour of your Grace's most oblidgeing letter, which I communicated to the Officers who are here prisoners: I am desird by them to return your Grace their sincere thanks for the offer of your good Offices; tho' they are as happy in the present quarters as their situation will admit of, yet the bad state of health, of some, and the circumstances of others, make them wish to be remov'd to

[1] There is another copy of this letter, endorsed 'Marquis of Tullibardin, stileing himself Duke of Athol's letter to the Officers.'

[2] Of the 14th (Hamilton's) Dragoons.

the places I have the honor to send your Grace enclos'd. To this we are encourag'd by what your Grace is pleas'd to say in your letter, 'that if any of the Gentlemen would be remov'd from Perth, to have the same liberty elsewhere, they may draw a representation of their demands.'

The advanc'd season of the year and the badness of the roads make us wish how soon it may be consistent with your Graces goodness and conveniency to endulge us and we all promise that the first call shall bring us to the place you shall please to appoint for us.

We have all of us the most gratefull sense of our generous treatment which we shall on all occasions readily acknowledge. As I will in the name of the Officers as well as my own, I have the Honour to assure your Grace that we are with the greatest respect &c.

[Endorsed] letter to the Marquis of Atholl: not sent.

[Answer of the Officers to the Duke of Atholl.]

2nd draft.

It is no small addition to my present affliction the mortification of being depriv'd of the honour of waiting on your Grace personally and of delivering the demand which I have the honour to send your Grace enclos'd.

I am fully convinc'd that the same motives that prompted your Grace to offer your good offices will push you on to perform them, which makes me with reluctance ask anything of one of your Grace's disposition, who is so ready to oblige; but I must mention to your Grace that the bad state of health of some and the pressing business of others make them wish how soon, your Grace's good intentions towards them might be put in execution, as the advanc'd season of the year, and the badness of the roads, the longer they are in being endulg'd, will make it the more inconvenient for them, which I am perswaded would give your Grace pain, as you seem to feel the sufferings of others; the timeing a favour greatly raises the value of it, and the reflection of doing good natur'd and human actions gives to a generous mind the greatest joy.

I shall ever retain the highest sense of your Graces goodness and have the honour to be with the greatest respect, &c. &c.

[Endorsed] Officers answer No. 4.

In consequence of this letter (from the Duke of Athol) the prisoners nam'd the places, they had a mind to go to, but no body had leave. Afterwards on the Earl of Cromartie's comeing to Perth, he signified to some of the Prisoners, that he thought they ought to have leave to go to other places, that if such a request was made to him, he would second it with all his weight; in consequence of this, a list was given into him, containing the particular place, each had a mind to go to, and part were endulg'd but all restricted to the north side of the Forth, and passports were given in the following terms:

[The following is a copy of Col. Whitefoord's passport.]

By William Viscount of Strathallan Brigadier General of his Majesties forces on the north side of Forth and Governour of the toun of Perth.

These are giving Permission to Lieu^{tt} Collonell Whitefoord in Co^{ll} Cochrans Regiment of Marines to pass to Edinb^{r} with a servant about his necessary Business, he having given his Parole of Honour to return to this place upon the twelfth of December next. Given at Perth this 26th November 1745.

STRATHALLAN.

To all Officers Civil and military whom these may concern.

On receit of this passport, each Off^{r} sign'd a paper,—oblidgeing himself to return at the time appointed: and to observe the parole, he had given Septr 28th. Before the expiration of the above time, the prisoners made a new application, for a longer endulgence, on which they had a letter as follows:

[Passport to Col. Whitefoord.]

By William Viscount of Strathallan Brigadier General of his Majesties forces on the North side of Forth.

These are allowing you Collonell Charles Whitefoord to go

to Leslie house in the shyre of Fyfe and to continue there in terms of your former parole untill you receive further Orders, with Liberty of going four Miles out from said place. Given at Perth this 12th Decr 1745.

STRATHALLAN.

To Collonell Charles
Whitefoord.

Decr 26th the other 18 prisoners were order'd to Glames, on the same terms, they were on in Perth; in the above situation were all the Officers when carried off.

LORD JOHN DRUMMONDS DECLARATION[1].

We, Lord John Drummond, Commander in chief of his most Christian Majesties forces in Scotland, do hereby declare that we are come into this Kingdom, with written orders to make war against the King of England, Elector of Hanover, and all his adherents, and that the positive orders we have from his most Christian Majesty are to attack all his Ennemies in this Kingdom, whome he has declar'd to be those who will not immediately join or assist as far as shall be in their power the Prince of Wales, Regent of Scotland &c. his Ally, and whome he has resolv'd in concurrence with the King of Spain to support in the takeing possession of Scotland, England and Ireland if necessary at the expence of all the men and money he is master of, to which three kingdoms the Family of Stewart have so just and indisputable a right, and his most Christian Majesties positive orders are that his Ennemies should be us'd in this Kingdom in proportion to the harm that they do or intend to his Royal Highness his cause. Given at Montrose, 2d Decr 1745.

[1] Lord John Drummond's Declaration was published at Dundee, the Cross, Aberdeen, and other places in the middle of December, 1745, and afterwards printed and dispersed. It made little impression. [Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 300; *London Gazette*, No. 8498; Ray's *History of the Rebellion*, 173.]

BY WILLIAM VISCOUNT OF STRATHALLAN, ETC.

These are ordering you the after mention'd Officers taken at the Battle of Gladesmoor viz.—Henry Young Quartermaster, in the late General Hamilton's Regiment, Lieu[t] Henry Paton, Ensign James Wakeman in Gen[l] Guises Reg[t], Lieu[t] David Kennedy in Col[l] Lees Reg[t], Lieu[t] John Capell Wale, Lieu[t] Christopher Wray, Ensign Andrew Southland, Ensign Ro[bt] Lucey, Adjutant Tho[s] Spencer in Col[l] Murrays Reg[t], Ensign David Gordon, Ensign William Stone, Ensign Nicolas Cox, Ensign Francis Goulton in Coll. Lascell's Reg[t], Cap[t] Harry Munro, Cap[t] Archibald M[c]nab and Ensign Allan Campbell in Lord John Murrays Reg[t], Lieu[t] John Reed, Ensign Alex[r] M[c]Lagan, Ensign Alex[r] Macay upon your parols of honour given at Queensbery house the 28th of Sept[r] 1745 to repair to the Toun of Killimoor, in the Shire of Angus on or before Munday the 30th current, and remain there until his Royal Highness the prince of Wales, or any Person Authorised by him give them further orders. Given at Perth 26th Dec[r] 1745.

Signed: STRATHALLAN.

A true Copy: EDM[D] ANDERSON.

To Cap[t] Edmund Anderson
present Commander of the
prisoners at Perth.

[Endorsed] Strathallan's order to the Prisoners [1] at Perth.

[THE PRISONERS AT LESLIE TO THOSE AT PERTH.]

LESLIE, *Dec[r]* 27, 1745.

GENTLEMEN,

We have received your letter Informing us of Lord Strathallan's order for you to remove to Killimore, your application to his Lord[sp] to name another place, his refusal, and your unanimous opinions to withdraw your Paroles.

[1] The above-mentioned prisoners, together with Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord, Majors Talbot and Severn, Captains Leslie, Collier, Barlow, Anderson, Corbett and Forrester, Lieut. Swiney, Ensigns Archer, Berne and Grant, and Quarter-Master West, were rescued by the Angus Militia, Jan. 1746. [*London Gazette.*]

You are undoubtedly the best Judges how to act in what chiefly concerns yourselves, yet Seeing you desire our advice to direct you in your present circumstances; we cannot at this distance give you the reasons, but haveing your Interests as much at hart as our own, we are of opinion that it would be more adviseable to comply with the order, as the refusal will not save you from Killimore if they resolve to send you there, and may perhaps procure you greater hardships in a more disagreeable situation. We hope Lord Strathallan will make it as convenient for you as possible, and sympathise with you most sincerely being with great truth,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble servᵗˢ,

Signed: Chaˢ Whitefoord.
J. Severn [1].
Richᴰ Talbot [2].
Tho: Leslie [3].
Tho Barlow [4].

[To Lord George Murray.]

My Lord,

I have the Honour of your Ldpˢ letter of the 7th by which, I am, with the rest of the Officers, under the utmost concern for the scandalous behaviour, of these men who have in so shamefull a manner broke their word which ought to be sacred to all men of honour, we flatter ourselves their crime will not be imputed us, as we detest both them and it. I am desir'd by the Gentlemen to represent to Sr Wm Younge their behaviour in order to their meeting with the punishment they deserve.

[1] John Severn, Major in Lascelles' Regiment. At Prestonpans, where he was taken prisoner, he was posted on the centre of the line with his regiment. [*Report of Proceedings*, &c., 53.]

[2] Major in Murray's Regiment, 1745; afterwards Lieut.-Col. in the 27th (Inniskilling) Regiment. As field officer of the day he posted the outguards the night before Prestonpans. [*Ib.* 39.]

[3] Captain in Murray's Regiment.

[4] Captain in Lascelles' Regiment.

I am desird by the Gentlemen to assure you they have the most gratefull sense of your Ldp^{s} good Offices and beg the continuance of them. They all offer your Ldp their comp^{t} and I have the honour to be with the greatest regard.

[Endorsed] letter to Ld G. Murray on Capt Tatton and the Ensigns breaking their Parole.

State of the prisoners taken at Prestonpans, and sent to Perth on their paroles of honour, to remain there, and within two miles of it, who were afterwards dispers'd as follows. 18 were order'd to Glames, Six by their own request went to Leslie, Six to Cowpar, and 4 to different parts of the Coast.

N:B: Some were refus'd leave to be on the South side of the Forth.

Querie.

Prisoners allow'd to go to particular places, at their own requests, (from which they could be carried off at any time) restricted to 4 or 5 miles round, and where those, whose prisoners they were had no other security, but their paroles, when order'd, if carried off by force, how are they to conduct themselves?

STATE OF THE PRISONERS WHO WERE BROUGHT OVER TO EDR THE 19th AND 21st JANRY 1746.

On the 28th of Septr 1745 they were order'd to Perth where they were to continue on their paroles, with liberty of two miles round the town. They met with no inconveniency till the 30th of Octr, when a mob was raisd, and a scuffle ensued betwixt it and the Rebels, wherein some were kill'd on both sides. After that the party of the Rebels encreas'd considerably, and the prisoners were frequently insulted by the Rebel Soldiers, and fir'd at when they went to take the air in the feilds, without any redress when complain'd of; greater numbers of the Rebels comeing to toun, than could be conveniently quarter'd. It was told the prisoners, if they would apply they would be allow'd to go to other places, which the

bad useage the prisoners met with from the low people made them readily accept of. Six got leave to go to Leslie, six to Cowpar, and four to other places on the coast, in all which places the Rebels had no forces, nor any other security for these 16 officers continuing their prisoners, but their paroles, that they would remain there till further orders, with liberty of some miles round, this at their own request. Decr 26th 18 were order'd to Glames with liberty of two miles round, the whole in terms of their parole given Septr 28th.

On Sunday the 19th [January] parties of men came to Glames, Cowpar and Leslie and forc'd away the prisoners to Bruntisland where they were embark'd on board of a vessell with a guard and carried to the Admiral, who desir'd they might be taken to the Commanding Officer at Leith, in order to their being deliver'd to Genl Hawley who order'd them to continue in this toun and liberties till his Maj^{s} pleasure should be known. On the 21st a party was sent for the 4 others on the coast, who were brought over that day and order'd to continue here on terms as the others.

It is to be observ'd that Genl Handasyde had taken possession of Ed^{r} without liberating the prisoners he found there before the other prisoners got permission to go from Perth to the different places.

[Endorsed] Case of the Prisoners releiv'd at Glames, Leslie &c.

[THOMAS WHITE TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

SIR,

I wish Yow Joy of Your Great delivery from the Hands of thos Canibals and likeways of the Good News We hear from the Duke of his driving of the Rebels befor him hoping this Will put an End to this damnable Rebellion.

S^{r} I have one faver Mor to begg of Yow Amongst the Many I have Recaved that yow'l yours [use] your intrest With Col. Cochran to Give me live to draw my Money from M^{r}

Gwerin[1] as he Was so Good as to Offer me A bout twelve Months Ago When I was Going in to Gen[ll] Ponsinby[s] Regiment[2], all from

S[r] Your Most Humble
and Most Obe[dt] Servant,
THO. WHITE.

CHATHAM, *Feb[r]y* the 6, 1745-6.

P:S: S[r] I Begg an Answer as Soon as Possable.

To
Col Charles Whitefoord Esq[r]
att his Lodging
Edenbrowgh.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO SIR JOHN COPE.]

[*February*, 1746.]

DEAR SIR,

I had the Honour of your kind and most oblidgeing letter some posts ago, which sore eyes prevented my answering sooner, and returning you my thanks for your goodness in thinking of me. It gives me the greatest joy that his Royal Highness has got the care of the Army entrusted to him, which I look upon to be the onely means to restore disciplin (and he is the life of it), so shamefully wanting amongst us. I am entirely of your opinion that the Duke is the proper Channell for recommendations. Lord Cathcart when here had the goodness to offer me his best offices, which an ill judged delicacy, least it might show the least diffidence in or interfere with what you generously of your own accord undertooke for me, made me decline and now I am afraid it is too late, the vacancies in the old Regiment being fill'd up. So I shall wait with patience and without repining till the favourable blink of an auspicious [*sic*] shall render the endeav'ring for me more successfull. In the meantime if I had the honour of being mentioned to his Royal Highness any time when Lord Harrington had occasion to write about other business

[1] Guerin was agent for several regiments.
[2] 37th Foot.

would have weight; as I am pretty high up in rank among the Lt Col^ls^ and have sustain'd two losses, a remove is not a mighty favour. I had the Honour to be a kind of Pedagogue to Captain Stanhope when he was my Ensign in Minorca, but a consciousness of want of merit, which you are pleas'd to term an affected modesty, prevented my paying the court to my Lord that I ought to have done. His goodness in rewarding people who had the least pretensions to his patronage is but too visible to need instances of it. I have repented too sincerely of that, sir, to be damn'd for it, but the fear of being cal'd as an evidence in the dispute[1] betwixt Adm^l^ Vernon and Genl Wentworth made me avoid haveing any questions put to me by the Ministry. The Duke of Newcastle serv'd me so litle when I came from Minorca, which made me avoid them when I return'd from the West Indies.

The situation of the Rebels I am afraid is not seen in its true light. They have all along been too much despis'd, tho' many events might have convinc'd the Court that matters were more serious than they imagin'd, and many officers, at least people that bear Commissions, speak of them as the most dastardly, cowardly, contemptible rabble in the world, a parcel of bandittis without government or conduct.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to Sir John Whitefoord.]

[*February*, 1746.]

My D[ear] B[rother]

The pleasure I know you have in doing good offices makes me embrace this opportunity of oblidgeing you. You know that people of the least merit have the best pretensions to fortune's favours. Therefor your H^ble^ servant being undoubtedly qualified, it is possible I may soon have a smile. In that case as my freind Stewart[2] is not there to act for himself I shall be sorry if his absence should make him lose the opportunity. The value I have for him and the freind-

[1] On the conduct of the Cathagena expedition.

[2] John Stewart, Major in Cochran's Marines, was appointed Lieut.-Col. in Wynyard's Regiment in Oct. 1749, and died Feb. 2, 1750.

ship in which we have always liv'd makes me give you this early notice (which perhaps may have no effect) that you may take your own proper time to advise my Lord Stair, who I'm sure will do him all the service he can; Sir John Cope I believe will be so good as recommend me in pretty strong terms. If he succeeds for me my Lord will have an opportunity of doing for Stewart. You know Sir John; he will inform you of the progress of that affair, what I would not have mention'd to anybody else, because one looks a little silly on disappointment which very possibly may happen. You cannot conceive the turn his Royal Highness' experience has given to affairs here; joy appears in every face; people have laid aside th^r^ fears and think themselves perfectly relieved. Lies abound from the other side so that there is little credit to be given to their reports, but it is said Locheal has wrote to his lady not to be uncivil at their march, as he calls it, being in consequence of a well concerted scheme which will soon be executed to the surprise of all the world. I own to you they have surpris'd me more than once and I have always been mistaken in my conjectures of them. They are not yet dispers'd but separated into two bodies, the one consisting of the clan gone towards Lochaber, the other to the north.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO SIR JOHN COPE.]

[*February*, 1746.]

SIR,

Your letter to my brother of the 30th of Jany lays me under such obligations to you that I want words to express my sense of them, for which you'll please accept of my most sincere and unfeign'd thanks, the only return I know you expect, prompted to this generosity entirely by your own benevolence; your favours are printed in my memory in too deep characters ever to be worn out. I blush at your overrating so much my weak endeavours; it was only by a faint imitation of what you show'd so good an example. Being conscious that I had only the will without the power to be

usefull, I am already as well rewarded as I have any title to, but seeing you so good as take me under your protection I am too sensible of the Hon^r as well as advantage, not to embrace such an opportunity. I am indeed restrain'd by the fear of not deserving what you shall please to say of me. In obedience to your commands I send you the enclos'd memorial but as I know that Col^ns do not take it kindly to have applications made through any other channel than theirs, and that for reasons they always oppose anyone not of their own corps, there is now Gardiner's Dragoons late Ligonier's[1] without a Col^l to make objections or to plead any service at the two last actions being at neither, but if this shall be attended with any difficulty, let me beg of you to suppose it not ask'd. I shall be extreamly glad to be better'd tho' contented with what I have, and shall only be concern'd if you give yourself any trouble upon my account. I am content with what I have but not so stupid as not to wish to be better, but that wish disappointed, will occasion no other uneasiness than the trouble it has occasion'd you.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO . . . . .]

[*February*, 1746.]

DEAR SIR,

I am extreamly mortified at not having it in my power to accept of your kind invitation; being engag'd in a party to see the Hessians[2] land. As you're a good Xtian you will know that duty and inclination are sometimes at variance. Should this be reckon'd a crime you must acknowledge it carries its punishment along with it as it robs me of your

[1] Francis Ligonier, brother of Lieut.-Gen. John (afterwards Field-Marshal Earl) Ligonier, was appointed Major of the 8th Horse in 1729 and Lieut.-Col. in 1737. He commanded the 8th Horse at Dettingen, and was rewarded for his bravery with the colonelcy of the 48th Foot. On the death of Col. Gardiner at Prestonpans he was removed to the 13th Dragoons (Oct. 1, 1745) and served under Hawley in Scotland in Jan. 1746. While suffering from an attack of pleurisy he quitted his bed to command his regiment at Falkirk. He died at Edinburgh on Jan. 26, 1746. Philip Naison, Lieut.-Col. of the Royal Dragoons, succeeded him in his colonelcy. [*Hist. Reg.* 13th *Dragoons*, 90; *London Gazette.*]

[2] The Hessians arrived at Leith in the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 8. [*London Gazette.*]

company in which I had always the greatest pleasure. You have too much goodness not to pardon, I flatter myself I have too good a will not to regret that I cannot have the happiness of assureing you cher ami that I am.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO THE EARL OF HOME (?).]

[*March*, 1746.]

MY D[EAR] L[ORD],

If Simpathy, praying curseing wishing &c. &c. could have been of any use to you since the fatal day of our separation when I was dragg'd shamefull into dureance vile, I am sure I wish them; yet, let any foreigner read their journal from their first rise, and he will not judge them the despicable cannaille they're represented to be. Lord Loudoun is safe in Cromarty and I hope will be able by means of Transports to join his Royal Highness. What you do me the Honour to mention to me with an injunction of Secrecy you may depend upon it shall be as if spoke to the winds or wrote upon the sand. I know too well the bad use is often made of nameing authors to expose you to any danger of that kind.

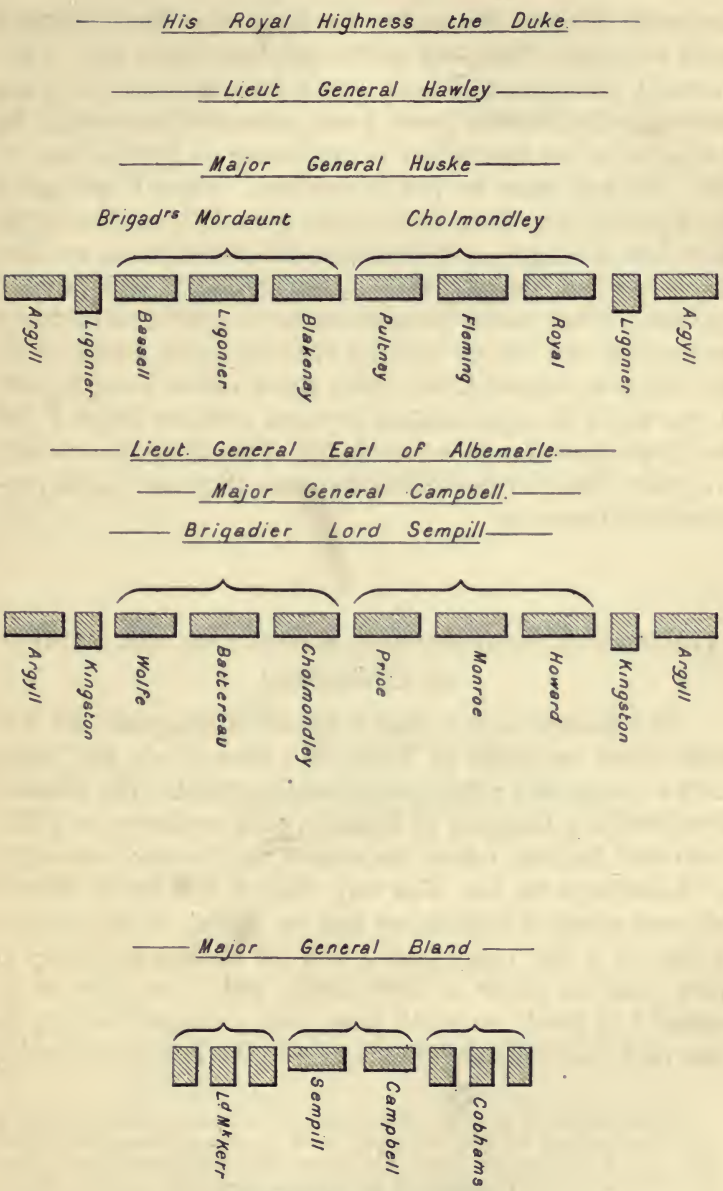
[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO . . . . .]

[*March*, 1746.]

MY DEAR SIR,

The regard I know you have for all good men especially where real worth, and great learning join, must be my apology for this trouble, but I beg pardon, I forgot I was writeing to you which makes an apology on this occasion impertinent. Where you have an opportunity of doing good what others would reckon trouble is to you a pleasure. M[r] M[c]lauran[1]

[1] Colin M[c]Laurin was born at Kilmodden in 1698, and became Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh in 1725. Upon the outbreak of the Rebellion he took an active part in fortifying the city, but fled to England upon its occupation by the rebels, and took refuge with Dr. Herring, Archbishop of York. He died in June, 1747. [*Report of Proceedings*, &c., 13; *Culloden Papers*, 224, 262; Hutton's *Phil. and Math. Dict.* ii. 2.]



THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

No. I.

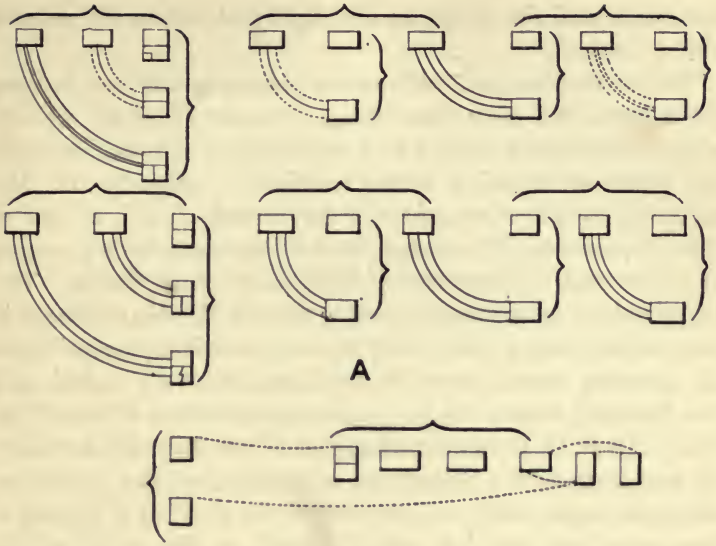
(From Col. Whitefoord's Papers on the Rebellion of 1745.)

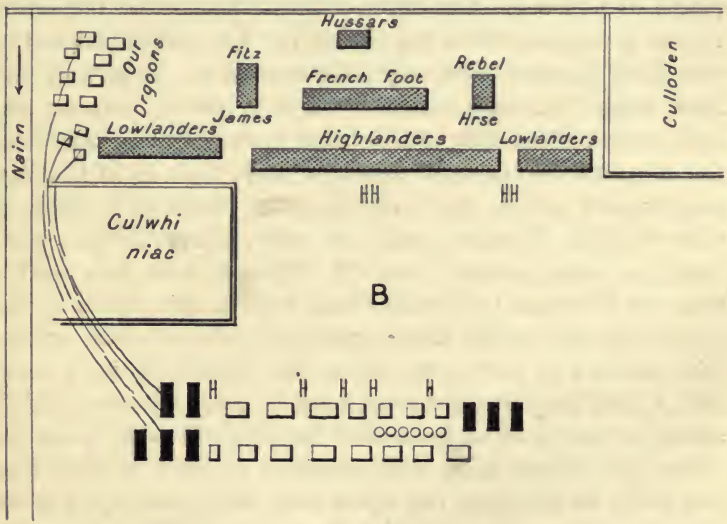
our great Mathematician, has for some time been afflicted with a dropsy, which has baffled the Esculapean aid. I recollect'd that you had sent over a nostrum that did great service to Gen[l] Sutton [1], and I am perswaded you would be happy to be the instrument of continuing so great a man in life. To say more to you is needless. Since I saw you I have pass'd many disagreeable days, great fatigue, shamefully beat, loss of baggage, vile dureance, a disputed rescue, and our whole conduct blam'd, has been the portion of your humble servant. What makes it harder on me in particular is, that I propos'd to our officers answers what the court wanted us to do and was overrul'd, but being eldest officer brought over I was forc'd to argue against my own opinions which I did not think generous to acknowledge. I am sorry there is still so great a body of the Rebels together, they are now in possession of Inverness.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord's account of the battle of Culloden.]

Our strength was 15 Bat[s] 6 Squad[s] of Dragoons and 2 of light horse, encamp'd at Nairn, in 2 lines of six Bat[s] each, with a reserve of 3; the Cavalry was canton'd. We march'd from that in 3 Columns of Infantry, each consisting of 2 Bat[s] from each line and 1 from the reserve, the Cavalry formeing a 4th Column on the left. You may observe, that in this order if we were attaqued in flank, we had on faceing to the ennemy 3 lines of 5 Bat[s] ready form'd with the Cavalry at liberty to post itself on either or both flanks, and if we were to be attack'd in front, we could form each Column, wheeling up into each line, and one into the reserve, the Dragoons forming

[1] Richard Sutton, of Scrofton, Notts., second son of Robert Sutton, was born in 1674. He obtained the rank of Colonel, April 22, 1703, and was twice Colonel of the 19th Foot (1712 and 1729). He became Brigadier-General, June 1, 1709, Major-General, March 16, 1717, and Lieutenant-General, Oct. 27, 1735. He was also sometime Governor of Bruges. He married Catherine de Tolmer, by whom he had several children, and died in July, 1737. [Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage; Army Lists.*]





THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.
No. II.
(From Col. Whitefoord's Papers on the Rebellion of 1745.)

two lines and the horse on the right and left of the reserve vide Sketch A.

Not to trouble you with many circumstances too tedious for a letter tho' very interesting, between 12 and 1 we descry'd the Rebels form'd and faceing the interval between the parks of Culloden and Colwhiniach. His R. H. immediatly form'd in the order in the Sketch A, viz., 2 lines of three Squadrons of Dragoons and 6 Bat^{s} each, with a reserve of 3 Bat^{s} and 2 squadrons of light horse on its flanks. The Highlanders were drawn up as in Sketch B. We advanc'd in this posture near a mile. Our left was sufficiently secur'd, but on comeing nearer our right flank appear'd very naked, and the Ennemy seem'd to be prepareing to attack it from their left. His R. H. to remedy that part of the disposition order'd up one Bat^{n} and 2 Squadrons of horse from the reserve to the right of the first line, and afterwards sent for a Squad. of Dragoons from the left which form'd on the right of the Horse. He likewise order'd the other 2 Bat^{s} of the reserve to join the 2^{d} line, and 10 Cannon and 6 little mortars were plac'd as you see. Our order of Battle just before the action was as is represented in the sketch B. The Rebels saluted us with their Cannon, with very little execution. Ours were not then ready but we consider'd them to better purpose and both armies advanceing (theirs being broke into Columns from the moment our cannon began to play) their right Column, and the left of our line shock'd at our corner of the park of Colwhiniach. Nothing could be more desperat than their attack, or more properly receiv'd. Those in front were spitted with the Bayonets; those in Flank were tore in peices by the musquetry and grape shot: their left Column made several faint attacks on our right, but as the Battalions there never fir'd a shot, they thought proper not to come too near, and in about a quarter of an hour after haveing kill'd and wounded about 300 of our men, with upwards of 1000 of their own left lying on the spot, the whole first line gave way, and we follow'd slowly. In the meantime General Hawley, a few minutes before the fire began order'd 140 of the Campbells to throw down part of the wall of Colwhiniac park, (which is

the brow of a hill enclos'd from the plain to the river Nairn) and march'd his 5 Squadrons (which he afterwards divided into ten) throw the enclosures, and leaving 2 little Squadrons and the Campbells to attack the Lowlanders behind the wall, proceeded with the rest to attack the rear of the army and Fitz James's horse. The lowlanders run off without fireing a shot; the whole second line followed their example, and the first line which had just broke, you may beleive at this mended their pace. You know the pursuit was very bloody, and are no stranger to the other circumstances that follow'd. The number of the Ennemy very much exceeded ours in the morning but was considerably reduc'd before sun set, the kill'd and prisoners amounting to upwards of 3,000 besides numbers that crauld off and died in the woods. I beleive the Clans never had so good a brush before, and if ever they are Clans again will remember it for some generations; his R: H: will likewise teach them an important truth for them to know, by showing them that they can retire to no mountain so barren or so remote where he cannot in person lead and subsist a sufficient force from his Majestie's army. We have pretty well clear'd our neighbourhood about this place. Privat Rebels who come in and surrender their arms, receive certificates and return unmolested to their homes, till his Majesties further pleasure is known. Those who are found in arms are order'd to be immediatly put to death, and the houses of those who abscond are plunder'd and burnt, their cattle drove, their ploughs and other tackle destroyed. We have troops all along the East coast, and in the shires of Aberdeen, Forfar and Angus. B^{r} Mordaunt in his march to Perth would not neglect Badmoth and Athole and his R^{l} H. with the army here proposeing very soon to march to Fort Augustus will not fail to put some order in the West. We have been here since the 24th of last month and have not been altogether idle. The McPhersons have brought in all their arms to Lord Loudoun in Badenoch; we have entirely swept Lochaber, in which at present there are but very few houses standing, and have a party of 800 men out which is to clear the Glen Ely, Knodiart, Moidart, and Ariseg; that perform'd

the Army will have little to do here as the Northern shires of Southerland, Caithness, Ross and Straithnavaies are quiet and we have put it out of the power of the others to give them or us any disturbance. I fancy the Duke will set out in about a week for Edr where he will not remain above a night or two being probably in hast to go to Flanders.

To His Royal Highness the Duke the Memorial of Lieut Coll Wm Wright.

Humbly Sheweth

That the Memorialist had the Honour to present his case to your Royal Highness in Janry last and was in hopes that after the Rebels had retreated on your Royal Highness's approach, they never would have dared to make a second stand, and that he would have been liberated: But now their insolence being severely chastis'd from the glorious victory obtain'd over them by your Royal Highness's great conduct and courage, so as to make it impossible for them ever to come to a head again the Memorialist humbly begs your Royal Highness will be pleas'd take his unhappy case into your consideration, and order him releif that he may be permitted to do his duty. His being debarr'd from it on this occasion, was so sensible a mortification to him that it has greatly impair'd his health and may prove fatal unless your Royal Highness out of your great goodness shall be pleas'd to release him.

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord to . . . . .]

[1746.]

Dear Sir,

I was made happy last night by your giving me an account of Mrs Coll's, I cannot call it, good luck, as it is so vastly short of what she deserves; yet as it is getting a kind of victory over a worthless wretch it must give all her ac-

quaintance joy. It is surprising to see how little justice and merit prevail over villainy and vice. The law by its practice seems rather calculated to oppress the good and support the bad. Otherwise the cruel useage of a barbarous brute to one not the least worthy of her sex should have felt the whole weight of the law and met with such punishment as the wickedness of the crime deserv'd. I hope she'll have large costs, soon get rid of her monster and meet with all the happiness she deserves; or may her judges become clients and be married to such wives as will revenge her quarrel. Your son is a very fine boy; I assure you I had only to mention his name to Mr Mitchell who most readily offered him all the service in his power and gives him a very good character. We had a burnt offering of the Rebels' colours[1] made to Pluto yesterday where Jack Ketch acted the part of High Priest. There seemed the greatest joy in all the spectators and I flatter myself the danger of the rebellion is over, but it will require time to weed out the people. They have got into their lurking holes and the moment the army is taken away they'll appear again in bodies as they did in Oliver Cromwell's time when they had a wild goose chase for three years.

[SIR JOHN COPE TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

D^r^ S^r^

What gives occasion to my writing you now is, I this morning received a Letter from the secretary of War, acquainting me that he has orders to prepare for his Majestie's signing, on Munday, An Order for a board of General Officers, consisting of Marshall Wade, Lord Tyrawley, Lord Cadogan, Lieut. General Foliot, and the Duke of Richmond, Who are to enquire into the Conduct and Behaviour of Me, Brigadeer Fowke, and Coll. Lasscelles, And To Report what they think fitt to be done. That a Court Martial may be

[1] Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* (ed. 1838), v. 358.

appointed, if Matter fitt to be adjudged in a Court Martial should appear, if not, their Opinion may finish this Enquiry Either in my favour [as] he heartily hopes it will, or, in some censure.

The points in my conduct which it imports me, especially, to satisfy the board about are:

1st The Expedition used to Enable us to begin our march Northward, without losing a moment from the time the march was resolved upon To the day we left Stirling, and the difficulty we had in getting Everything ready, between the 10th and 21st of August, for our march.

2d That the March was undertaken in full Expectation of our being Joined upon our march by the well affected highlanders, and, that it was not till we came to Crief that we found we were not to be joined by any of them.

3d That when we found our Expectations of being joined by the well affected highlanders disappointed, we would have returned to Stirling, or remained at Crief, but for the positive orders from the Marquis of Tweeddale to march Northwards.

4th That upon our receiving intelligence that we were to be opposed at Corryerrich by the Rebells, the only party we had to take was To march to Inverness.

5th The pains taken at Inverness By the President, Lord Lowdon, and me, to get a body of highlanders there to Join us, by applications, particularly to Cromarty, Lovatt, &c.

6th The Expedition used there To provide bread, &c. for the March from thence, to Aberdeen.

7th The dispatch used to get away from Aberdeen.

8th The diligence with which we sett out for Edinburgh after our landing at Dunbar, and the history of the battle at prestonpanns.

As I am conscious to myself of the Zeal and rectitude of my own intentions for promoting the service, in the whole of this affair, and, that I did not omitt any one thing which I had in my power to do, to further it, It is a very great happiness to me that I had my Lord Lowdon, and you, to advise with, and assist me, in the whole of it, And that I have Two officers of so much Honor and Reputation to appeal to, To

give Evidence to the board, in all of these matters. You two were privy to, and consulted with, in every one step I took, from the first to the last of these affairs, and you were so good as to favour me with your advice and assistance therein. I must therefore beg that you will put in writing what may inform the Board, fully and fairly, of the truth, on all these several particulars. And send it to me as soon as possible. As to the form of it, it may be, in a letter to me in answer to the notice I here give you.

I am,
D^r S^r
Your most obedient humble
Ser^t
J^no COPE.

CONDUIT STREET 2^d *Aug^t* 1746.

To Lieut. Coll. Whitefoord.

LIEUT.-COL^L WHITEFOORD'S DEFENCE OF SIR JOHN COPE [1].

SIR,

I have the Honor of yours of the 2^d informeing me that his Majesty has been pleas'd to appoint a board of General Officers, to enquire into yours, Brigad^r Fowkes's and Col^l Lascelles's conduct and behaviour, and desireing me to transmit to you what I remember of that affair. By your order I kept a journal but haveing lost everything on the fatal day of action, I have onely my memory to trust to, so may have forgot many circumstances that would now be material. On the first notice of the Pretender's son's landing you consulted with those employ'd by the Ministry, wrote circular letters to the well affected gentlemen of interest to raise their Clans to join you, got your troops assembled at Stirling, and prepar'd everything to take the feild with the utmost expedition; bread was order'd to be bak'd, and stores of all kinds that were necessary, were got ready with all the dispatch possible, as will appear by the evidence of those whose

[1] This letter formed the basis of Colonel Whitefoord's defence of Cope which was read at the Court Martial. Vide *Report of Proceedings*, pp. 44-50.

province it was to provide them. About the 10th (I think) was your first notice and by the 19th one Regiment of Dragoons, 2 Comps of Lord John Murray's Highlanders without broad swords, 5 Comps of Lee's, Murray's Regt and 8 Companys of Lascells' assembled at Stirling with 4 Coehorns and 4 Gallopers, provisions &c. The other 2 Comps of Lascells' were thrown into the Castle, and Hamilton's Dragoons into the Suburbs to defend the Toun of Edenburgh. The country through which you was to march, not being practicable for Dragoons to act in, you left Gardiner's Regt at Stirling, and knowing the country to be barren [and] uninhabited, which oblidg'd you to carry provisions and everything you had occasion for with you, you forbid all useless people from following the Camp, and gave orders to carry no more baggage than was absolutely necessary. On the 20th you march'd to Creiff with all, except Lascells, who requir'd a day more to get the tent equipage in order. Spare arms were also carried to Creiff, but on the Duke of Athol's, Lord Glenorchy's and Glengary's telling you they could bring no body out, you sent the arms back to Stirling. On the 21st Lascells joined you, and the 22d you march'd to Amelry; haveing a greater demand for horses than could be easily provided; from the weakness of them, and the backwardness of the country people, who us'd to rip up the sacks, destroy the provisions, and run off with horse loads entire, into the woods, which it was impossible to prevent, the passes being narrow, and vast crowds of people, the days marches were short at first. On the 23rd to Tay bridge. Here on giveing orders again to lighten the baggage, part was left, and you made a disposition for your[1] [army in case of being attacked by the Rebels; and on your March kept always Highlanders advanc'd, extended to the Right and Left, with trusty officers who were to make Signals, in case of the Enemy's lying lurking on the Hills, whose quick Motions in that Ground would not admit of your forming in the ordinary way. You, by this, was in order to receive them in three Minutes. The 24th at Trinisuir,

[1] Here a sheet is missing in the *Whitefoord MSS.* It may however be easily supplied from the Report.

the 25th to Dalmacardoch, the 26th to Dalwhinny. At Dalwhinny you was met by Cluny McPherson, a Captain in Lord Loudon's Regiment, whom you ordered to join you the next Day with his Company. You had also Information by Sir Patrick Murray, who had sent some of his own People among the Rebels for Intelligence of the Enemy's being in Possession of the strong Passes of the Corriarrick and Snugborough, with their Disposition, which was reported to you by good Authority to be, that, in hollow ways or Water-Courses, they had Bodies of Men posted to flank you as you was to attempt to mount the Hill, which required seventeen Traverses to make it accessible. These were also lined with Men and sleeping Batteries of 24 one Pounders, Brass Guns; on the top of the Hill, they had another Body; and at the Foot 800 were to lie concealed, as were all the rest till you entered on the Mountain. These numbers were believed to amount to 2500; besides, the Bridge between Corriarrick and Snugborough was said to be broken down, where they had another Body of upwards of 500. Captain Thomson and Lieutenant Fergusson, and some other Officers of the Royal, who had been made Prisoners by the Rebels, on their return informed you, that they saw the above Guns, and 2500 of the Highlanders reviewed some Time before, and heard them say, they were resolved to wait for you in some of these Passes.

On this Emergency you assembled the Feild-Officers and Commanders of Corps for their Opinion; to whom it appearing, that you had positive Orders to march to Fort Augustus, which as the Enemy was posted there, was unanimously thought impracticable; then it came under consideration, what was best to be done for his Majesty's service. It appeared, from the Information of the Gentlemen, who knew the Country, that the Rebels, lightly armed, and free of Baggage, could easily get before them into the Low Country: or, if they had a Mind, should you attempt to retreat the way you came to Stirling, they had only to break down the Bridges, destroy the roads before and behind you, so render it impossible either to advance or retreat, there being Rivers to repass vastly rapid, the Banks perpendicular, on each Side

of the Road generally a Morass, and so many strong Passes, that, had the Enemy posted a few men in them, and taken these advantages, we must have been all destroyed. This was exposing the Army to utter Ruin; which was a great Part of the Troops at that Time in Great Britain: that it would by] a Retreat, intimidat our freinds and raise the spirits of the Rebels. To stay at Garymore was impossible, there being but three days bread. Besides by your advanceing to Inverness you secur'd the Lords in the north, kept all the waverers from joining the Rebels and gave an opportunity to the King's freinds to join you which, from the measures you had taken, and the assurances given you, you had great reason to believe would be the case. Major McKay[1] show'd an association, between Lords Southerland and Rae, and promis'd from these clans 500 disciplin'd men, in the Dutch service, to be led by himself. The Companies of Lord Loudoun's Regiment[2], the Grants, Monroes and others were thought to be too considerable, not to give them an opportunity of joining; the impossibility of retreating to Stirling, the folly of staying at Garymore and the certainty of an augmentation to your small army, determin'd your march to Inverness. But as you was sure by the constant desertions from you, that the Rebels were too well inform'd of all your motions, you, by a feint to Garymore, in order to pass the Correyarick, made them continue in their post and, fileing off to the right, by a forc'd march pass'd the Spey and encamp'd that night at Ruthven, out of which you took part of a Company of Genl Guise's Reg^t leaving onely a Sergeant's[3] command to defend the Barracks. On the 28th by another forc'd march you got to Dalrackne, escap'd being attack'd in the strong pass of Stockmuik, [and] on the 29th by another forc'd march you arrived at Inverness. The provisions being much wasted and expended, your demand for horses was less,

[1] Alexander McKay.

[2] Lord Loudoun had been granted authority to raise a regiment in the Highlands some time before the outbreak of the rebellion. When that took place there were 750 men assembled at Inverness and 500 at Perth, forming a battalion of twelve companies. [General Stewart's *Sketches*, ii. 49, 52, 53.]

[3] Sergeant Molloy and twelve men. *Vide* Molloy's letter to Cope, Aug. 30, 1745. [*Hist. Rec. 6th Foot*, 63, 64.]

so by feints and forc'd marches you depriv'd the Ennemy of useing the advantages, the ground gave them in numberless places, where a few men rightly disposd might stop a great army.

On your arrival at Inverness, you, with Lord Loudoun and the President, us'd your utmost endeavours (as indeed you had done all along on the march) to get the well affected Clans to join you, but the fear of exposeing their own country to the fury and resentment of the Rebels, prov'd too strong for your arguments. 160 of the Monroes came to you and they onely for a fortnight, pretending the necessity of their being at home for their harvest. The McKays and Southerlands were at too great a distance, and your impatience to be South was too strong to admit of your waiting their comeing up. On your first arrival, the whole Bakers were employ'd in prepareing bread with the utmost expedition, and as you saw the necessity of being soon in the South, and the impossibility of getting to Edenburgh before the Rebels by land, you resolv'd and sent to Leith for a number of Transports, to carry your army by sea, that being the onely mean left, to get there before them, which had the wind been favourable as your diligence was great, would have been the case haveing march'd (part of the army) from Stirling to Inverness, and from Inverness to Aberdeen, without one days halt. In order to shorten (as it greatly would) the navigation, and save time as much as possible, after you got your bread for your march, which precaution was necessary, Glenbuckit with his men being then in that country, you set out from Inverness the 4th Sep^{tr}, takeing with you one company [1] of Genl Guise's, and part of Lord Loudoun's Reg^{t} with two more 5½ inch shells and two more Gallopers, leaving behind you the sick, Major McKenzie and Captain McIntosh. You sent me forward to Aberdeen to secure Transports there, and in the Adjacent ports, in case of an accident to those from Leith (done too without any additional expence to the government), provide bread and shoes for the men, should the motion of the Rebels make

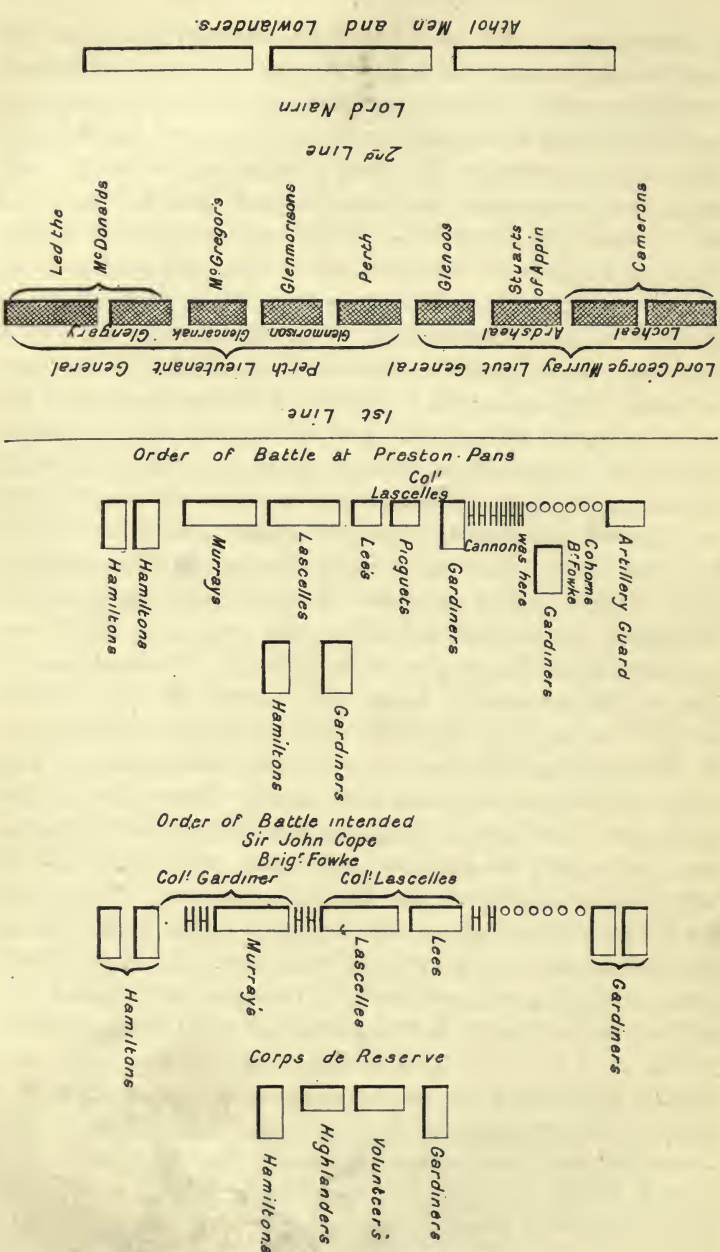
[1] ? Two companies under Captains Pointz and Holwell [*ib.* 65].

you march by land. In that event I had your orders to provide boats in order to enable you to pass the Tay. Thus you was provided to follow the method the most expedient for his Maj[s] service. On the wensday your army arriv'd at Aberdeen, and the Transports in the Bay, but did not get into the Harbour till thursday. That day and friday, stores, baggage, water and provisions of all kinds being ready provided, were embark'd, Saturday the men march'd down to embark but the wind proveing contrary, and as it would consume the provisions to have the men on board, you order'd them back to the Camp that night. On Sunday in one tide you embark'd the whole army, even against the opinion of the sea people, and got out to the Bay, but the ebb tide comeing on, you could not proceed till 7 at night. On monday it prov'd sometimes calm, and sometimes the wind contrary, so that you did not reach the Firth till night, where you got the melancholy news of Edenburgh's haveing capitulated. This oblig'd you to land at Dunbar, which you did on tuesday and encamp'd there, join'd by Gardiner's and Hamilton's Dragoons without their tents or picquets, haveing made a precipitat retreat from Edenburgh. Tuesday and wensday were employ'd in landing the Stores &c. and holding a Council of war but the day was too far spent to allow you to march tho' you proposed it. You made a new order of battle being resolv'd to fight the Rebels as soon as possible. You also sent out boats to sea, with eventual orders for the Commander of the Dutch troops, and on thursday march'd to Haddington, being oblidg'd to stay there on account of want of water farther on. At Dunbar and Haddington you had various informations of the Rebels, and was joined by a small body of volunteers under the command of M[r] Drummond [1] one of the

[1] George Drummond. At Prestonpans he 'w[d] needs fight among the dragoons, mounted on an old dragoon horse of Mr. Mathie's, q[h] he bought for £4 and employed in drawing his cart. He could not get up to the right to join Gardiner's dragoons, as he intended, before the scuffle began, and therefore joyned Hamilton's, by whom he was swept away out of the field, to his great good luck and my great comfort. He is now at Berwick, acting the part of secretary to Gen[l] Cope.' [General Wightman to the Lord President, Sept. 26, 1745. *Culloden Papers*, 225.] He gave evidence at the Court Martial on Cope [*Report of Proceedings*, 76, 83], and died Dec. 4, 1766, aged 80 [*Gent. Magazine* (1766), 599].

Commissioners of Excise. These you thought proper to employ, as being acquainted in the country, to bring you constant intelligence of the Enemies motions. On Friday you march'd again, intending to encamp to the westward of Mapleburgh that night, in order to have but a little way to march next day before you attack'd the Rebels, so sent Lord Loudoun and me[1] to mark out the ground. On our way we saw the Rebels marching towards us, on which, we return'd and gave you immediat notice, and you drew up your army in order of battle in the Feild of Prestonpanns. This feild had to the west a stone wall, to the South a ditch and morass ditch, to the East Seatoun house and parks, to the North Prestonpanns and the sea. The Rebels reconnoitred you, but did not think proper to attack you then in that situation, so they march'd Eastward and took possession of Tranent churchyard to the South of you out of which you dislodg'd them w^t^ your cannon after changeing your front. They then made several different motions, which oblig'd you to do so too. In the evening they return'd Westward, and lay on the hill South from you, which way you fronted and lay on your arms all night. You took possession of Col^l^ Gardiner's house and secur'd the pass on the South West angle of the feild. There were no other ways for the Enemy to get in but by two defiles on the South East angle and one on the North West angle. These you guarded by the two Squadrons of Dragoons from the Corps de Reserve, who had orders to continue patroleing constantly, and to bring you intelligence of the Ennemies motions. You would too have continued throweing Coehorns in the night, but by the experiments you had made, you found that few of them bursted, which you apprehended if they perceiv'd, would take off their fear of them. You regretted the want of gunners and got six men, from the men of war, to supply their place, and sent to Genl Guest for the Ingeneer, and Gunner, from Ed^r^ Castle, who unluckily missing their way never reach'd you. You also concerted with Genl Guest, that he should beat down a part of the toun wall should the Rebels keep within the toun, in order to admit your troops; after you had secur'd

[1] And the Earl of Home.



THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.
(From Colonel Whitefoord's Papers on the defence of Sir John Cope.)

all the avenues and posted people wherever it was possible for the Ennemy to come in upon you, you order'd the whole to lie on their arms all night. Then I went to the Cannon and had not the honor of speaking to you from that time. In the night three large fires were made, and one shell was thrown; in the morning when it was reported they were comeing in upon you, you had your front to change from South to East. For want of Gunners you was oblig'd to keep the Cannon all together on the right, tho' about the beginning of the action I receiv'd your orders to send three peices to the left, which was not done, occasion'd I think by the horses being taken off and gone away. The Ennemy was drawn up in two lines consisting (as I was told by some of the cheif of them) of 5500 men 3 deep, but on my fireing the cannon the first line open'd in the Center form'd a column to the left, and advanc'd on me with a swiftness not to be conceiv'd. When I saw them as I thought in confusion, I call'd to Lieut. Col[l] Whitney[1] of Col[l] Gardiner's that now was his time to attack them; he gave orders to march and his squadron mov'd a little way towards them, but on a few dropping shot from the Highlanders, the Dragoons immediately turned their backs and run off with the greatest precipitation. Their pannick communicated itself to the foot, and all ran shamefully away without making the least resistance, few haveing fir'd more than once. As to your personal behaviour that day I must be silent onely on account of not haveing had the honor of being with you, (haveing continued all night with the cannon, the post you was pleased to assign me, where alas the sudden flight of the whole people I had to assist me who carried with them the pouder horns, left me onely the power of fireing the guns that were loaded and prim'd, so depriv'd me of being of the use I wish'd to be; M[r] Griffiths had the same fate with the Coehorns and both of us were made prisoners), but as I had often heard you express your sentiments, your intentions, and the motives that induc'd you at the different periods to

[1] Shuckburgh Whitney was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the 13th (Gardiner's) Dragoons, June 20, 1739. He was killed at the battle of Falkirk. [*Hist. Rec. 13th Light Dragoons*, 16, 96.]

follow the measures you did, I hope I shall not be thought troublesome, if I sum them up as far as my own memory serves me. On the first notice your whole time, night and day, was employ'd, in consulting with the Administration here, provideing everything that was necessary, and assembling your small army, compos'd of the last rais'd troops in Great Britain; as Murray's Reg^{t} was to be releived, in their different cantonements, by Genl Guise's, you could not march them sooner than releiv'd, without exposeing these posts to be seis'd by the Highlanders, whose motions are quick and their information in that part of the country good. When you propos'd going north, and attacking the Rebels, their numbers were small, and you thought you might be with them before they came to any considerable head, so nip them in the bud. I am sorry to say too, that this your commendable zeal and diligence, by the act of ye disaffected, became the subject of most people's mirth, few crediting so romantick an enterprise. When you found the hopes you had conceiv'd of being join'd by the well affected frustrated, and the number of the Rebels so considerably encreas'd, you would have continued to cover the South Country, had you not had positive orders to march north, and attack them; thus no latitude being left you in obedience to command, you set forward from Creiff. At Dalwhining, your concern was not to be express'd, on your information of the situation and numbers of the Rebels. The bad consequences that attended either advanceing or retreating, appear'd strong both ways, and liable to great objections which the event could only justifie; but the danger to the common cause by retreating, joined to the unanimous opinion of the principal officers, the positive orders from Court, then the certain junction of so many of the well affected clans, would be such an addition of strength, to the King's forces; and which you must have been deprived of, if you had not gone north, and as you were perswaded by the Gentlemen who knew the Country that the Rebels could get South before you at any rate, you could not excuse yourself, not giveing them the opportunity of joining you, then to return and attack the Ennemy on more equal

terms: that you failed, was what you regretted extreamly but certainly it was not your fault, all the arguments possible being us'd by you in vain to perswade them: then you march'd from Inverness to Aberdeen in such haste, and by your precaution had everything there in such readiness for your embarkation, that you landed at Dunbar the very day the Rebels took possession of Ed^{r}. On your arrival at Dunbar, the news of the Ennemies success gave you the utmost pain. They were elated, and daily joined by numbers, so that to delay attacking them was to fight them at a greater disadvantage; all along on the march, by rideing through the ranks and encourageing the men, you had rais'd their spirits to such a degree that all express'd the strongest desire for action. Even the Dragoons breathed nothing but revenge, and threaten'd the Rebels with destruction. On the other hand the Dutch troops were expected, but uncertain, delays were dangerous, orders positive, regular troops, superior to militia, and your zeal for his maj^{s} service so strong, that you thought you could not too soon put an end to the Rebellion, which would have been the case, in all probability, had the behaviour of the troops answer'd the expectations of the General, the Highlanders haveing Broke in such a manner, that a Reg^{t} of Dragoons must have cut them to peices. I now conclude repeting the badness of my memory, and the confusedness of this account. Its defects I hope will be made up by others more distinct. It must give everyone concern, who saw the indefatigable pains you took, rewarded with the blame of the censorious world but I flatter myself from the honor and capacity of the board of General Officers, to whome your innocence and zeal must appear in so strong a light, that I do not in the least doubt of their approveing of your conduct, which will afford me a most sensible pleasure as I Have the Honor to be with the greatest esteem and regard[1].

[1] The following was the report of the Court Martial:—

'We are unanimously of opinion, that Sir John Cope made all the proper and necessary preparations for the support of the troops, with as much dispatch as he was able, both at Edinburgh and Stirling. That he also made the proper applications to the Chiefs of the Clans, that were reputed to be well-affected to your

[Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord's Claim on General Wynyard.]

The Ballance of the vacant Company in Gen[l] Wynyards late Regim[t] of Marines Stated for the Subce. of that Comp[y] Including the Warrant men from 25 Octo[r] 1739 to the 24 June 1740 was paid to Gen[l] Wynyard, there being no Captain to the Comp[y] and came to £198 12*s.* 8*d.*

N.B.—Lord Maitland[1] was first Appointed to that Comp[y] the 9th Dec[r] 1739, and afterwards succeeded by Col[l] Whitefoord the 14 Janry who continued Capt. till the 4 April 1740.

Examin'd and Allow'd of this Acco[t] of Subsce. to 24 June 1740, for the Vacant Company late Cap[t] Whitefoords and taken up the Vouchers and I do hereby Acknowledge to have Received Credit in my person[l] Acc[t] for the Ballance bring One Hundred Ninety Eight pounds Twelve Shillings and 8[d] as witness my hand this 21 July 1740.

Sign'd: John Wynyarde.

Majesty and Government, for them to join your Majesty's troops. That he used all possible diligence and expedition before and on his march to Dalwhinney, considering the difficulties and disappointments he met with. That his attacking the rebels on the Corryarrick, without prospect of success, was impracticable. That his march to Inverness is justified by the unanimous opinion of the Council of War, and the repeated assurances of being joined on the march, and at Inverness, by the clans that were reputed to be well-affected to your Majesty and Government; of which he afterwards found himself disappointed, except by 200 Monroes, who marched with him from Inverness to Aberdeen. That his going to Aberdeen, and then by sea to Dunbar, was the only proper measure he had left to take. That Sir John Cope's disposition of his body of troops on the field of action was judicious, and the ground on which they were engaged (according to the plan and description of many officers who were present) appears to have been well chosen. That he did his duty as an officer, both before, at, and after the action; and his personal behaviour was without reproach; and that the misfortune of the day of action was owing to the shameful behaviour of the private men, and not to any misconduct or misbehaviour of Sir John Cope, or any of the officers under his command. . . . Upon the whole, we are unanimously of opinion, that Sir John Cope's behaviour has been unblameable; and that there is no ground for accusation against the said Sir John Cope, Colonel Peregrine Lascelles or Brigadier-General Thomas Fowke.'—[*London Gazette*, Nov. 1–4, 1746.]

[1] Afterwards 7th Earl of Lauderdale.

[CAPTAIN ALEX. WILSON TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

SIR,

On my return on Tuesday evening I found your letter of the 22d Instant about yor claim on Lieut. Genl Wynyard, but had not opportunity till the 25th in the morning to mention it to him: he very readily consented to pay the Proportion for your time and Lord Maitland's amounting to £132 13s. 10d. which terminates with the Date of your Commission in Coll Gooch's Regt the 4th of Aprile 1740, but thinks your Claim can reach no further, and really I cannot recollect any precedents thereof, tho' I have look'd back into what has past in all Regts for which I have been concerned: however annexed is a State of that Affaire and therein you will observe Credite for the Sergts Corpls Drum and 30 Addls from 24th Decr 1739 to that Period who were not all raised then, as will appear by the Subsce Accts of the Paymr att Quarters: then some officers owtrunn in Recruiting during this Period, as by the Annexed, $\frac{1}{10}$th part of which stands properly a Charge here but at present is posted to the times subsequent and allowed in the General Recruiting Accts but on Enquirys may be brot back to this: further the Savings or supposed perquisites may in those times of Strict examination into the army occonomy, if not call back such a Douceur, at least occasion future Restraints and Censures on the Chargeable way of raising the Army mentioned often by those of both Houses who were in the Opposition in those days.

As to Interest, I really could not ask it, being not demandable in an open Acct, and supposing you had even paid such a Sum to Genl Wynyard on his Rect or Note, if Interest was not expressed therein, none could be claim'd: this has often happened to me to my disadvantage.

As to what in yor letter you take notice of 'that His Majesty continued to the ffield officers of the Americans the command of their companys as a ffund to buy their camp equipage' I say I have not heard before of such an order: but in the Marines there was an Order for giving the

Respitted Pay to the officers Subalterns towards buying their Tents and Beds; that Respitted Pay was from the Commencem[t] of the Marine Establishm[t] the 25th of Oct[r] 1739 to the Respective days of the dates of their Commissions, and this was done by warrant: I believe it was only for Subalterns, but as I did not think on this till here I refer to Mr. Stewart to look into that warr[t] and let you know: for if for the Captains then yo[r] Claime lyes on Lord Maitland now Earl of Lauderdale for 37 days pay from 25th Oct[r] 1739 to the 8th Dec[r] fol[s] both inclusive.

L[t] Gen[l] Wynyard directed me to pay to you the Sum of One Hundred Thirty Two Pounds Thirteen Shill[s] and ten pence, so waites your Acceptance and Order, which he said had he sooner adverted to, would have been sooner paid, this is all I can say, and hope you will believe, as it really is from no manner of Interested view, but from my inclinations to reconcile friends and prevent disputes which seldom fail of hurting both parties.

I am S[ir] y[r] most obedient
humble Servant
ALEX[r] WILSON.

Cowley 27th Aug. 1748.
L[t]-Coll. Charles Whitefoord at Chatham in Kent.

[A STATE OF THE CASE BETWIXT GEN[l]. WYNYARD AND COL[l]. CHARLES WHITEFOORD, VIZ.]

On the Raising of the Regiment of Marines under the Command of Gen[l] Wynyard Lord James Maitland was made a Captain therein the 9th Dec[r] 1736, and Continued a Captain in that Regiment till the 13th Janry 1739–40 when he Exchanged his Company with Col[l] Whiteford who then had a Company in Col[l] Pagett's Regiment in Minorca and was there.

Col[l] Whitefoord Continued a Captain in Gen[l] Wynyard's Regim[t] of Marines from the 14th Janry to the 4th April 1740, when he was made Major to the American Regiment but was

not during all that time in England. Cap[t] Robert Boyle Succeeded to that Company the 11th May 1740.

By Agreement betwixt the Field Officers and Captains Present it was Resolv'd to Recruit the Regiment in General and that when Compleat Each Company was to bear a tenth part of Recruiting charge, and to have each a tenth part of the Savings.

The 9th July 1740 the Gen[l] Acc[t] was Stated Sign'd and Approv'd of by the Field Officers and Captains present, and Each Company's proportion of the charge thereof was £410 10*s.* 8½*d.* which was carried to the debit of their Respective Company's Acco[ts].

The Company's Credit was the Levey Money of 100 Men at 40[s] Each with the Subsce. of 3 Serg[ts] 3 Corp[ls] 2 Drums and 70 private men with the two Warrant Men from 25th October 1739 to 24th Decem[r] following, and from that time to the 24th June 1740, for 4 Serg[ts] 4 Corp[ls] 3 Drums and 100 men with the two Warrant Men ; but the 30 Additional Men were not compleat. The Ballance due on Settling this Company's Acco[t] to the 24th June 1740 with Gen[l] Wynyard the 21st July 1740 was £198 12*s.* 8*d.* £132 13*s.* 10*d.* was in Lord Maitland's and Colonel Whitefoord's time, and £65 18*s.* 10*d.* in Cap[t] Boyle's time who left it to Gen[l] Wynyard.

Col[l] Whitefoord Claims the whole of this Ballance, Alledging that the Field Officers were Allow'd the Benefit of Raising the Companys from which they were taken in order to Furnish Field Equipage &c. they having no Companys in the American Regiment; he likewise says he left to Lord Maitland all the Non Effective Money &c. of the Company in Minorca, therefore was to have all for his Lordships time.

As the Regiment Recruited in General no Estimate could be made till the 24th June 1740, to which time the Acco[ts] were Ballanced.

[THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, HATTON, *Sept.* 9th, 1748.

I hereby empower you to act for me in order to recover any nonefective money due to me while in Genll: Wynyard's Regt and your discharge of ye said nonefective money to ye Collonell or Agent of yt Regt shall be as vallid to them upon that accopt as If I had sighned it Myself.

Yours &c

LAUDERDALE.

To Lt Collonell Whitefoord.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO CAPTAIN ALEX. WILSON.]

MY DEAR SIR, CHATHAM, *Sept.* 8th, 1748.

I am very much oblidg'd to you for yours of the 6th which I had the pleasure to receive yesterday, and am under the greatest concern that the dispute betwixt Genl Wynyard and me should occasion you so much trouble. An apology for not answering me sooner was quite needless. I have too just an opinion of you, ever to entertain the least suspicion of your finesseing any body to their prejudice. The fact, stampt with the authority of your single evidence, is as convincing to me, as the testimony of the 12 Apostles, and as your probity and Capacity go in an equal scale, haveing your opinion, I would not apply even to Pallas self. Therefor you need not take the trouble to speak to Captn Wilkinson, or anybody, but do for me as seemeth good to you, and I shall be satisfied. But as you seem to think I have been remiss, in order to justifie my conduct, please know, that before I went abroad, I did ask of Mr Stewart a state of my Account, who show'd me one, consisting of four Articles viz. my net pay, two sums of subsistance to my company, and my warrant men which I repaid him after my return from the West Indies, and did not sign the book. He might have observ'd surprise in my looks, tho' delicacy kept me from saying much, and when he settled the Accounts in the Isle of Wight, I did not see him

the whole time, or know anything of it, being close with Ld Cathcart in Carrisbroke Castle, and he I suppose at Newport.

I advanc'd too, that the Reg^t^ was compleat; the Genl himself led me into that mistake, for by his returning it so to Ld Cathcart the Genl had then his Maj^s^ good opinion of him, for being so diligent an officer, but now, when he's to account with me, he wanted 164 men. I am at a loss to know at which time the Genl was mistaken, for they cannot both be true, yet it turns out so luckily for him, that on the one hand he has all the merit of the most alert officer, on the other, all the advantage, that the profits of a weak Company could give him. That is being ambo dexter indeed: I did not, I protest, suspect the Genl then, but Ld Maitland, therefor waited till I saw him, when he clear'd himself. My next application was to the Genl, the very day after I came to toun. As the disputants were in different distant parts of the world, I could not do it sooner; but not to mince the matter with you, I am master of such evidence, as will convince any man, that the Genl meant to have the perquisites of my Comp. to himself; yet you always put it on the footing (from an excess of charity) of a mistake in the Genl, and an open account betwixt him and me, when there was no such thing, but the light it appears to me in, is, that the Genl in the year 1740, took from me, without my knowledge or consent, a sume of money, which he applied to his own use, and has had interest for ever since. You say he was Trustee. If he was so, who employ'd him? If he was mine, then I shall hardly court that honour again; now when I detect this Trustee, he tells me he kept my money as a deposite. To show you, I had occasion for it then, my brother Hugh and I borrow'd £1200, a small proof that I would not give the Genl the plague of keeping my money. Therefor he could not do it to oblidge me, and if he did it to hurt me, why should not I resent it? but as I onely ask barely my own, the Genl should not scruple paying me. Jam pridem equidem nos vera rerum vocabula amisimus; if a man seises my property, without my knowledge or consent, to my prejudice,

he tells me he's my Trustee, and if I ask for it at the end of 8 years, I am a mutineer! Suppose one was to go to your house, and without your knowledge to take £200, when you came to discover it, at a considerable distance of time, would you be satisfied with the restitution of the principal? or look on that man as a faithfull trustee? If the Gen[l] has a right to the princ[l] he has a right to the In[t], but if he has no right to the princ[l], it must follow of course, that he has no right to the Interest, therefor both are as they ought to be mine. Thus I rest my plea, and submit all to your better judgement.

P. S. I was one of the first nominated Feild officers to the Americans. I do allow that it was a mistake, the commencement of the perquisites.

[WILLIAM CUNINGHAME TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY D[r] CO[ll] PRIVICK, *Sept.* 4th [1749].

You may believe me when I say without flattery it gives me real pain when I am dissapointed of any opportunity of being with you. The case is thus. S[r] Harry Erskine[1] is just now come to the Country to offer his service for the Borroughs in Parlia[mt]. You may guess what obligation I am under (from our freindship) to doe him all the civility in my power. Therefore must beg leave to put off my Carrick jaunt. I beg my comp[ts] to M[r] Whitefoord[2]; tell him M[r] Hamilton will be here friday morning and if he'll doe me the favour to breakfast here in passing to Ayr we shall end our business.

I am D[r] S[r]
Your most obe[t] ser[t]
WILL CUNINGHAME.

[1] Sir Harry Erskine, fifth baronet of Alva and Cambuskenneth, was returned M.P. for the Ayrshire Burghs on Dec. 29, 1749, in the room of Charles Erskine, who died June 25, 1749.—[*Return of Members of Parliament* (1878), Part ii. 107.] There is a life of Sir Harry Erskine in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. *Vide* also *Hist. Rec. Royal Regt. of Foot*, 271.

[2] Allan Whitefoord.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO MRS. JOHN STEWART[1].]

MADAM, [*February*, 1750.]

I had the Honour of yours of the 1st and condole with you most sincerely on the melancholy occasion of it. An acquaintance of 24 years, living together in three regiments and aids de camp without ever having had a dispute, gave me such a knowledge of his worth as makes me regret his loss with the greatest sorrow. I am so sensibly affected with it that I judge of your afflictions by my own and sympathize with you most sincerely. Human nature cannot miss to feel in being depriv'd of so valuable a friend and you of so fond a husband. But the greater your loss the more fortitude you will show in bearing it with that resignation we must pay to the will of him who disposes of all things. I pray he may support you and as far as possible make up your loss. You

[1] Mary, second daughter of Lord Charles Kerr by his wife Janet, eldest daughter of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, and granddaughter of Robert, fourth Earl and first Marquis of Lothian, was born on May 4, 1713. She married 'Colonel Stewart of Stewartfield' [Wood's *Peerage of Scotland*, ii. 139]. Lieut.-Col. Stewart had been Major in Cochran's Marines, and was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of Wynyard's Foot in October, 1749. He was probably the son of 'Colonel Stewart of Stewartfield' (? W. Stewart, Colonel of the 9th Foot, May 1, 1689—July 27, 1715), who on Jan. 16, 1708, had sasine of the lands and maynes of Maybie and Cruicks of Cruickthorn, &c. [McKerlie's *Lands and their owners in Galloway*, v. 227]. Lieut.-Col. Stewart died on Feb. 2, 1750. The following letter was addressed probably to Allan Whitefoord by Caleb Whitefoord subsequent to Col. Whitefoord's death (Jan. 2, 1753):—

'My Lord Loudoun forwarded to me your letter of 23d ult° cont[ainin]g the Queries from Mrs Stewart Lady Zalla with regard to the affairs of her brother the late Col. Stewart. I cod not possibly have more powerful motives to diligence in this matter than the Col.'s being a friend of my father's, and the affair being recommended by you. I have accordingly endeavour'd to procure the best intelligence I cod in answer to the diffe Queries, and now send it inclosed. . . . . Answer to Quere 1st. Whatever moneys due to the Conductors (Brit: Offs) of (Forn) Troops was (never suffd to remn in arrr) allways paid at the time the service was performed or very soon after. Quere 2d. As to his arrears as Major to Col. Cochran's Marines, they will certainly be paid very soon, and will amount to pretty near the sum mention'd in the Quere. His Majesty some months ago sign'd a warrant for payment of these arrears. It pass'd thro' the Treasury and the only delay proceeds from Mr Herbert of Gray's Inn who has not yet made up the accots. Quere 3d. The Quarter Master General has no arrears, but receives all his pay at once taking off the deductions of office. Quere 4th. Whether any Pay was due as Lieut. Col. to Wynyard's Regt, Irish Estate, no one but the agent in Ireland can tell. As to Quere 5th I consulted Mr Merrick who was Capt Wilson's chief clerk, but is now an agent and successor to Mr Calcraft. He assur'd me that Col. Stewart was not amongst the number of Capt. Wilson's creditors at the time his affairs fail'd.'

do me justice in beleiving there is nothing in my power I would not do to serve you or his family, and should think myself extreamly happy if fortune gave me an occasion of being useful to you. But, alas, I have the inclination without the power. As you do me the honour to ask my opinion about several things, in obedience to your commands I shall give it, tho' you have much better advice from my Lord Ancram[1] and worthy Cap[t] Wilson. I do not at all doubt of my Lord's giving you his assistance in procuring you some marks of royal favour for yourself and children, in which I wish you success with all my heart. As to the order my friend's affairs were left in, I knew him too well to doubt of the books relating to his estate can be of no use now to be seen, that affair being all ended, and the estate will I hope be sold next winter. A letter wrote to your agent in moving terms to be shown to creditors may influence them to compassionate the children, if they are not to be sufferers [by their] demands, and never can have a bad effect. As to that £400 in the Marquis of Lothian's[2] and M[r] M[c]millan's hands, seeing they pay 5 p[r] cent and yearly, it is impossible you can better yourself. Besides there are other occasions which you know, and I do not care to mention, should hinder you to ask it from the first. The last says you may have all or what part you please on demand, but in my opinion you should rather let it lie where it is. Good hands and punctual payers at the highest interest are hard to be got. Your liveing at London, I am afraid, will not suit so well with your circumstances, but you are the best judge. I must admire your generosity in your concern for the boy[3] at Galashiels. M[rs] Scot tells me it was propos'd he should go to sea, which I think may be done with less expence to you than putting him apprentice to a weaver. Besides, it is not certain if that will suit with his inclination, which I suppose you would not cross. However, nothing can be done in that till M[rs] Scot speaks with him, and as his board is paid up till Whitsunday

[1] At this time Colonel of the 24th Regiment.
[2] William, third Marquis of Lothian.
[3] Probably a natural son of Lieut.-Col. Stewart.

there is no hast till she goes to the country. As to the regimental books I shall be oblidg'd to you for the trouble of keeping them, and as to his compy accounts I shall take care he has the same justice done him I get to myself. His arrears will come to near £270.

[SIR JOHN COPE TO LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR WHITEFOORD, BATH, *Octr* 5th, 1751.

I have thought myself very unlucky in not having it in my power to shew my gratitude to you in some essensial maner. You are very kind to me in your Letter, in doing me justice to believe I have done my endeavours towards it. Lord George has much more reason to thank me for telling him how useful a person he might have to his Military department, than you have.

I should have thank'd you for your Letter sooner, if you had informed me where my answer would find you. My friend Sr Robt Wilmot, being by this time I believe come to London, I shall inclose this to him, as he will probably know what part of the world you are now in.

Your obligation for this small favour, (which you ought long since to have been in possession of), is intirely owing to Lord George, whose protection and freindship is well worth cultivating. He is able, and the most likely to be very considerable of any young man in the Army. Don't let your usual *mauvaise honte* hinder his being acquainted with your merit, and I'll answer for his kindness to you and himself not stopping here. I shall be extremely glad to hear from you. I am most truly my Dear Charles

Your much obliged and most
faith. hule Sert
JNo COPE.

[Lieut.-Col. Charles Whitefoord[1] to Major John Irwin[2].] [1752.]

I have the pleasure of yours with one from Lieut. McLaughlin which gives me a good deal of concern. He says men are very hard to be got, and has sent over but 6 whereof two have been in the service. The trooper he's assur'd is but 30 which being interpreted I suppose signifies 50. That is bad. To lower our size destroys our scheme; to stick to it may disappoint us with respect to numbers. Cruel dilemma! Of two evils let us choose the last. I have fatally experienc'd the bad consequence of giveing the recruiting officers a latitude, and must have a very good opinion of the man to whome I give a discretionary power. To change low men for others no taller is folly, and not to be compleat in Aprile is dangerous. Therefor lads under 18 of 5 [ft.] 7 [in.] I consent to take but would alter the instructions no further. Capt. Keen expects 2 over and I one. I think the Recruiting Officers will have bad luck if they do not get 20. That will be 23. Now I must reveal my secret in order to make you easie and procure the General's approbation, whose will shall always be to me a law. Our drummers are sightly fellows. I propose turning as many of them into the ranks as will compleat us and listing boys in their roome. That saves us with the commissary and does not exhaust the exchequer. After the review I discharge the boys and then shall have a fine sum in the stock purse. *At the same time the general saves the cloathing.* When winter comes we'll send a greater number of officers, by which method we shall save to the General, put money in the Captain's pocket, and effectuat our scheme, of not haveing (at least) the worst reg^t in Ireland. I shall have engines in England to play on Ld George in order to get to Dublin when his Grace comes next over, and have a plot of makeing our Serg^ts fine at a small expence. You see their cloaths are new lapell'd. That

[1] Appointed Lieut.-Colonel of Irwin's Regiment, in Ireland, Sept. 1751.
[2] Major in Irwin's Regiment. Succeeded Whitefoord as Lieut.-Colonel on his promotion to the Colonelcy of the Regiment.

I shall propose to alter and have them loop'd like the men's with a half silver lace, which you must buy in England. By which means we shall make a show with œconomy, for the cloath sav'd will near purchase the lace, and as I have communicated this to nobody I hope you will keep it to yourself. Now that I have disclosed my whole arcana I tell you that I am not so much wedded to my opinion as not to submit to its being corrected by better judgement. At the worst they can call it but a pious fraud which we were drove to by necessity and next year shall set to rights. As I cannot tell what the General will determin on you'll be so good as send his orders to the officers. With my compt[s] and sincere wishes for their success &c.

[MAJOR JOHN IRWIN TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR COLONEL, DUBLIN, *February* y[e] 10th, 1752.

Your not coming has been a vast disapointment to me on many Accounts and I promise you we shall do more in one quarter of an Hour together than in two months Epistolary conversation. But that I expected to see you I would have wrote you word that our Quondam Scheme for Cuthbertson would not do, nor will that where our friend Vankiel is comprehended do at all, an Absolute Negative being put on him and every Court Martial man in the Regiment. I have another which I will not communicate to you till you come to Town, which I beg and earnestly entreat may be immediately, for I go down the latter End of next week with Lord George [1] to the Primate's, and from thence go round the Quarters of the Carrabineers with his Lordship so pray let me see you before that, and bring up Cuthbertson's Resignation with you, that you know will hold good in all events. Bourne has sent over three Recruits good ones they set out tomorrow. I have been out all this morning with L[d] George with whom I am to dine, and have no more Time than to assure you that I am most Affectionately and with respect my D[r] Whitefoord

Yours

JOHN IRWINE.

[1] Lord George Sackville.

[SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD[1] TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR CHARLES, DUBLIN, *April* 20th, 1752.

I am glad to observe by the pleasure of yours, as well as by the Report of Lieut Heathcotte, that you are much better. I am heartily sorry you have reason to complain of not being able to do anything, you have done formerly. You must leave it to me, to call myself, puir auld man John Ochiltree.

I suppose you have industriously omited to take notice of that part of my letter, where I put you in mind of the promise you made me at parting, of viseting us, after your Review, and of my Landlady's praying and begging you to be a man of your word, as the only means left to cure me of vapours, ... Think of this and let not the hurry of your Discipline keep us any longer in Suspense.

I waited this Day of the Earl of Rothes[2] to whome I made your Compliments. His Lop will be received only as a Lieut Generall. The orders for your conduct at the ensueing Review, will be sent down to you towards the end of the week. All the Regiments Horse, Foot, and Dragoons, are to have orders which I think every[one] must allow, to be giveing us fair play. Lord Loudoun is not arrived. I rejoyce to hear from Heathcotte how agreeable you are to your Corps, a thing I never doubted of. My Landlady begs leave to send you compliments, and ten thousand good wishes for your prosperity and I am most faithfully

My Dear Brother
Yours adieu.

[LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD TO MAJOR IRWIN.]

Dr SIR, [*April*, 1752.]

I have the Honr of the Earl of Rothes's commands, transmitted by you, and shall as you desire give copies of them to

[1] Succeeded Lord George Sackville as Colonel of the 12th (Prince of Wales') Light Dragoons, Jan. 18, 1750.

[2] Appointed Lieut.-General on the Irish Establishment and Governor of Duncannon fort, Sept. 1751.

Lt-Col[1] Rumsay. If they are as punctually obey'd, as they are judiciously given we shall merit his Lo^p's^ approbation, which I am sure he 'll not prostitute to any that don't deserve it, haveing the politeness of the Frenchman, corrected by the integrity of the Roman, but as I am conscious, that his good nature will be put to the test, being too good a judge not to see faults, I must wish that mercy may get the ascendant over justice. I dare assure you that what is wanting in capacity shall be made up by diligence, and however we may fail in the exe[cu]tion, our intention is to have the ambition, that the performance may in some degree equal the knowledge of our Gen[l] in which case I would not dread the censure of the severest judge.

I beg leave to offer my comp[s] to his Lo^p^, and if I could have the hon^r^ of provideing lodgeings for him . . . or being any way usefull it would make me extreamly happy, being with the greatest regard My Dr Major, &c.

[MAJOR IRWIN TO COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR COLONEL, DUBLIN, *June* ye 2^d^, 1752.

If I had not been favoured with a Letter from you, I proposed acquainting you with our having got safe to Town at nine o'clock last Sunday Night.—To give you some Account of our Expedition, we saw Handasayde's[1] and Adluroun's[2] Regiments on Fryday at Limerick, the former is the largest Size Regiment except the Guards I ever saw, but they are neither Handsome nor well-looked men, their Cloathing bad, ill appointed, officers not at all *au fait*, salute wretchedly, and no two alike. The men excercise faster than the Horse Guards, but pretty well, they fired ill, and too slow, and marched indifferently. Adluroun's were better dressed, a very good sized body, they excercised in a better Time and well, fired ill and too slow, marched pretty well. The officers not *au fait*, salute ill and not the same way.—Next day we saw Blakeney's[3] and Sr Peter Halkett's[4]. Both fine

[1] 16th Foot.
[2] 39th Foot.
[3] 27th (Inniskilling) Foot.
[4] 44th Foot.

Battallions, Halkett's the greater size and rather the best dressed and best appointed. They excercised together, both in exceeding good time and mighty well, they fired in general pretty well, and marched in subdivisions, companies &c: very well, particularly Halkett's, but not well in Battallion. The officers of both Regiments very carefull and attentive, salute in general well, some few ill. Each Regiment had a method of their own, but each saluted alike with their own Regiment. I shall say nothing of the Horse, we saw Boscawen's Reg[t] [1] at Kilkenny, the men not bad, not well appointed, excercised pretty well, fired ill and too slow, marched abominably. Officers very careless and by no means *au fait*, the major never posting himself where He ought, and both He and the Colonel forced to be told every moment what they were to do, they knew nothing. No man attempted anything like a Salute but Captain Kerr. The Recruits for Handasayde's were bad, those for Adluroun's by much the worst that ever were brought for any Reg[t], those for Blakeney's good in general, for Halkett's extreamly good, for Boscawen's bad. Now I have seen nothing equal to our Review, nor to the Regiment taking one thing for another. Halkett's beats us in looks, and they are better appointed, and look more uniform. We want match boxes and cartridge boxes, and these I will bespeak.

M[c]Lachlin has the General's Leave; you will please to write a Letter to M[r] Waite (in the usual form) desiring Leave for those who are to be absent, which send to me that I may get Lord Rothes to approve of; my name is to be inserted by Lord Rothes's Leave. Major Leslie is to lie down again which has thrown all business on me, and I am at present very much hurried—Adieu! Waldegrave will soon be with you, I daresay our Heroes will look well. Everyone here Salutes you, as I do everyone with you except M[r] Ried's Tutor. Pray let me know what to do about Cuthbertson &c: and believe me ever yours.

P.S. I must tell you that S[r] Peter Halkett tells me that Capt Keene marched into Limerick without coming near

[1] 29th Foot.

him, never acquainted him either with his arrivall or when He was to March. Eustace[1] behaved very well, and went to Sr Peter Halkett, made an Excuse for Keene, so that passed; but next morning Keene beat to Arms without saying one word to anybody and alarumed the whole Garrison. I have engaged to Ld Rothes you will take Notice of this.

Next Division marched in and took no more Notice of Sr Peter, but He met whoever commanded it Drunk in the evening.

I will write to Eustace and thank him, but Keene's Behaviour if I had time to be particular would appear scandalous.

[MAJOR IRWIN TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, *June* ye 6th, 1752.

I was out of Town till late last night, and am just this moment going out to Leixlip with Lord Rothes so have not much Time on my Hands, but would not omitt acknowledging and thanking you for yours of ye 2^d^ from your new Quarters. I am glad you have got thither safe and well, and could have wished you had found them more agreeable to you.

The General desires his Compliments to you, and that you will do as you judge most proper in relation to the changes you propose among the non-commissioned officers. The moment I had Time I enquired about the Cloathing but found it had set out before, so that cannot be helped. In my last I told you the General gave M^c^Lachlin Leave, and I then desired you would be pleased to send up the application for Leave of Absence for those who were to be absent, or at least their names, and for how long they desired, you know you cannot apply for Less or more than three months, as they never grant Lycenses for a longer or shorter Term.

I wish you Success about Cuthbertson. We promised the Governor to appoint one Nixon to do the Chaplain's Duty

[1] Captain in Irwin's Regiment, June, 1750.

at Gallway. The Govr desires his compliments to you, and with many civil offers of various kinds, says that if you have a Horse or two that you want to run at Grass this year you shall be very wellcome to do it in some Feilds of his. In a word nothing can be more Civil than He is.

Adieu my Dear Sir. Everybody here salute you and I am your most Devoted &c:

JOHN IRWIN.

Reduce my Serg^{ts} and Corporals.

[SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR CHARLES, DUBLIN, *June* 6th, 1752.

I am three letters in your debt, which was owing to the uncertain situation you was in. I give you joy of the fine appearance as well as of the performance of your Regiment at last Review, of which the Earl of Rothes informed Lord George from Waterford, who was pleased to communicate his Lo^{s} sentiments to me. This I hope will do you great service, as the Earl of Rothes will do you justice in his report to H:R:H:, which will be made some time next month. Honest Masterson said you did their Regiment great service, which occasioned their making a better appearance at the Review, than otherwise they wou'd have done.

I am obliged to you for your kind wishes, upon the Report of a certain man's being dead, but I must be content, having already received a greater reward than fell to my share; however I have gott some ground in the opinion of the world, and having brought a Regiment into reputation, which was generally esteemed a bad one. The Earl of Loudoun, to whom I made your apology, for not paying your respects to him in Dublin, promised to write to you, upon the road to Donochader, when he intended to preach up Resignation, as a very great vertue, a subject you will allow, he is able to write upon. When People embrace any Profession, they do best to abide by it, especially when they make such a figure in it, as to gain the general esteem of their brethren. This

being your case, I must entreat you to have patience, for tho' things don't allways turn out, in proportion to our merit, yet when there is hopes of our succeeding, prudence requires Submission, and as no man has a greater Share of good sense I hope you will banish all dumps, and every other thing that can disturb your quiet.

I beg the favour of you, to send your mare to Belturbet, where she shall be taken as good care of as my own Horses, for which purpose I will write next week to Quarters, and give directions that she may be fed and dressed as mine are. I have no map by me, so can't judge of the Distance between Galloway and Belturbet but I think the sooner you send her the better. I am much obliged to you for your civility to Ensign Osborne. I will write to him by this post, and inform both you and Major Irwine of his answer. Major Burton, Cap[t] Stuart, Capt. Mullhallen, Lieut. Thier, and Lieut. Arthur of my Regiment, have all proposed going out, which will detain me here some time longer than I intended, but will advise you when the coast is clear. M[rs] Jones prays more for your Prosperity than you do for yourself, and begs leave to send her best respects. Honest Lord Loudoun was with us frequently. My Dear Charles, don't drink beer or water in Galloway. May everything you can desire attend you. My D[r] Charles adieu.

[MAJOR IRWIN TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, *June* y[e] 9th, 1752.

I know not by what Accident but Lord Rothes has only this moment received the Letter in which yours to me was enclosed, so that I have scarce time to be particular either in my Thanks or Answer. You say 'the cursed Mistake of our men preys upon me, and has robbed me of rest.' I beg to know what you mean by it, as, to the best of my Recollection, I know nothing of the matter. At least I have never heard him speak ill of either Officer or Soldier (except Smith the day of the Review) but on the contrary

has flattered both extreamly, and has more than once made my Father and me Happy on the subject. I fancy it is some expression in my Letter you have mishaprehended from my not riting explicite Language. I have not been able to light on a proper Person to make Cartridge and match boxes, and am not sure but I shall let it alone till I get to England. As to Regimental Frocks, it is only meant as a saving to such as have good Coats, a Coat of the same Collour without a binding is or may be called a frock. The meaning of the order is only to prevent Officers wearing blue or other colloured Cloaths, or even scarlett, unless it be something Regimental, at Quarters. Now as I have two Regimental Coats I shall make up no Frock, besides I shall never make up a Frock, as I would as soon wear a Coat with a silver binding as without one. Those whose coats are too new and too good to wear every day need only make a coat the same of the Regimental without a binding which will be called a Frock. I know none of our people whose Coats are good enough to require a Frock except you, and Purcell, who I think has one. I hope this will explain the order to you.

I sunk the Complaint against Mitchell, but I forgot to add with regard to Keene that He marched through Limerick on Horseback. Altho' I did not know Mitchell commanded the Second Division I said so much in alleviation of the person that did command (as indeed Sr Peter himself said it was partly owing to himself that *He* did not come to him) that I was not ordered by my Lord to mention him to you, but Keene's offence seems to be great, particularly his beating to Arms, not going to see Sr Peter, and marching on Horseback. My Lord thought you had a fine opportunity to make him sell. I know Mitchell intends well, and I really love him.—Pray make him easy. When I have the names of those who are to be absent next Muster I will apply as you desire. I long to know about my Company, and hope to hear soon. My Lord and every one of this House salute you. I desire to be particularly remembered to Dering [1], Rawson, and Eustace who I will write to, as also Nugent

[1] Captain in Irwin's Regiment.

whose division was well taken care of as I am told. If my Father is no worse I shall go to England with my Lord. Adieu, He has just sent to me so I have only Time to assure you I am most perfectly yours.

[SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

DUBLIN, *June* 20th, 1752.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

My heart leaped with joy t'other day upon seeing Walter, but to my great Surprise, he shewed me his discharge. I don't think you have made any loss in parting with him. What you recommend to me, in order to supply his place, I will literally observe. My heart begins to fail me as to any future Promotion, and indeed when I reflect upon my good fortune, I am almost ashamed of it, when I observe so many People of Superior merit neglected, and therefor will not even allow myself to indulge the smallest thought of anything more than what I am in possession of.

General Irvine[1] is so ill, that People begin to dispair of his surviving this day, which is the reason of my writing by this post, that you may take your measures accordingly. I wish from the bottom of my heart he had lived till this time twelvemonth, the meaning of which is obvious. However the question is, Petition or not. If you shou'd not, the world may imagine you neglect yourself. If you do, perhaps Lord George may imagine you don't place confidence enough in him, as you gave in a memorial setting forth your services. I think however you shou'd write to Lord George, and put him in mind of what passed between his Lop and you, when you may mention the explanation he had the goodness to make to me upon Dunbar's getting a Regt but I heard a bird whistle, that the Recommendation of the last two who gott Regiments, was only meant to serve a third Person, who was recommended at the same time. Now as this Person is still in your way, I don't know what to think. Besides as the Ld Lieut

[1] Alexander Irwin, Colonel of 5th Foot, June 27, 1737; Major-General, Feb. 24, 1744. Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord succeeded him in the Colonelcy, Nov. 1752.

has gott two Regiments lately, won't the king name to the first vacancy himself? These things occur to me, and I mention them with the view of putting you upon your Guard, least the worse shou'd happen, and of insisting with you, to take no step without the consent of Allan and me, to which I do expect a Categorical answer. I imagined the officers' Horses were to have been shared by themselves, when I desired you to send your mare to Belturbet, but I hope before she getts there, a place will be provided for her by Mr. Wiggins to whome I have wrote upon the subject, and have given the proper directions about her.

I return you thanks for your goodness to Ensign Osborne, who is extremly thankfull to you but alas he can't purchase, of which I informed Major Irvine. My Landlady begs leave to offer her compliments and I am with great truth.

My Dear Charles
Your Slave
ADIEU.

P.S. I had occasion to write by this Post to Lord George and have informed him that next Packet will certainly carry the news of General Irvine's Death.

[SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

DUBLIN, *June* 27th, 1752.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I made the explanation to the Earl of Rothes as you desired me, which diverted him much, as he thought you too delicate upon that point, and was perfectly satisfied, that the Fireing was not spoiled by any fault of yours. Had the Adjutants given the proper information, the thing cou'd not have happened.

Last Tuesday General Irvine died, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that Lord Rothes has Recommended you to Succeed him, and Major Irvine to be your Successor, which being the case his Lop thought a memorial Superfluous.

Bob Cunnighame[1] wrote to Lord George, Whitefoord Stand fast. I likeways prepared his Lo^p^ by telling him, that in all probability the next Packet wou'd carry the news of General Irvine's Death, which realy happened, from all which you may observe, that your Friends have left nothing undone, that cou'd forward your intrest. This is all very pretty you'll say, but avise la fin is some body's motto. However let it turn out as it will, I hope Dear Charles you will arm yourself with Patience, to bear the Stroake. I will only put you in mind how the world blamed Lord Charles Hay[2], and that it was with some difficulty that the marquis of Twedale gott his majesty to allow Lord Charles to take back his Resignation. Did not everybody blame him, won't every body accuse you for Resigning because you don't gett a Reg^t^ at ye time you think you ought to have it, won't the King be displeased, won't the Duke of Cumberland be angry with you, won't the Duke of Dorset and Lord George Sackville be affronted to have a man they have taken by the hand, fly out, won't it even affect me in any future promotion, I might possibly meet with, won't the King and H: R: H: be very justly provoked against one they have just provided for? Dear Charles don't think of a Resignation, it wou'd make you appear in a quite different light than you do at present. You are very Justly allowed to be as a good an officer as any in the service, every one allows you to be a man of extream good parts, and a man of good understanding; wou'd they continue that good opinion of you, was you to take so rash a step, Such as you mention in your last? For God's sake never think of it, it wou'd break Allan's Heart, and destroy me to all intents and purposes. I hope neither of us is so indifferent to you, as for you to take a step, so much against our inclinations, and your own intrest. I hope you will not be put to the trial, but only consider as the Duke of Dorset has gott two of his nomination, won't the King put in for some body about him, won't H: R: H: probably have some particular view? Consider these things, and in case of the worst don't Dear Charles expose

[1] Colonel of 58th Regt. in 1767.
[2] Brother of John, fourth Marquis of Tweeddale.

yourself and Friends. I pray you send me a letter that will make Lords Loudoun and Cathcart happy, as well as Allan and your humble servant. I will trouble you no longer upon this Subject, but as I have had a litle altercation about wheeling upon the conter in order to fire the Street Fireing, pray send me all the words of command for it as well as reducing it.

My Landlady prays night and day that you may be provided for, but hopes If you shou'd not, you will listen to one who loves you. She begs leave to offer her Compliments and I am My Dear Charles

Your Slave
JOHN WHITEFOORD.

P.S. As the Earl of Rothes leaves us to morrow I dare say nothing about your plan for preventing of Desertion.

[MAJOR IRWIN TO LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, *July* 3^e^ 7th, 1752.

MY DEAR SIR,

Ever since I came here I have been at Blackheath at Lord Chesterfield's so could pick up nothing to say to you. This Day the Duke of Dorset came to Town, and gave me great Pleasure to find the strong Recommendation of you for the Regiment, at the same time (between you and I let it be) I doubt the Success. As two or three Lt Colonels have succeeded in Ireland, it is thought someone will go from home this Bout. His Grace goes out of Town again either to day or to morrow and I shall have the Honour to go with him, and there I propose staying till I go to Scotland, which I shall do the latter End of next week. If you have any Commands for me you had best direct under Lord Rothes' Cover.

I never saw the Town so empty, and therefore can send you no sort of news. I beg my Compliments to everybody, and that you will ever believe me with great affection

Your faithfull humble
Servant
JOHN IRWIN.

[LAST WISHES OF LIEUT.-COL. WHITEFOORD.]

Lt Col^o^ Charles Whitefoord begs ye favour of Capt Dering that he will take ye direction of his Funeral, who desires to be buried out of Consecrated Ground, without any Stone or Decoration on his Grave and without Military Honours.

But begs that Capt Dering will inform ye Garrison, that such as pleases will meet where he appoints and drink a hearty Glass to his Jorney.

Lieu^t^ Col^o^ Whitefoord begs that Cap^n^ Rawson will accept of his Regementals, and Cap^n^ Dering of his Mare and Furniture &c., to Docter Herbert Gibson one Dozen of Holland Shirts marked with Blue Silk. And I do further beg that Cap^n^ Dering will take care of all my Effects.

Galway November ye twenty third[1] One thousand seven Hundred and fifty two.

Signed CHARLES WHITEFOORD.

Present

GEO. MARJORIBANKS.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO STAIR.]

[LONDON, 1752.]

. . . . . .

Dewar has his kind compliments to you. He is with Messrs Armour and Steward, very eminent Virginia merchants in Gould Square, Crutched Fryars. I told you before that he was doing extremely well. He has some thoughts of going out soon with a cargo to Antigua where his brother is settled and in very good circumstances. He has a very good prospect of an advantageous voyage, as his brother can advise him what goods are fittest for importation, which the best season to bring them; and can likewise furnish him with warehouses and recommend him to merchants for the disposal of his cargo. I have not received an answer from Baillie, but in expectation of it I shall delay sending off this for some days that they may go all together.

[1] Lieut.-Col. Whitefoord succeeded General Irwin in command of the Regiment two days after this.

It gave me no small pleasure to hear that you are at last settled in a merchant's house of such reputation, and the more so as you are situated with so agreeable a companion as Andrew St Clair, to whom I beg to be remember'd in the kindest manner. Coutts, Wood, Dewar and your humble servant went lately on a short country expedition, when you may easily believe we were very jolly. They all have their compliments to you. At last I think I am out o' breath and now have only to beg my best respects to your good mama and sister, and that you 'll believe me always

Your most affectionate
C. W.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO STAIR.]

LONDON, *Dec^r.* 1752.

MY DEAR STAIR,

I rec^d in due course your agreeable favours of 7th. Ult^o^. and am very much concerned at the Accounts you give me of Baillie, as I believe my Friend Jack was not born to be hang'd. I must confess I begin to be afraid for him. If you hear anything of him, I beg you wo^d^ advise me of it on the first opportunity.

The Question you put to me about the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Coventry is a little hard to determine and indeed they are both so exquisitely pretty that I own myself very much at a loss in whose Favours to decide it. I have had the pleasure of seeing Both. 'Tis needless to say I admired them. Everyone, I believe, that ever saw them paid them the same compliment, in their Heart. In short two such Angels at the same time was too much. They were continually surrounded with admiring multitudes at all the publick places which they bless'd with their presence, to the inexpressible Confusion of all the fair faces about them. What a triumph was here! while their little Hearts were exulting, conscious of Superior Charms, viewing askance the Envious looks of their own Sex and coyly receiving the Humble Adoration of the other. But alas! how fleeting

are all human Enjoyments. That Triumph is now no more. The Ladies have the supreme pleasure, to be each of them join'd to a mate, in whom all their shortlived views must terminate.

I am this moment returned from the play and the Chief Objects of my imagination are, Mr. Garrick strutting on the Stage and Lady Coventry ogling in the Stage box. I could not help considering her when she sat in that eminent point of view as a Venus, and the Stage Lights as so many Altars fuming with Incense sacred to her Duty. All that she wanted to make me think her really so was such a young boy as I conceive you to have been at the age of 4 or 5, to supply the place of the little winged Archer, the constant Attendant on the All potent Queen of Love.

Tho' the Dutchess has not so commanding a mien nor so quick an eye as the Countess, yet she has such a sweetness of look, such an agreeable Innocence and Modesty which diffuses thro' her whole frame, that she looks more divine than Human. But you see her just now at a vast disadvantage. Heavens! had you seen her as I have done in all her Virgin bloom, what a sight was there. But now she's married, as well as her sister, and big with child, and marriage and children, my dear Stair, are no Friends to Female Beauty.

Bob Dewar sail'd above 6 weeks ago and I fancy may be in Antigua by this time.

Lee[1] was reckoned by most people a pretty tolerable player. Others again could not bear him, as he was on the same stage with Mr. Garrick and was so servile an Imitator of him. But this so glaring Defect here will pass unperceived in Edin^{r}.

[1] John Lee (d. 1781) went to Edinburgh in 1752 for the purpose of purchasing or managing the Canongate Concert Hall. 'Romeo and Juliet' was played there in the December of that year.—*Dict. of National Biography.*

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO JAMES COUTTS.]

LONDON, 1st *Sep^r.*, 1753.

. . . . . .

MY DEAR JAMIE,

Your not writing to Adam Wood gave me a sensible pain as it was I had made him write to you and had endeavour'd to engage you two in a correspondence which I make no doubt would have been very beneficial to both parties. He is one whom I both love and esteem. I love him for a natural sweetness of temper and warmth of friendship. I esteem him for the excellent qualities of his mind: for judgment, solidity, wit and sense. Indeed he is as worthy and as deserving a lad as I ever knew. You have no doubt heard of Mr. Crammond a man eminent in Business, with whom Adam lived above 2 years. To hear of his failure would no doubt surprise you, as indeed it has done everybody else. Having now given over business he has no more occasion for a clerk, so that Adam is at present out of employment. . . . . .

I observe the hint you give me with regard to our future correspondence and as 'tis extremely just I cannot but approve of it. After this I shall be as grave and as serious as you please, and all my views shall tend to the main point, I mean, our mutual improvement in the knowledge of mercantile affairs. At the same time I can't help observing to you that you won't find a person more to your taste in that respect than our friend Adam Wood. You desire me likewise to give you some acco^t of the island of Guernsey, of its situation, trade &c. I am not vain enough to imagine myself equal to the task of describing people and countries, but lest you sho^d attribute my silence to laziness or forgetfulness, I shall lay the state of it before you to the best of my remembrance.

The island of Guernsey lyes in ye British Channel about 7 Leagues from the French and 30 from the English coast, is about 6 miles long and 20 in Circumference. The face of the country is exceeding beautiful. The gentle^n of the town

rode all over the country with me, and pointed out some of the richest spots, and shewed me their finest views from some very high rocks on the sea side. Their grass or pasturage is extremely good and very fat'ning, so that their cows and butter beat all the world, the flesh being extremely delicate and the butter naturally as yellow as gould. People of taste and curiosity bring over their cows into England and esteem them preferable to all others. The country is all cultivated to the utmost tho' I think it abounds (like Jersey) more in orchard and meadow than in corn ground. The people are very hospitable and kind to strangers, extreamly religious, active and laborious, and make excellent sailors. They are vastly well situated for trade, have got an excellent harbour surrounded with stone piers and able to receive a great number of ships either merchantmen or men of war. About half a mile from the mouth of the pier there stands a large strong castle, in which are some companies of Invalids and a great number of cannon for the defence of the place. St. Peters, the chief town, lyes just by the Harbour and is situated on the side of a very steep hill. The houses being all pretty high and built of stone quite close to one another, together with the steep winding streets, put one vastly in mind of Edin^{r}. This town contains about 6000 inhabitants, who are ye best and richest part of the island: I make no doubt but you 'll be surprised when I tell you that a merchant there will give his daughter 5, 6, 8 nay 10 thousand pound to her fortune: but perhaps you may imagine from this that the ladies stand in need of it to set them off, which I assure you is far from being the case as they are for the most part excessively handsome and seldom or never crooked which is too frequently the case with our English nymphs. The chief trade of the island consists in wines, brandy &c. with the former of which they supply the merchants, but most of the latter I believe they dispose of among the West Country Smugglers. There are an incredible number of vaults and magazines all about the town and a vast quantity of clarets, ports and other wines sent there by different merchants of which Mr Stewart has a very considerable share. This must

no doubt be of vast advantage to the island, as (to use their own words) every pipe of wine that is first imported and then exported from the island leaves two guineas behind it, and this will appear to be a very moderate computation if we consider the charges of loading, unloading, racking, vault rent, and cooperage: the advantages of carrying on the wine trade from this island are very great, not to mention how much it adds to a merchant's reputation to have a great assortment there. In the first place labour is much cheaper there than in London. Vaults are easier to be got and for the most part better. A merchant may buy his wines immediately from the wine countries and let them lay there and ripen, by which he saves the interest on the duty and interest on leakage which he would lose by importing them to London directly and letting them lay some years till fit for use.

[ARCHIBALD STEWART TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 11th *July*, 1754.

Dr CALEB,

I am favoured with yours of the 7th Curt and I am much obliged to you for standing proxy for me, at the Baptism of young Barbe, to whom I have the honour to be God Father; and if I have the good fortune to live so long, I shall make good the engagements you came under in my name. There's an immediat duty to be performed by Godfathers, which I hope you have informed yourself of, and discharged, such as presents to the church, Midwife, &c. These I should have inclined to have had done in the handsomest Manner, and if anything has been neglected that way, pray let it be made up. Young Mr John Barbe took the trouble to lay out the money for me last time, and make up the note of it. I must ask he'll do me that favour this, and when I know what it is, I'll send you over the money, or place it to the credit of your acct here.

I am glad you seem so happy in your present situation. I take it for granted, you are in love with your business so long as you are in love with your situation, for if you were Idle, Mr Barbe would not appear so good a man to you.

You are to have Mr Kenneth, and Mr Rowles over soon.

Then I shall see how far you're a man of address, by the Business they do with you, for 'tis by an insinuating obliging behaviour, and not by an indiscreet importunity that Customers are gained; for you must find the way to the heart and head of a man of sense, before you get at his purse. One thing I must caution you against, which is, that when Mr Barbe and you are in the cellar at the same time, you will allow him to direct who is to speak to the person you are to deal with, for if you both speak, you may chance to differ, which will have a very bad effect. If he desire you to do it, concert with him first, what you are to say, that you may strengthen what one another has said, when spoke to differently.

I think Willy Burnet used to write in french by the time he had been so long at Boulogne as you have been. I shall expect such a letter from you soon. I hope that Lad goes on to do as well as ever.

I am to be over at Boulogne sometime next month, and as I have your doing well much at heart, you 'll oblige me much if you 'l write me a honest Journal of your life, from the time you receive this, how all your hours are employed from six in the morning the time I presume you rise, till ten that you go to bed, and I won't think there's any thing wrong, in seeing some hours there, every day, in company with french Ladies, tho' I should be sorry to find many trifled away with the English, tho' not so much so, as to find there was anything conceal'd. I don't propose this as a thing to be continued but only to see how you spend one month that you are resolved to spend well. I am, Dr Caleb,

Your sincere friend
and most Hum. Servt
ARCH^D^ STEWART.

[THOMAS BROWN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 20 *Sept^r^*., 1754.

DEAR CALEB,

I am much obliged to you for your agreeable favour of the 9th and it is very kind of you to give me so particular

an account of your Jaunt. I long much for the Sequel. I think what with the Cure's Sisters and Musick you must have been very happy, and had a great Share of Mirth. I admire the furniture of the inside of your French Bastide I was surprised with the Dra[t] of your Bridge at first view on opening your letter, but it seems really a curious one, and you may believe I was no less so on opening a large pacquet from honest Burnet, when the first thing that presented itself was *A double Cross Stick on Dulcinea of Toboso.* From the Specimens he has sent me I can easily see what Improvement he has made since he left this. When you say he is now at work with what *he calls* a Satire you put me in mind of the Story of the painter who wrote under, this is a Cock. He very humourously apologises for his silence owing to 'continual racking,' &c. I think there still appears the greatest Goodness of heart in that Boy, and I daresay he will turn out well.

Bell is here just now, and sets out for the Island next week. He seems to have a good deal of the Air of Independency about him. I cou'd have told you of Watson's going to Boulogne, but I liked better that you shou'd be surprised. Pray, had he a bag wig? I saw him the other day with a monstrous bushy Scratch curling up about his Hat, so I take it that he is much improved by his Travels into Foreign parts. We expect young B[1]: over. Pray give me some Acc[t] of him, for I am told he is a Curiosity. I shou'd have liked much to have overheard Steil's acco[t] of Affairs. A Story loses nothing by his telling it. Had Paxton been giving you an Acc[t] of J: Sin[2]: it wou'd have been the same only he wou'd have left out the two last words. There is no love lost betwixt them. Jamie's elder Brother and Heir apparent is here just now. You would be much puzzled what to make of him. M[r] A: S[3]: proposes to make Jamie his Governor. I assure you he has contracted a good deal of the Dutch Gravity. Sir Ja[s] C: is here every day at B: D and S:

[1] John Barbe.
[2] James Sinclair, son of Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenson. His elder brother John succeeded his father in 1754.
[3] Archibald Stewart.

and one of the most regular sober men you ever saw, up at six in the morning, brings in Eels and Fruit to Mad^{m} and is a great favourite. Did you ever hear that Paxton cou'd not eat Eels? One night when A: S: was at Boulogne, having for frequent misdemeanors, been condemned to every night at supper, he made his Appearance, in a mortal condition. To finish him I had just before made him pour down two pots, and knew his only safety consisted in his silence; therefore warned him and he promised. Sir Ja^{s} spoke of French Dishes, Eels, &c. Paxton forgot himself and called out *Be God damme I'd as sune eat a Tewrd as an Eel.* Mad^{m} stared, taxed him, as soon as she cou'd be heard from the Roar all about the Table, with being drunk. He swore as usual that he had not drunk a Drop but that these damm'd Eels always put him in a passion. Next day A: S: returned and was witness to P's eating very heartily of a boiled Eel. I leave you guess what Fun all this produced. I have a Copy of some verses to send you which I think tolerably pretty but cannot now lay my hand on them. You shall have them in my next. Meriton will deliver you the Stick @ 3/6. Your Buttons, and Breeches ——. I am hurried out and have only time to add, God bless you.

T. B.

[JAMES SINCLAIR TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 11th *Decem^{r}*., 1755.

DEAR CALEB,

I have often heard that when a man is impeached for a crime he is sensible he has committed, the way to come best off with the Judge is at once to plead guilty. This is my case. At parting I must confess, I promised most faithfully to write, but have so long differed putting my promise in execution, that like an obdurate sinner I was tempted to persevere in what I disaproved of rather than allow myself to be in the wrong, and indeavour to make you amends; in short few post nights have passed but I was resolved to write my friend Caleb, and always something occurred that diverted my attention to another object. I found all here much in the

same situation as I left them, only Mr Stewart's family a good deal disconcerted at the prospect of our friend Brown's departure, which has at last op'ned their Eyes and made them sensible how much they'll be at a loss to supplie his place. I suppose he has mentioned to you the proposal made to him about Guernsey, which tho' he has no mind to accept of, it is a mark how desirous they are to retain him in their service.

With regard to my own affairs, everything here was not quite settled to my satisfaction. I found there was no returns come over from Sir Peter Halkett's Regiment, so consequently can have no further security of my Commission being inserted in their Muster Rolls, than Sir John St. Clair's Letter. Notwithstanding of this my friends here gave it as their Opinion I should still go over to America, so I have agreed for my passage in a ship bound for New England, and I reckon upon Monday or Tuesday next will bid farewell to Great Britain.

Mr Brown was in hopes to have seen you here before his departure, but I imagin won't now as he this day received a Letter from Capt Gordon desiring him down to Portsmouth as soon as possible, so I imagine he 'll leave this in about ten days at furthest.

I this day got from Mr Brown a pair of Spatterdashes and two books upon fortification, and for which I return you a great many thanks. Adieu, mon cher Caleb, que le bon Dieu vous comble de bonheur et de prosperité est sincerement souhité par celui qui sera toujours avec plus grande sincerité

Votre ami le plus affectionné
Et tres humble serviteur
JAS. SINCLAIR.

Mr. Caleb Whitefoord at
Allan Whitefoord's Esqr., Argyle Square, Edinburgh.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO THOMAS BROWN.]

LISBON, 14th *August*, 1756.

DEAR TOM,

I am now landed, I wish I could say on *terra firma*. The shocks still continue and though they are slight in comparison of some former ones, yet they serve to keep the people in continual terror. At the full of the moon is the time when

they expect the greatest shocks, and we (being in luck) arriv'd just about that period; accordingly there was a shock in the night as they told me, but I either did not feel it, or imagin'd I was still rowling on board the ship. 'Twill be a great many years before this place can recover the late disaster. Most of the houses are either burnt, shatter'd or thrown down, and that in which I now write stands like a lame beggar, propt upon crutches. They are now clearing the rubbish from the principal streets, but with regard to the churches, 'tis *noli me tangere*: they must be very cautious how they handle them. You must know that the great Earthquake happen'd on a holiday, All Saints' day, when all the churches were crowded, and one of them call'd the Church of the Trinity is supposed to have crush'd under the ruins at least 7 or 800 people. When you approach it, your nose is saluted with a very offensive smell, so I leave you to judge what would be the consequence if all these bodies were to be uncover'd. The few houses hereabouts, which the Earthquake left standing, are not sufficient to accommodate one fifth of the inhabitants. The rest live in little hutts and tents which they have patch'd up in the fields. The merchants are all huddled together, half a dozen of 'em perhaps under the same roof, and a house which formerly held a family of 7 or 8 is now like an hospital and contains perhaps 30. There's no exchange here for the merch^{ts} to meet in: they do all their business in the street, or in a little dirty coffee-house at Beleir. The weather is extremely hot, and would scarcely be supportable if it were not for some cooling breezes from the north. The sky is always serene and the evenings delightful. The country indeed is not so fine as I expected; at present the ground seems to be parch'd and barren, but in the spring the time of verdure I suppose it must have a much better appearance. During whole months here they sometimes have not a single shower, not as in Falmo', which may well be call'd ye Devil's Pisspot, for we had not one fair day during all the time we stay'd there. The lower sort of people are a most wretched lousy set, and one third of them at least are black. They are extremely lazy (which perhaps is the effect of the climate)

and are quite eat up with vermin. You may observe them lousing y^ms^ in the streets and may suppose that one can't walk about without being fasten'd upon by some of these bloodsuckers. The gnats too are very troublesome. One of 'em stung me just now and caused me make that scrape w^t^ ye pen which you see in the line above.

They call persons allways by their Christian name here. They would not say Don Brown but Don Thomas, Don John &c. A pox on my Jhewish name. I don't know what they'll call me, for I believe there never was a Don Caleb in the kingdom before.

I have got acquainted w^t^ several of the merch^ts^ here, which may be useful to me afterwards. I have wrote the York Buildings family [1] that I intend to stay here a week longer to look about me, after which (if spotted fever does not prevent) I shall set out for Oporto. I shall advise you some time after my arrival there how I find matters. Don't forget to write me often, and let me know the success of my Lottery ticket; 'tis in the Letter Case which I delivered to you.

I send this by one Mr J^n^ Surgeon of the Rhoda E. Ind^n^. I have known him but a few days, but he seems to be a very sensible honest fellow and worthy of your acquaintance.

I ever am Dr Tom Yours most affection^ly^

C. W.

I had almost forgot to tell you that we had a very fine passage having been only 6 days betwixt Falmo: and this place.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO STAIR.]

[Lisbon, 1756.]

. . . . . .

In short this is without a quibble, a most *shocking* place: yet in spite of the repeated shocks matrimony goes on very fast. I believe there have been as many marriages within these few days, as would cause an earthquake.

The Portuguese allways wear very wide great coats, which they wrap about them and throw over y^r^ shoulders: in

[1] Archibald Stewart.

winter they say it keeps out the cold, in summer it keeps out the heat, and at *all times* hides the dirt. The king here is quite despotick, and is master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects. He is, if I may trust common report, a very weak man, minds nothing but hunting and leaves the care of the state to his prime minister Mr C. who rules with unbounded sway. Tho' the laws against smuggling are vastly severe, yet very few seizures are made. The reason I suppose is that all the seizure goes to the Crown or ye contractors for the Crown, and no part thereof to the custom house officers, for which reason they find it to be more to their advantage to take a small piece of money and allow people to run their things ashore, than to seize them and get nothing at all but much trouble and perhaps broken bones.

As the weather is extremely hot so the seasons are very early. They get in their Harvest in the end of June, and have two crops of Barley, Pease &c., or one of Barley and another of India corn. The wheat is naturally late as in other countries: with regard to the earthquakes, some of their priests made the Common people believe that one of their saints had foretold there would be no more: however the saint was much mistaken for in a few days after there was a very great shock. The priests at last told them, that the Virgin Mary had actually applied to Jesus Christ to obtain a cessation from the shocks, but as he seem'd a little backward in granting her request, that she had scolded him heartily, and made use of the authority of a mother, in order to bring him to compliance.

Since writing to you I have visited the ruins, and can venture to assure you (in spite of what has been publish'd to the contrary) that there are not three houses left entire in all the city of Lisbon. In the suburbs indeed there are a few standing, but they are so rent and shatter'd as not to be habitable. Never was seen or I believe ever heard of so universal a ruin; what escaped the earthquake was consumed by fire and this in the very heart of the City, in ye centre of trade; and so far were the Merchants from saving their effects, that most of them lost their books and papers. As

the houses were not ornamented with pillars of the different orders of architecture, the ruins don't afford such fine views as Palmyra and other cities which have shared the same fate. Yet some of the Churches, in their present situation, are extremely picturesque. I have the good fortune to be in the same house with a merchant here, a man of genius and one who has obliged the world with several pieces both in verse and prose. This gentleman was so good as to conduct me thro' the ruins, and point out everything that was most remarkable. No one can have a just idea of the present state of this city without examining it very narrowly: I believe we walked above 10 miles amongst the ruins, a scene of horror indeed, but I could not help indulging my curiosity as much as possible: the streets which had not been clear'd were fill'd up with rubbish, in most places about 2 stories high, by which means many of the buildings were level with the earth, except here and there a chimney or the corner stones of a house which hung nodding over the heads of the passengers; here you might observe the skull of some person who had been burnt, in another place you might see a bit of stuff perhaps part of the cloaths of one buried alive under the ruins; there you might observe a piece of harness probably belonging to the equipage of some who had been crush'd in their carriages in driving along the streets: Good God, how uncertain is human grandeur! This city in the morning was one of the richest and gayest in the world, the capital of this kingdom, the receptacle of half the wealth of the Indies, abounding with inhabitants, who had grand houses, fine apartments, gaudy equipages, and in short all the luxuries of life, but in a few hours alas how chang'd, to what misery are they reduced, they who just now abounded with everything, who wallow'd in luxury, have not a friendly roof to shelter them, not a bit of dry bread to satisfy the cravings of nature. Horror and confusion reign'd everywhere, the men run about quite frantic, one had lost a wife, another his child, a third his brother. The women wander'd up and down pale and fatigu'd, their locks dishevel'd, and scarce as many cloathes as decency required, piercing the air with piteous

cries and expecting every moment that all nature was going to be dissolved. Can anything be imagin'd more dreadful, or need we be surpris'd if they thought that the world was at an end? The streets were crowded with people hurrying they knew not whither, some that were half bury'd in the ruins calling for assistance and none to help them, others crawling about with broken limbs, who had been taken out of the rubbish, the pavements strew'd with dead bodies, numbers of horses mules and other cattle running wild about, some of them lame and others with their eyes burnt out: the people crying and praying in the streets, and laying hold of every priest they met with to hear the confession of their sins.

To complete the misfortunes of a great number of the inhabitants an epidemical distemper or spotted fever which raged a long while with great violence, but is now somewhat abated. The air from being clear and serene became dark; clouds of mingled dust and smoke almost blinded them, and ever and anon a fresh shock served to increase their terror.

[WILLIAM BURNET TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, *March* 1, 1757.

D^r^ SIR,

I received the inestimable favor (a new way of spelling favour, honour, &c.) of yours of the 10th November last, and would have answered it long 'ere now, but I always deferred writing you, till I could with certainty inform you about Adm^l^ Byng; but I believe I might wait till Doomsday 'ere I could do it, for there has been so many changes and alterations in our M——r's sentiments, that it is impossible to foresee what will at last become of him: I shall give you a brief account of the material facts which have happened during his trial and since.

The Trial lasted upwards of a month, and many betts were laid pro and con; at last (after much debate) the Court Martial condemned him to be shot to death for *Negligence*, but was earnestly recommended to his Majesty's Mercy; Cowardice and Disaffection he was acquitted of; we all expected to hear of his death in a few days after his con-

demnation, but his Majesty referred the case to the House of Commons and there were many warm debates about it, and still are, for they are not come to a resolution; they have granted Mr. Byng a respite till the 8th of this month; so what will become of him God knows.

I observe how narrowly you lighted on your trunk. I certainly should have advised you by post of the Captain's and Ship's names, but inadvertently, and as an Irishman would have done, I imagined the letter wch was inclosed in the Trunk would let you know all particulars.

1.7.5.6 has seen the light long ago, and I designed to have sent you a Copy[1] over by the Oporto fleet, but Harry Foot has always neglected to let me know when it sailed, but you may depend upon it, that by the very next fleet that sails I will send you one, as likewise the Critical Review for that month in which it was published, where you will see how miserably I am mauled by Drs Hill, Smallet, and Armstrong who are the writers of it: But it gives me no great pain for (as you 'll observe) there is not a Book or pamphlet published, they leave *undamned.* There are several additions and amendments, as likewise pieces left out here and there which had any reference to his Majesty: the Description of the Pillory with that of Dulness, have been admired beyond my most sanguine hopes. There has been two Editions of it published, and I believe the Bookseller who published it has gained a pretty sum of money, as I gave it him *Gratis*: I know you will laugh here, and cry, 'Why Burnet, are thy performances of so little value, that nobody chuses to buy them?' Softly, Sir, Softly, let me tell you, I could have had £30 for the manuscript if I had chused to let him know who the Author was. I shall likewise send at same time two or three other pamphlets, if they are worth your perusal and shall send you a letter by the ship which they go by. I have got into such a way of writing in Eight Syllables, that for my life I can't make an Heroick or Alexandrine:

[1] ? *The Age of Dulness: a Satire.* By a natural son of the late Mr. Pope. With a Preface giving an account of his mother, and how he came to the knowledge of his birth. London. 4°. 1757. [*Critical Review*, Jan. 1757, p. 87.]

I have wrote some pieces but they are too long for a letter, therefore must defer sending you a copy of them at present, unless I can find time to write them over when I send you the pamphlets.

I shall take care to forward any Letters which may come for you from Scotland. There is no news stirring, only we impatiently expect some good news from Adm[l] West, who sailed lately with a strong fleet, but nobody except his Superiors know whither he is gone. Adm[l] Holburne will sail soon with another strong fleet for North America, with six regiments besides the two new battalions of Highlanders which are raising at present: Lord Lovat's Son is Coll[l] of one battalion and Major Montgomery is made Coll[l] of the other. Adm[l] Boscawen is likewise preparing to sail with a strong fleet upon some important expedition. You have no doubt heard of the changes of our M——y viz.: of Mr. Pitt's being made Secretary of State and M[r] Elliot one of the Lords of the Admiralty, &c. &c. &c.

M[r] Brown and M[r] Marjoribanks present their Comp[ts] to you, the latter would be glad of a line from you, he is afraid you have forgot him. Our Countryman M[r] Hume the Minister has a new Tragedy called Douglas [1] to be acted at Covent Garden in about a fortnight hence. If it is published before the fleet sails I'll send you a copy of it. There has been two or three new farces played at Drury Lane this season but none of them are very good, the last one called The Author wrote by M[r] Foote is the best, so I will send you a Copy of it. The Character of Cadwallader is an entirely new one, and plays very well upon the stage. Foote himself performs it.

This letter draws to a great length so I will conclude while I think on't, but I beg you'll believe me.

[Signature torn off.]

To M[r] Caleb Whitefoord
at the house of Mess[rs] Dawson and Harris
Merchants in
Oporto.

[1] Home's *Douglas* was produced at Covent Garden in Feb. 1757, when Barry played Young Norval and Peg Woffington Lady Randolph.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO ALLAN WHITEFOORD.]

[OPORTO], 20th *April*, [1757.]

SIR,

I had the honour of writing to you from London and likewise on my arrival at this place since which I have rec^d none of your esteem'd favo^rs. Ever since I have been here I have kept my health but very indifferently, nor do I think I shall ever agree with the country. The fever and flux which I mention'd in my last have given such a shock to my constitution that I am afraid I shan't recover for some time. Besides, another obstacle has occurr'd to prevent my settling here, and which will drive most of the merchants out of the place. The K. of P. has granted a charter to a set of people[1], who have monopolised indeed the whole of it, to form them into a company for carrying on the wine trade. They have the sole privilege of selling to taverners and exporting to Lisbon and the colonies. They have likewise a right of coming into any of the factory or cellars, tasting his wines and of putting any mark they please upon them. If they put a bad mark on them, the merchant can't export them, but must sell them to the Co^y for what they chuse to give, whatever price the merchant has paid not regarded: so that they have it in their power at any time to ruin any man in the factory: the merchants have sent their consul to Court to represent this as an infringement of our rights and privileges, but he is ret^d without being able to obtain any rights. &c.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO A FRIEND.]

[OPORTO, 1757.]

DEAR SIR,

I return you a thousand thanks for your agreeable letter of the 26th ult^o and your kind concern for me. I am now a great deal better and by the means of a few more

[1] The Oporto Company was created in 1755. [Bonnassieux, *Les Grandes Compagnies de Commerce*, p. 461.]

nauseous hope to be restored to health and to society. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are well. Indeed 'tis no wonder that you sho[d] be so low in spirits, considering the tender charge you have of so dear a brother, but I dread to ask any questions about him. The counsel has given us his character, which is so amiable that everyone here is interested in his safety. Yet alas! what avails it, that every bosom pants for his recovery, if Providence has decreed his doom? Perhaps at this instant he breathes no more. If so, I hope he is happy, and that you will be enabled to bear with patience so great and so affecting a loss.

I am glad to find that we shall once more have the pleasure of your company. 'Twill be some consolation to us in our present distress, as two of our best and most entertaining members are unluckily confined to their beds, viz., the Consul and Arboyne, the former with a kick he rec[d] from my horse and the latter of an intermitting fever. You must know that the consul and Capt. Logie with several ladies and other gentlemen had made a party to go to Spiritu Santo on Sunday Se'enight. Accordingly we set out in the morning in as high spirits as agreable company and chearful weather could inspire; in short, everyone promis'd himself a happy day. But alas! How are all our enjoyments checquer'd with cross events. We had not got half way when the following accident turn'd all our mirth to sadness. The consul's horse (who by way of parenthesis is somewhat vicious) attempted to bite mine. My horse was so affronted at this that he wheel'd about and return'd the compliment with his heels. One of the blows fell on the Consul's leg and we all as well as himself imagin'd it was broke, but luckily it was on the hind part just under the calf, so that I hope it will be attended with no worse consequences than some weeks confinement. You may judge how much we were all concern'd at the accident, and I in particular who had the most reason to be so. The Consul behaved with great spirit, and tho' in excessive pain, could not help indulging that vein of humour which is so natural to him. However he was incapable of bearing the motion of a horse so that a chair was sent for which convey'd

him to town where he was immediately bled to prevent a fever.

Poor Arboyne's case is an intermitting fever which he has labour'd under for some time and is now given over by —— himself. He has been reduced to his last prayers, which he has utter'd in all the different languages he is master of, for fear (as some waggish person said) lest G—d Al—m—y should not understand him. But after all I hope he will recover, 'tis pity that so drole and so entertaining a fellow sho[d] die: there are no letters for you except the inclosed from Stafford. Honest Joe has received your last, he does not write tonight but begs his compliments. The post only leaves me time to add that I am &c.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO THOMAS BROWN.]

[OPORTO, 1757.]

DEAR TOM,

I rec[d] your last about 6 weeks ago since which time I have been extremely ill, and indeed don't think I shall ever agree with this country. It must be a long while before my constitution can get the better of the fever and flux I had at Coimbra, which had like to have carried me out of y[e] world. Besides the climate is so very hot, that the reflection of the sun from this parch'd sandy soil has almost blinded me. I observe with pleasure that you are now upon the point of opening into trade and that your good friend the Cap[t] is coming to town to settle you. I hope you'll let me know the moment you begin, as likewise what answer you receive from M[r] Allan Whitefoord.

I bewail the unfortunate ticket but can't say I was much disappointed. Your conversation with the old gentleman pleased me greatly: I hope his eyes are now open'd; nobody was so capable of clearing up matters to him as you: I dare-say he wo[d] be surprised, and hope it may set some people to rights in his opinion: By his asking you if you had any partner in view I suppose he imagin'd I was the person. Is it not very strange that M[r] Stewart has never wrote me

once since my departure, tho' I have epistolised him several times?

I told you in my last that I sho[d] write something to J[ames] S[inclair] to amuse him. The foll[g] incident furnish'd me with materials for it. You must know Sir that there is a new trading company formed here, but they are ret[d] without being able to obtain any redress. As the factory have bo[t] no wines the people in the wine country are starving. The taverners in this city are in the same situation, which has occasion'd a mob to rise ag[st] the Company; but this (instead of being attended with any good effects) has occasion'd our being loaded wth a number of troops both horse and foot who are all quarter'd in the town, so that it seems as if the Court was determin'd to support this new Company. However disagreeable it is to the country corn is very scarce here at present, but these wise people have publish'd an edict forbidding the price to be rais'd so that in all probability they must starve, for nobody will import under their restrictions.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO SIR ARCHER CROFT[1].]

DEAR SIR,

I hope this will find you safe arrived in the Land of Liberty, thrice happy Isle, where there are no Joam D'Almadas to disarm you nor Disembargadors to confine you within the narrow Limits of y[e] Town walls. No more you 'll walk along the dirty shore, nor view from Porta Nova the mansion of your Favourite Sheep. No more you'll mount to Rosa's curs'd Abode, nor saunter all y[e] morning hours on 'Change. No more on Monday nights you'll grace our meetings, and tell the Virtues of the Portuguese. No we shall never see you here again, you went away wth too bad an opinion of the place ever to return: yet to do it Justice, there are a few here who have a Relish for Society, and con-

[1] The son of Sir Archer Croft, M.P. for Leominster; married (April 24, 1759) Elizabeth Charlotta, second daughter and co-heir of Ashley Cowper, Esq., by whom he had three daughters. He died without male issue on Nov. 30, 1792, when he was succeeded by his brother John.

tribute to make our Time pass agreeably. These Few ('tis needless to name 'em) all mourn your Absence and wish your Return: As for myself I don't believe I shall remain here many months longer, but may probably see London before Winter comes on.

Things are much in the same situation as when you left us. Whist still flourishes, only the Scene is chang'd to Mazarello's. The Roads are still guarded, and they are every day seizing some unhappy wretch, of whom they once a week make a long Procession thro' the Streets, which as you have seen I need not describe. The Castle is quite full of Prisoners, and the young Judge goes down now and then to review 'em. He and the Consul are grown vastly intimate. A few days ago they went on board of the English 20 Ship that lays off the Barr and dined there. I believe they sacrificed pretty largely to ye God Bacchus, for the Judge was sent reeling home. Was not this a bold stroke? The people here could scarce believe their Eyes: but they are vastly changed of late; from an insolent noisy crew, they have been dragoon'd into ye most abject wretches that you can conceive, but I don't pity 'em, they richly deserv'd it.

About 3 weeks ago Miss Harriet was join'd in Holy Wedlock to Mr Croft. Immediately after ye Ceremony was perform'd they retired to his Quinta at Agoas Santas where they amused themselves for a fortnight, and are now return'd to Town to receive the compliments of ye Season. Your Friend Stafford is at last arriv'd at Biddeford and he says he did not receive any of ye Letters that we wrote him while in France. I don't find that any have come for you since your departure otherwise I sho^d^ have forwarded them.

Several of your old Acquaintances often ask me about you, and I am asham'd to tell them I know nothing of your motions: Do dear Sr Archer write me sometimes, it will be some Comfort in this remote Corner to hear from you, who are at ye Fountain head of Intelligence. I beg you'll believe me to be with great sincerity

Your most obedient servant,

C. W.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO STAFFORD.]

DEAR STAFTY,

I sent a long Epistle after thee to France, which I am sorry to hear thou never didst receive. It contain'd a number of curious particulars, which now I don't recollect, so they alas! must die in oblivion, and thou, O Stafty, live uninform'd. But here let me congratulate thee on the Recovery of thy Liberty and return into the Land of Freedom. . . . I am at present all in Heroicks. I have been just now composing an Epithalamion on the marriage of the lovely Harriet: What married? (sayst thou) yes. Thursday's sun was witness to the Deed, and trust me a fairer never rose. The Heavens wore a gayer face than usual, and seem'd as if they smiled upon their Nuptials. Soon as the Priest had mutter'd o'er the Rites, we left the noisy Town and sought the shade. (On horseback we, the Ladies in a Litter.) We reach'd ye cool Retreat of Agoas Santas whilst yet the Day was young, and there at night we left the happy pair, to taste those Joys, which Lovers only know. But I suppose thou hast already enough of Heroicks, therefore we shall now descend to humble Prose. Had I not taken my Leave of Heroicks, I shou'd now lament in doleful Strains the untimely Fate of poor Lyon, who lately died a violent Death. You must know that Mr Dawson, from several Symptoms suspected him of Madness, and so without my knowledge gave private orders for his Suffocation, but whether his Vital Breath was stop'd by Water or the Twisted Noose, alas I know not: If he had not been cut off thus in the flower of youth he might have proved a faithful dog, but Fate had otherwise ordain'd, and We must submitt. But enough of ye Dead, proceed we now to our living things. Our Horse, by the great Skill and constant Attendance of Dr Rock and my man Francis is at last recover'd from all his Distemper and is now in very good case. I have not been able to hear of a purchaser for him, indeed if I imagin'd you would be as soon over as I wish you I sho^d^ not sell him at all. I beg you 'll acquaint me with your motions as soon as possible. You have the esteem of

everyone here whom you w^d^ wish to please so that your Return will be very agreeable to the better part of ye Factors. As for my own part I shan't stay many months longer but may probably see London this winter, so pray write me on the first opportunity. Things continue much in the same Situation as when you left us. The Town is very dull at pres^t^ as most People are gone to their Quintas: We have a large fleet consisting of near 50 ships will sail in a few Days and carries 10 or 1200 Pipes. I shall take that opportunity of writing you and send the only Letter which has come for you since your Departure, and shall likewise inclose the verses on Mrs Croft's Marriage, if you are curious to see them. Adieu Dear Stafford believe me always

Your's most Affectionately.

I suppose you know your Fr^d^ Sr Archer [is] in England, his Direction is in Kensington Square.

[JAMES MUNDELL[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

EDIN^r^, *April* 19, 1763.

D^r^ SIR,

My Son Robert, and only Child, waits on you with this, a Trouble which, I hope, you'll forgive. The handsome manner in which you acquitted yourself, when I had the pleasure of you for a pupil, recommended you so strongly to my Affection, that, so far from being effaced by time, it is still as fresh for you, as the day you left me. This is not the language of Flattery, but of Truth and Sincerity.

Robie, the Bearer, inclines much to go into the Army, and tho' he has lost some Time, yet, as he declares, he wou'd be happier in that, than any other way of Life, I comply with his Inclinations.

[1] Mundell was one of the most distinguished teachers in Edinburgh from about 1740 to 1760. After his death several of his former scholars—amongst whom were the Earl of Buchan, Lord Hermand, Lord Polkemmet, Lord Balmuto, Dr. Andrew Hunter and Caleb Whitefoord, founded a club in memory of him. The members dined together at stated periods, and at those meetings each one was addressed by the *soubriquet* which he bore when one of the 'schule laddies.' [*Kay's Portraits*, i. 298.]

By this Time, My Dr Sir, you probably understand that I wou'd presume, to solicit your Interest to procure him a Commission. We wou'd have it, if possible, in an old Regiment. If that cannot be got, in any other. This favour will receive additional Merit, if soon procured, as the young man cannot well bear more loss of Time.

I own, Dr Sir, I have no Claim on you, further than your Goodness permits; but flatter myself, that the Generosity of your Nature will prompt you, to do an important good office to the Son of your old Master, which he and I will ever be thankful for, tho' unable to requite.

A few days ago, having the Pleasure to sup with your Friend, Mr. Allan Whitefoord, He told me, 'That he was sure you wou'd do any good Office to my Son, that was in your Power.' My Finances don't enable me both to buy a Commission, and advance money to get Robie Rank afterwards. If he can get a Commission without money, I wou'd incline to advance a little to bring him up.

If you will be so good, Dr Sir, as exert yourself to answer the intention of this Letter effectually, you will lay me under an Obligation, greater than I can express.

I beg pardon for this trouble, and am with great Respect, My Dear Sir,

Your most ob^t^
and most humble Ser^t^
JA: MUNDELL.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

PHILAD^A^, *Dec.* 9, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your kind Congratulations on my Son's Promotion and Marriage[1]. If he makes a good Governor and a good Husband (as I hope he will, for I know he has good Principles and good Dispositions) those Events will both of them give me continual Pleasure.

[1] William Franklin was appointed Governor of New Jersey in August, 1762, and married Miss Downes on Sept. 5, 1762.

The Taking of the Havanah, on which I congratulate you, is a Conquest of the greatest Importance, and will doubtless contribute a due Share of Weight in procuring us reasonable Terms of Peace;—if John Bull does not get drunk with Victory, double his Fists, and bid all the World kiss his A—e; till he provokes them to drub him again into his senses.—It has been however the dearest Conquest by far that we have purchas'd this War, when we consider the terrible Havock made by Sickness in that brave Army of Veterans,—now almost totally ruined!

I thank you for the humorous and sensible Print you sent me, which afforded me and several of my Friends great Pleasure. The Piece from your own Pencil is acknowledg'd to bear a strong and striking Likeness; but it is otherwise such a Picture of your Friend as Dr. Smith would have drawn, *black and all black*[1]. I think you will hardly understand this Remark, but your Neighbour good Mrs. Stevenson[2], can explain it.

Painting has yet scarce made her Appearance among us; but her Sister Art, Poetry, has some Votaries. I send you a few Blossoms of American Verse, the Lispings of our young Muses; which I hope your Motherly Critics will treat with some Indulgence.

I shall never touch the Sweet Strings of the British Harp without remembering my British Friends, and particularly the kind Giver of the Instrument, who has my best Wishes of Happiness—for himself,—and for his Wife and his Children, against it shall please God to send him any.

I am, Dear Sir, with the sincerest Esteem
Your most obedient and most humble Servant
B. FRANKLIN.

My Complim[ts] to Count Brown. Will is not yet arriv'd. Perhaps he winters once more in your happy Island!

[1] Cf. 'That famous horse *Othello* alias Black and all Black.' [*New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1784, v. 269.]

[2] Mrs. Stevenson lived in Craven Street. Dr. Franklin lodged with her on his visit to England in 1757. Her daughter Mary, to whom many of Dr. Franklin's letters are addressed, married William Hewson, the famous surgeon and anatomist.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO KNIGHT.]

LONDON, 15 *Febr*^{y}, 1766.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I receiv'd your kind Epistle of 27th ult^{o}. 'Tis very flattering to me to hear that my Performances have met with so favourable a Reception in the Athens of Britain, and the commendations of so near a Friend as yourself are particularly pleasing. Had I known that you lik'd to amuse yourself with laughing at the Politicks of the Times, I shou'd have sent you occasionally every remarkable Piece that appear'd.

What first engag'd *me* in political Controversy, was a desire of undeceiving the Publick, as to the notion which prevail'd two years ago, that most places of Trust and Profit in England were engross'd by Scotchmen. This Assertion, false and absurd as it was, had been frequently repeated by the North Briton and Monitor; and as nobody took the pains to confute it, every John Bull in the kingdom believed it as firmly as his Creed. I undertook to combat this Opinion, in a series of Letters sign'd Philo-Veritas, and with the Assistance of the Court Calendar, (a Book universally read and studied here), had the satisfaction of proving that there was not a Scotchman possess'd of a Place at any one of the Boards in England, and that Mr. North Briton and Mr. Monitor were a couple of the most infamous Lyars and Incendiaries that ever disgrac'd the Liberty of the Press and impos'd on the credulity of the Publick.

Whenever any change of Ministry happen'd, and the Party Writers on both sides began the Work of *serious* abuse, I have always endeavour'd to make such changes a matter of *Laughter* than of serious concern to the People, by turning them into horse Races, Ship News, &c., and these Pieces have generally succeeded beyond my most sanguine Expectations, altho' they were not season'd with private Scandal or personal Abuse, of which our good Neighbours of South Britain are realy too fond. Thus much of my political Conduct I have thought it necessary to recount as We had

got upon the Subject, and now let us proceed to Buzzyness as our Friend the Count expresses it. * * * * * *

[JAMES HUNTER[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

EDR, 14 *July*, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I have behaved in so ungenteel a manner in not replying to your letter of the 16th Jany, that now I blush (you know I my addicted to blushing) even at the distance of 400 miles, when I confess to you that I received it. The lucubrations of Jacobina Henriques, and those of the admirer of Shakespear, received not only from me, but from those of far superior judgement, all that great applause, which their ingenuity and fancy so justly called for. If our newspapers more frequently contained such dissertations I shod more frequently peruse them; but how seldom do we meet with an author of such singular and engaging merit.

Mr Beattie, professor at Aberdeen, has lately published, at Johnston's at Ludgate hill, a volume of Poems. His humble birth and unambitious disposition is adorned with an elevated genius, and dignity of mind. I beseech you to read his publication, and if you discover it to be deserving of your approbation, I am hopeful that you will do him the service, and me the favour, to recommend him to the attention of the circle of your poetical freinds. Sir William Forbes[2] and Mr Arbuthnot[3], (both of them intimates of the author's, do most sincerely second my request, with the addition of their best Compts. I offer mine to good Mr Brown, and all that I have further to say is, that if you do not already, you may hereafter believe me to be, Dr Sr,

Your freind and mo. obt servt

JAMES HUNTER.

My best compts to Mr T. Coutts. I just now am happy to hear he has got a son.

[1] Afterwards Sir James Hunter Blair, banker and M.P. for Edinburgh, d. 1787.
[2] One of Hunter's partners and author of *An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie*, &c., d. 1806.
[3] Robert Arbuthnot, d. 1803.

[JOHN MACKENZIE TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, EDR, 11 *Augt*, 1769.

It is hard to say from so very general and short acquaintance as I had the pleasure to form with you whether you will be most surpriz'd with the Subscription or Subject of this Epistle. Yet I take courage to address you from that Generosity of mind which commonly attends those who have the Happy taste of Letters mixt with good humour.

The case in short is this. A young friend, not above 22 years old, who is a Scholar, and tho' following a practicall Employment for bread diverts himself much both with the Latin and English poets, has in his Leisure hours try'd his hand on composing a Tragedy and taken the famous Roman Story of Virginius's Stabbing his Daughter for his subject, with which you are probably far better acquainted than I. Most accidentally the performance fell into my hands, but as blind men are ill Judges of Colours and few attorneys Learn'd beyond title pages, tho' I read it with some satisfaction, I had not skill sufficient to determine in myself whether or not it has merits for publick attention. I ventured on a few observations and call'd on the author to answer them, which he did in the inclos'd paper. His modesty wanted much to stifle the whole as a rash Lusus Ingenii, never meant for more than his own amusement, which I would not allow, till it should be shown to some proper Judge and Insisted that he should consign it to me and it struck me at the same time that I would transmitt the performance to you who I know by character well Qualified to distinguish good from bad in matters which depend on Taste, Genius and precision. Will you then be so obliging as it accompanys this letter to bestow an hour upon it . . . I am with Esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient servt

JO: MACKENZIE.

[B. KEITH[1] TO MESSRS. BROWN AND WHITEFOORD.]

PORTSMOUTH, *Sep^r* 13th, 1769.

MY DEAR TOM AND CALEB,

I have but time to say I am in perfect health. We arriv'd last night. I long much to see you, my boys. I hope to be paid off here. Cheap sent me a pipe of Madeira to use if I wanted it, if not to make it over to you. As I have no use for it you may have it if you chuse it, but write directly what I am to do with it in case I shou'd be order'd from this port. I have some right Jamaica Stingo but you must pay the duty. Give me the news. Comp^ts^ to my Freinds. You know the Post comes here every day.

Yours &c. &c.

B. KEITH.

[T. BRADSHAW TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR WHITEFOORD, *Sept.* 23, 1769.

I send you an account of the Aylesbury meeting[2]. Could not you turn it into ridicule and shew that it consisted principally of boys just come into life and of *new Men* who have just acquired (God knows how) a small property in the County, and not in the least of Men of Great Estates or of old Buckinghamshire families, and as our enemies have disgraced themselves by their transactions in India Stock; I think that ought to be made known to the world, and this crime urged against them. Remember, My dear W., they do not spare us.

I am this moment returning to Brighthelmstone, but at all times

Most sincerely and affect^ly^ y^rs^

T. BRADSHAW.

[1] Captain in the Royal Navy; afterwards Sir Basil Keith, appointed Governor of Jamaica in 1773 in succession to Sir William Trelawny. He died on June 15, 1777. Three years afterwards a cenotaph of marble by Wilton, R.A., was erected in his memory in the church of St. Jago de la Vega, Kingston. His epitaph is given in the *Scots Magazine* (1780), p. 428.

[2] Held probably in connexion with the *Buckinghamshire Petition*, presented Nov. 30, 1769. John Aubrey and Anthony Bacon were at this time the members for Aylesbury.

[J. S. TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR JACK IN THE WATER, [1769?]

Before I go to bed, let me inform you that your sweet scented neighbour has this evening at a meeting of Surrey Justices pulled Mr Ponton by the nose, for saying, that any set of men, who met (as Sir Joseph had said of the supporters of the Bill of Rights) to correct the oppressions of the K——, L——s, and C——s were a very contemptible assembly. And in return, Sir Joseph has received from said Mr Ponton two most damnable hard blows.

Query for Jack in the Water.—Can Sir Joseph, who avowedly possesses a large share of British *Spirit* put up with these blows, or will he *Hoggishly* only grunt. I can only tell you that from my information he went off grunting and talking big about Priviledge of Parliament, but I don't believe this to be true. I suspect my Author to be partial. Adieu!

J. S.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, Saturday noon [1769].

I wrote to Mr. G.[1] no longer ago than on Tuesday last in behalf of Paul[2], and from my endeavours to tickle him by extracting the Character of Falstaff from his Ode and by mentioning him so strongly as the *inimitable* &c., I had some Hopes of succeeding, but as yet 'tis in vain. I have call'd on him Times innumerable.—I call'd on our Friend in Manchester Buildings, on Tuesday se'nnight, but not finding him at home wrote to him and strongly urged the Necessity Paul stood in at present of the Assistance of his Friends. I have not as yet heard, but have no doubt I shall from him. I call'd at Mr Colman's House and at the Theatre on Wednesday but was not in the luck to meet with him.—Paul has praised his Management much and if there is any Gratitude

[1] Garrick. [2] Paul Adams.

left why I must *hope* to see some Speecimen.—I have given such Directions concerning the Time of the Evening Papers being left as will I hope save you the Trouble of saying any more on that Subject. The Draft you will please to observe will require your Endorsement.

Yours &c.

H. S. W.

[TOBIAS SMOLLETT TO CALEB WHITEFOORD [1].]

MY DEAR SIR, MONTE-NERO, *May* 18th, 1770.

You could not have made me a more agreeable Present than the Papers I received by the hands of our good friend Dr Armstrong [2]. Some of the Pieces I had read with great Pleasure in one of your Evening papers; but my Satisfaction is much increased by knowing you are the Author: for, without Flattery, I really think these Fourteen Letters contain more sense, Spirit, Wit and Humour, than all I have as yet seen written on the other side of the question; and I am fully persuaded that if you had two or three Coadjutors of equal Talents, to play to one another's hands, and keep up the Ball of Argument and Ridicule, you would actually at the long run, either shame or laugh the people out of their absurd Infatuation. Your Ideas of Characters and things so exactly tally with mine, that I cannot help flattering myself so far as to imagine I should have expressed my Sentiments in the same manner on the same subjects, had I been disposed to make them public; supposing still that my ability corresponded with my ambition. I hope you will not discontinue your Endeavours to represent Faction and False patriotism in their true Colours, tho' I believe the Ministry little deserves that any man of genius should draw his pen in their Defence. They seem to inherit the absurd Stoicism of Lord Bute, who set himself up as a Pillory to be pelted by all the Blackguards

[1] This letter has been printed in Roscoe's *Smollett*, but it is reprinted here as it belongs to the Whitefoord collection.

[2] John Armstrong, M.D., d. 1779. The MSS. of several essays by Dr. Armstrong are amongst the Whitefoord papers.

of England, upon the supposition that they would grow tired and leave off. I don't find that your Ministers take any pains even to vindicate their moral Characters from the foulest Imputation; and I would never desire a stronger proof of a bad Heart, than a total Disregard of Reputation. A late Nobleman who had been a member of several Administrations, owned to me that one good Writer was of more Importance to the Government, than twenty placemen in the House of Commons. I don't know when I shall have an opportunity of transmitting the papers to Mr Udney[1], neither do I know in what part of Italy he resides. I should have sent them by Dr Armstrong to Rome, had I read your Letter before he set out: but as he stayed at Leghorne only to dine with me, I did not open your Pacquet till he was gone. However, I shall not fail to comply with your Directions as soon as possible. I am at present rusticated on the side of a Mountain that overlooks the sea, in the Neighbourhood of Leghorne, a most romantic and Salutary Situation, where I should be happy in receiving another such mark of your charity and goodwill; and if there is any thing in Tuscany that you desire, I beg you will without Ceremony, put it in my power to oblige you. Pray; who is *old Slyboots*? Is not *Junius* supposed to be *Burke*? What is become of Mrs Macaulay? They say she has been obliged to retire: for what reason I know not. Do pray throw away half an hour in giving me the political Anecdotes of the Times, and direct a Monsr Smollett, chez Monsr Renner Negotiant a Livourne. In the meantime wishing you every Comfort and Consolation that this rascally age affords, I am with great affection and Esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble Servt

T^S^ SMOLLETT.

[1] Robert Udny, F.R.S. and F.S.A., d. in 1802.

[JOHN MACKENZIE TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, EDIN^R, 21 *Aug.* 1770.

You oblig'd me very much by yours of the 16th of Last Month, with your assistant friends, perhaps your own, observations on what I sent you as a tragedy under the name of Virginius. These I communicated to my young friend who owns the justice of them with as much modesty as greater poets usually admitt in defending their own performances. Inclos'd is my freind's Letter of thanks and his Peccavi. He has as Little Conceit as most of them. His practicall profession for Bread is no higher than Clerk to one of our Exchequer attorneys and his age scarce 21. That he has some genius is obvious and that he is a good classical Scholar I have occasion to know from his frequent Detections of my own Ignorance and that he has thumb'd many good books in a rationall not in a monkish way I learn from his conversation. . . . . I am with Esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient Servt

JO: MACKENZIE.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, [1770.]

Not to part with Copies is you know a Fundamental Principle with Printers of News Papers.—YOU are at any Time welcome to view my Collection of MSS. as a Brother Virtuoso—but it must be in my own Hands, as it is not common for Virtuosos to trust a Butterfly, or even a Queen Anne's Farthing out of their Hands.—In short there is more Reason for this Caution than good men are aware of.—And you, I hope, believe I should be as scrupulously careful of the MSS. of any Friend of yours. I fear I must spend my Friday in Westminster Hall, and probably my Friday Night in the King's Bench, as my unfortunate Law Suit continues not only to be troublesome, Expensive and vexatious, but draws to

a very critical Period, as the Coroner is not satisfied with Concessions made, but persecutes me with unrelenting Fury.

Yours most sincerely

H. S. W.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

Wednesday noon, [1770.]

You could not my dear Sir be more sorry than I was vex'd as well as surpriz'd at seeing them in the Public Advertiser. I had Business at Westminster Hall which detain'd me till near Three o'Clock and on opening a Letter containing some excellent Lines in answer I really imagined the Author had mistaken the Paper or omitted to name that in which the Epigram had really appeared; as it was inserted without my knowledge under the supposition that I had seen it.—You will I believe venture to answer for me that it is very far from my Disposition to intentionally give offence to any one; and the suppression of the Letter in answer to one from Italy addressed to Sir J. R.[1] in the P. A. some time since, is surely a Proof that that gentleman would be one of the last. —I am exceedingly sorry for this disagreeable Circumstance, but you may be assured I shall take particular Care that the P. A. shall not be disgraced in future by Lines Letters or Paragraphs in abuse of a Gentleman of his Worth and Abilities. If you have an Opportunity your setting this Matter to Rights will greatly oblige, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely

H. S. WOODFALL.

[JAMES COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MARGATE, Wednesday morning, [1771.]

I have just received yo[r] obliging letter with the accountts of Lady Mary Scott's[2] fate. I call it fate because I am now thoroughly convinced of what I always imagin'd that she

[1] ? Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[2] Lady Mary Hay, eldest daughter of James, Earl of Errol, married (Nov. 6, 1770) Major-General John Scot, of Balcomie.

gave the General her hand by the persuasion of her friends. She might be innocent then, and if so, have they not a great deal to answer for! Sutherland is unfortunate, not to say worse, but the temptation was great. Probably the constant attendant of a beautiful neglected wife, and if ever you saw him you wou'd feell the more for Lady M. I think him one of the handsomest men I ever saw, quite the contrast of the General.

We have here a very fine country for riding and most beautiful sea views. I propose remaining a fortnight longer if I find the bath^{g} &c. agree and you will oblige me much by dropping me a line however short. If the Count is ret^{d} I wish you or he w^{d} make a party w^{t} the Capt. or Jack Moffatt or whom you please so that you do come. We have an excellent sea water Hot Bath wch I am persuaded is good for either of y^{r} complaints and it is most delightfully agreeable. But I will not attempt to describe the Nymphs. Has our worthy friend Mill [1] left any Legacies and to whom. I'm sorry his point of Honor was so extended but it was not unlike the Man. Give my kindest respects to the D^{r}.

I'm almost sorry the Lady is catcht for surely she must still be susceptible of shame or a year has made great changes.

What relation is Sutherland to the Genl?

[James Scott [2] to Caleb Whitefoord.]

Dear Sir, Simonburn, *Oct^{r}* ye 14th, 1771.

You can easily conceive what a Variety of Business I have had upon my Hands since I left London in taking Possession of a Living and a Wife (two things that require a good deal of Attention and Management) and I am sure can as easily forgive me not paying my respects to you, till the Hurry was a little over. I am now quite settled into a muzzy Country

[1] John Mill.

[2] James Scott, D.D., was born at Leeds in 1733. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was appointed Rector of Simonburn, Northumberland, in March, 1771, and married, on May 21 in the same year, Miss Jenny Harmood.

parson, and a humdrum Husband: but I cannot so far forget myself, as not to recall to mind the pleasure I have enjoy'd in your company, and express an earnest desire of cultivating so agreeable an Acquaintance. I should be excessively happy to hear from you now and then; as Parmeno says in Terence 'ubi tu voles, ubi molestum non erit.' I cannot admit a Correspondence without this Restriction; as it is impossible for me in this remote Angle of the world, to repay you with the least entertainment. Indeed a mutuation of Letters between us must be like the Exchange of Belts in Homer, between Diomede and Hector; you must take one of Leather for yours of Embroidery and Gold.

I had a flying Billet some time ago from Mr Gray[1], in his Journey to Scotland: which I answer'd immediately both to his own house, and to the Inn where I expected him to put up at Newcastle upon his Return; the latter was sent me back, and I am much doubtful whether the other ever arrived, as the Posts between this place and Scotland are so confused and indirect. Pray make my excuses to him when you see him next, for not giving him the Meeting as he wished at Newcastle, which was unhappily out of my Power.

I am so far removed here from the scene of action, that I never hear a single Word of Politics: we are all good Politicians in this country. We constantly after Dinner drink the King and his Friends, and despise John Wilkes, and his whole Gang. Pray send me word what the Patriots are doing. I long to be at them again, but I am so happily situated here that I cannot think of launching my little Bark into the troublesome Ocean without being asked, lest I should run foul of an old Proverb, which says, that proffered service stinks.

Everything here in regard to my Living and the Pleasantness of the country far exceeded my hopes: I never saw a more agreeable Situation, and the Value of my Living is at present £985 p^r^ Añ. and it is increasing yearly.

I beg to be remember'd in the best Manner to all the Club at the British, whom I am not without hopes of seeing some

[1] Gray died on July 30, 1771.

time this Winter: particularly give my Compliments to Mr Mayne, to whom I am indebted for many civilities, and for two guineas, which I forgot in the Hurry of removing to pay him before I left London. I dare say he has forgot it and I wish I could too; but it has constantly haunted me like an evil spirit, and I know not at this Distance how to lay it. I beg to be set down amongst the Number of your Friends, being sincerely desirous of approving myself most faithfully y^rs^.

J. SCOTT.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, [1771.]

I am and ever shall be perfectly indifferent concerning the Opinion Blockheads may entertain of me, but I should be very sorry Men of sense should deem me or find me obstinate. I have however my Reasons for not going too much into SMALL-CAPITALLING and ITALICKING in my News, of which more when I see you. I ever thought JUNIUS deserved to be printed in a larger Type than REGULUS, &c. but think You not REGULUS, CINNA, and others of *our* Friends would not have been offended at the Distinction? Have you had any opportunity of speaking to Mess. Managers on what I last wrote. I have had an Opportunity of writing to Mr Garrick and acquainting him that a Remonstrance was on the Anvil.

Yours sincerely
H. S. WOODFALL.

Thank ye for Today's Paragraph; 'twas excellent.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, *June* 23, 1772.

I was not a little pleased to see by Bystander's letter that NO Banker had stopt West of Temple Bar [1].—I am

[1] Messrs. Neale, James, Fordyce & Brown stopped payment on June 10, 1772. Their failure was attributed to Alexander Fordyce, the acting partner, who

heartily concerned for Mess. Adams, and, to tell you the Truth we had a very strong Report yesterday that an intimate Friend [1] of yours had, or was about to stop.—I earnestly hope you are not in any Danger of the least Hurt by Fordyce's Impudence.—I have a few India Bonds by me, which I cannot put to better Use than assisting my Friends at this critical Juncture, and therefore hope, If you have Occasion, you will not make any Ceremony with

Your's very sincerely,
H. S. WOODFALL.

[W. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, WHITEFRIARS, *Feb*^{y} 4, 1773.

Having undertaken to print the London Packet, it is equally my Duty and my Interest to adopt every probable method of extending the circulation of that paper. Nothing can effect this necessary purpose so soon, as giving the Paper a face of novelty and variety, and making it essentially conducive to the entertainment of the town, and this point can only be carried by the joint endeavours of men of genius, wit and humour. I find the List of Partners honoured by your name. As the Printer therefore I take the liberty of soliciting your occasional correspondence, assuring you on my part that every possible attention shall be paid your favors, and that you may place a confidential reliance in the secrecy of

Your h^{ble} servant
W. WOODFALL.

immediately absconded. It proved to be the first of a long series of disasters amongst the bankers. In the next few days no less than ten firms stopped payment in London, viz. Messrs. Edie & Laird, Laurie & Co., Boyle & Scott, Adams & Co., Biggar & Hamilton, Ferguson & Co., Ogilvie & Michie, John Macintosh, Adam Wood, and Haliburton & Glynn; and eight in Edinburgh, viz. Messrs. Fordyce, Malcolm & Co. (June 15), Arbuthnot & Guthrie (June 16), William Alexander & Sons, Gibson & Balfour, Andrew Sinclair & Co., Johnston & Smith, Garbet & Co. (June 24), and Douglas, Heron & Co. (June 25).

[1] Thomas Coutts.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

15th *July*, 1773.

Mrs Coutts has intended ever since Saturday last to write to Mr Whitefoord, but she has had Company which with the Children, has never left Her a minute alone and it is a subject on which she is not a little at a loss and really most deeply concern'd, but it must be told.

Poor Sancho in short for about five or six days before Saturday last seem'd to droop and not to have His usual Spirits. He did not seem to relish His Food tho' offered in the nicest manner, and He prefer'd His Basket in which He us'd to repose, to the Lawn and all little Susie's Invitations. On Friday Evening He seem'd particularly Dull and considerably fallen off from His Flesh, but as He always drank the Water set for Him (in which a roll of Brimston was put) we still expected His recovery; but Alas! on Saturday Morning He was Found Dead in His Bed.

To what the Mellancholy Accident was owing I do not know. There was no apparent reason. Old Mr Stuart Having said very positively that He had swallow'd a Half penny, or some other Brass Coin one day when you was at East Sheen, we had him open'd, but nothing has been discover'd.

I assure you Mrs Coutts is most thoroughly Hurt with this untoward accident, for which there is now No Remedy, and indeed no Dog I believe was ever more lamented.

The inclosed Letter if you can read it and think His acct of the fall of Ali Bey worth Inserting in the Public, is at yr service. Be so good to send it back to me as soon as you can.

Yrs &c.

T. COUTTS.

[GEORGE WORTLEY MONTAGU TO MESSRS. COUTTS[1].]

LEGHORN, 27 *June*, 1773.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

On my being the first who came to Europe after the great event in Œgypt, you may reasonably expect some

[1] Enclosed in preceding letter.

account of it from me, and you shall not be disappointed. I should apologize for the Incorrectness of my English to anybody but you, for my long disuse of it, and my long as well as close application to the Arabick language, have together made me, in a great measure, forget my native language; at least I can neither Speak it, or write it with any Degree of correctness or elegance, so take the Narration as it is. If you understand me, 'tis all I want.

The beginning of last February Ali Bey reduc'd Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) after a Siege of ten months, 'tho it is but a bad and small Village, but the Castle, having been repair'd, is of some Strength. However there were in it but three hundred men who had no other provision except Rice and Water, yet nothing could induce them to surrender; they were determined to hold out, to the last man, and indeed so they did, for the place was not taken 'till they were almost all destroy'd, and there was not a grain of Rice left; the place would not yet have been taken, but by the Treachery of an officer whom Mohammed Bey had sent with a reinforcement of men, and Supply of provisions to the beseidg'd, who, instead of obeying his orders, went with the whole to Ali Bey's Camp. This place reduc'd, Ali Bey march'd to lay Siedge to Jerusalem (which is but fifty miles from it) but as a report prevail'd that Calib Bashaw (who had been Capt Bashaw of the Black Sea, and was appointed Bashaw of Œgypt) was arriv'd at Damascus with troops he had collected between Constantinople and Aleppo, and was marching to attack him immediately; and as Ali Bey knew that Mohammed Bey had receiv'd positive orders to collect all the forces of Œgypt, and march to meet the Bashaw; apprehensive of being Surrounded by them, he quitted all thoughts of Jerusalem, and march'd towards Gaza, where he would not be hemm'd in, from the Situation of the place. In the meantime the Scheik of Acri persuaded him to attack Cairo before the arrival of the Bashaw, and sent two of his Sons with him. Ali Bey therefore march'd towards Cairo with an army of 10,000 men and 36 peices of Cannon; however he never intended to attack the far superior Œgyptian army, but propos'd to join the pilgrims who were coming

from Mecca, and enter Cairo with them, as then nobody would have attack'd him, the pilgrims being look'd upon as Sacred. Mohammed Bey was aware of this, and such a Junction was all he fear'd; he therefore sent three Beys to post themselves between Ali Bey and the pilgrims, and march'd himself with the main body. He met his Enemy at a place call'd Lalhia, two days journey from Cairo, on the 30th of April last; they immediately engag'd, the Action was bloody, and lasted three hours, when Ali Bey's people gave way, a great number was kill'd, and many taken prisoners, amongst which was Ali Bey, who had three wounds, one a shot, and two of the Scimiter, all the cannon and baggage was taken, and few of the whole Army escap'd, so that Mohammed Bey's Victory was compleat. As soon as Ali Bey was conducted to him, the Conqueror dismounted from his horse, kiss'd his hand and made him a most Pathetick [speech] on his misfortune, telling him it was the fortune of warr and how much everybody ought to be resign'd to the Decrees of the Almighty. He then order'd him to be put into a litter and carried to his own house, but it was a doleful convoy; for his litter was surrounded by seventeen horsemen who had each on his Spear the head of a Chief of his army. You may imagine his guard was not a small one. One of the Schiek of Acri's escap'd, one was kill'd. Mohammed Bey did not suffer any of the prisoners to be put to death, but sent each to his respective country; the officer who carried the Saccone, intended for Jaffa to Ali Bey's Camp, he too was pardon'd and sent to Algiers his native country. There was about 200 Europeans in the Army of Ali Bey, they were all kill'd except one Englishman. Mohammed Bey gave a handful of Zecchines without counting and sent him to Mr Macri, the British Consul; this last article of our countryman is only hearsay so I do not assert it. Ali Bey liv'd 'till Thursday 7th of May during the Interval between his being taken and his last hour. Mohammed Bey visited him more than once a Day, and behav'd to him as if he had been his father. On Friday the 8th he was interr'd with great Decency. Thus ended this very extraordinary man. It is generally said that

Mohammed was Ali Bey's Slave, but it is not true, he belong'd to Ismael Bey, at whose house Ali Bey saw him, lik'd his countenance, and as soon as a[n] opportunity offer'd he promoted [him] to the Dignity of Bey ; it is the custom on such occasions for the New Bey to throw silver money amongst the people, Mohammed threw gold, from whence he is call'd *Abou Dahab*, i:e: father of gold, a manner of speaking much in use among the Arabs, as father of Goodness, father of Charity, father of Beauty, &c. It appears that the abovementioned council of the Schiek of Acri, was only to get rid of his Guest whose treasure was exhausted, for two days after the Battle the Bashaw arriv'd at Damiata. The Scheik receiv'd from Ali Bey 12000 Dollars or £1500 every Day, and that for the Troops only, besides the expenses of his household and dayly presents, so that the expenses of Ali Bey for this year past (for a year and some few Days past from the Day he was forc'd to fly, to the Day he was brought prisoner into Cairo) including the presents he is said to have sent to the Russian Admiral, are suppos'd to amount to 24000 Dollars or £3000 per Di:, this is not felt in Œgypt, judge of the Richness of the Country. I know a Million Sterling is no great Matter, but it is such an extraordinary expense as would be felt greatly anywhere else in the Revenue of one year.

This certainly would be a proper time for Gentlemen to think of reviving the Trade to Œgypt, as the Government is now quite quiet, no more rebellion, and our Capitulations in full force as in other the Sultan's Dominions; and particularly as the British flagg now flies in Alexandria, a priviledge almost lost, as it had not appeared since the time of Consul Brown ; it cost Mr Macri, who acts as Consul under Mr Murray's letter, a good deal of money, perhaps £500, however he was, and is determin'd, to Sacrifice anything to promote our Nation's honour and commerce. I say nothing of trade of the Red Sea, as you will see Mr Bruce, just come from Abyssinia, who is much abler than me, and particularly may be much more master of that subject. He perhaps will talk diffavourably of Mr Macri, with whom he is scarce acquainted,

and I have reason to believe it is out of pique for I hear he expected Mr Macri should write him a Submissive letter as soon as he arriv'd in Œgypt, but Mr Macri did not know, nor could he be suppos'd to know of his arrival, unless Mr Bruce had wrote, nor do I imagine that a Gentleman acting as British Consul is by any means held to write a Submissive letter to every traveller that passes; indeed I hear Mr Bruce says he is the only person of any consideration in the Levant, that for not having behav'd to him with due Respect, he will have Macri displac'd and the Ambassador recall'd; I hope however he will not do it, but that as he is great he will be merciful. He has been pleas'd to express himself rather indecently with regard to Lord and Lady Bute, and poor me too, the least of Mortals, who as such should have hop'd to escape, but as Lady Mary said to Mr Pope—to thee 'tis provocation to exist.

I should hope the Company would be pleas'd to allow Mr Macri at least some part of what he has disburs'd, and give him their patent, whether they give him a Salary or not; that may be done when there is realy a Nation of Cairo: I answer to all Mr Bruce may say about Mr Macri that he is known to the Factory in Aleppo, and particularly to Mr David Hays, Mr Barker and Mr Abbott at Constantinople, besides the testimony of all the Captains who have known him in the execution of his office, may perhaps weigh more than the words of a traveller which appear only dictated by pique.

I shall be oblig'd to you if you will be so good as to communicate what part you please or all this letter to the Turkey Company, with whom I should correspond, but I know not who to write to since my friends Mr March and Will. Russell are no more there. You may too let the publick enjoy any part or the whole of it by way of the publick papers.

Be assur'd I am with the truest esteem, Messieurs

Your much oblig'd and most Humble Servant

GEO. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I beg an answer to this and my former unanswer'd letters

by the return of the post, for If I can I propose to return to Egypt without taking product, to avoid any embroils. This may happen, and for this reason, I beg you will give out that I am daily expected in England.

[W. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

TUESDAY Evᵍ, *Janʸ* 24, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

Before my Brother had intimated to me your wish that I would fall foul of Dʳ Johnson for the objectionable passages in his dogmatical account of his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, I had resolved to give him a bite or two, in return for his biting off Macpherson's head and opening so frequently on a false Scent. You know I have been north of the Tweed, and that I am one of those ridiculous Englishmen who entertain an opinion of the Country and its Inhabitants, widely different from that of Dʳ Johnson, and men who have imbibed early and unjust prejudices against Scotland. I mean, as often as opportunity will admitt, to say a word or two respecting the literary Dictator's Tour; and I think the attack would gain strength if Mʳ Macpherson and you were occasionally to join me. I presume the Morning Chronicle is the best field to take post in, for if we began to fire away from the Packet, it might be discovered that Mʳ M. was one of the Crew, and it might produce disadvantageous consequences. I already perceive that the D . . . . . is to be covered and maintained by an . . . . . party in the Sᵗ James's and Pub . . . . . this night charged a small Gun, which will be fired in the Morning. How effectual it will turn out I know not, but I mean soon to charge again. As the fire on the other side is managed by a skillfull engineer it will doubtless be brisk. The nature of the case therefore demands immediate aid. 'Till I am relieved my feeble efforts shall not be wanting.

Your hᵇˡᵉ serᵗ

W. WOODFALL.

[JAMES MACPHERSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, THURSDAY EV^G [1775].

I have seen the *gentleman*, who rewrites the answer to Johnson. As it was not worth mincing the matter, I told him Cadell's answer and proposals. Though a little of the *ready* is an object, he is willing to let it take its chance. He has gone too far not to go further still. 'Let, therefore, the book be printed. If it fetches anything,' he says, 'it will be well. If not—let the labour go to the devil.'—Shall we send it to the press? The hawking it about to other 'typographical Owls' might, if no agreement should follow, hurt it with the *trade*. I hope Cadell will give a good and just account. He is certainly a close-fisted knave. But *this* work will be no object of plunder.

I am sincerely yours,

J. M.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, *July* 3, 1775.

Friday next being the Anniversary of St Thomas a Beckett, you are desired to dine on that day with Mr Thomas Beckett of the Adelphi, a lineal Descendant of said Saint at the Long Room at Hampstead, and the rest of the Partners in the P. A.

I am Sir

You very humble serv^t

H. S. WOODFALL.

Dinner on Table at Three.

[JAMES COUTTS TO THOMAS BROWN.]

BOULOGNE, 14 *July*, 1775.

I hope you remember'd to put Basil Keith in mind of Col. Faucit's son. Have you heard from him lately and is Capt. Elliot still in London? Pray remember me to him

and to the Cheape family; not having been so happy as to be in their House since I stood God Father to their son, I have not had an opportunity of doing what is proper in regard to the Nurses. Therefore I must beg that you will give Ten Guineas among them, viz. Six Guineas to the Wet Nurse and Four G^{s} to the one that took care of Mrs Cheape when she was sick and I will pay you at meeting.... There is a most awkward custom of giving this money to the Mother to divide as she pleases wch I cannot think very delicate, but if you can easily find out by Lady Ann or otherwise whether this is the proper distribution, you will oblige me further. At any rate don't neglect giving the money first time you are at Cheapes.

[H. S. WOODFALL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

[1776.]

DEAR SIR,

Concerning the Paragraph of Covent Garden, I have given Such Cautions that I hope no Mistakes of so gross a Nature will ever happen again. Concerning the Silence of Paul Adams with respect to Improvements in D. L. Theatre take the following true State of the Case.—I on Saturday purposely call'd on Becket who promised faithfully he would speak to a *Sartin Parson*[1], and I might depend on having an Acc^{t}.—In the Evening I call'd on David Garrick, Esq: who told me a Friend of his had promised him to draw up an Acco^{t} and send to me on Sunday—when he mentioned the Name of BATE—at that Word I started but he repeated his Certainty of the Parson's keeping his Word, and I could not (*with Decency*) doubt any longer, tho' I confess to you it appeared to me vastly like *his* writing a Prelude for Covent garden Theatre.—I prepared an extraordinary Hand accordingly and waited with Expectation on the Tiptoe till the Play Bills came when out creep'd a paultry four Line Paragraph.—With respect to that malignant Scoundrel Regulus I really think him beneath every thing but contempt, and am so conscious of my being innocent of the Charges he every Day

[1] Rev. Henry Bate, afterwards Sir Henry Bate Dudley.

attempts to bring against me that I most thoroughly despise them.—About what Time did Dalrymple's letter appear? I forget.

Yours &c.

H. S. W.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO DAVID GARRICK.]

[*Aug.* 30, 1777.]

DEAR SIR,

I wou'd not absolutely *promise* to write, because I was not sure that I should be able to keep my word. Villainous Company might inveigle me away and so prevent me from writing or our poor Friend the Barber[1], though a curs'd Shaver, might get into a damn'd Scrape, and then I shou'd not have lik'd to be the Writer of bad News. However, neither of these suppos'd Events has happen'd. The Barber and myself have both come off with *flying* Colours. *He* has escaped the fury of the Critics, and I have made my escape from *my* party in order to give you some account of the Proceedings of the night. The Prologue[2] was humorously spoken by your Pupil honest Parsons[3]. The Piece was in general well receiv'd. It is tolerably lively and has some good Situations. Only some little hissing in the upper Regions. Certain *Geese* had got (not the first time) into the Capitol. They were Anti-gallicans I suppose. 'Tis very lively for a french Play. Is it not strange that the French who in their manners and conversation seem so much more lively than us, shou'd be much less so in their Dramas. What Pity it is that I have not time at present to write a Dissertation upon this subject; how *lucky* it is, you say (aside).

[1] *The Spanish Barber; or the Fruitless Precaution*, by Colman; taken from Beaumarchais' comedy, *Le Barbier de Séville, ou La Précaution Inutile.* It was produced at the Haymarket on Aug. 30, 1777 [Genest's *English Stage*, v. 588], but never printed.

[2] By Colman [*Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 265, 274], but Caleb Whitefoord appears to have had a hand in it [*Whitefoord MSS.*], and Hannah More was under the impression that Garrick wrote it.

[3] William Parsons, who played Dr. Bartholo.

Your excellent Epilogue[1] was very *prettily* spoken, not perhaps with all the art of an experienced Performer but it and several strokes in it had a Great Effect. I have not time to praise it any longer for this plaguy Fellow is here again. Ding Dong—rot ye—I wish the Bell was in your Guts.

[DAVID GARRICK TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SUNDAY, 31st [*August*, 1777].

Thank you, my dear Sir, ten thousand times over for your Charming Letter and your as charming news—I always knew you to be a Gentleman endow'd with the *best intelligence*—I hope that *ding dong* will always be at your Ear when you write to me—I rejoice our little Friend[2] is come off so triumphantly—by yr Account it will be a good addition to his dramatic Treasury.

Dr Sir
Ever yours most truly
D. GARRICK.

I find by ye Publick that ye Husband *sang* ye basses to his wife. They are certainly very *airy* and *tuneful*.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO ALEXANDER DOW[3].]

LONDON, *Jany* 23, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I had not the Satisfaction of hearing from you as usual by the last Bengal Ships, and therefore I have no Letter of yours to answer ; but I cannot answer to myself the suffering a Fleet to sail from hence, without having the Pleasure of saying a few words to one whom I so much esteem. So pray, both for your own sake and ours, get rich as fast as you can, and come back to us : you are greatly miss'd, and much

[1] Colman asked Garrick to 'bestow an epilogue for Rosina [played by Miss Farren] on "The Poor Spanish Barber."' [*Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 265.]

[2] George Colman, the elder.

[3] Author of *Tales translated from the Persian of Inatulla of Delhi*, *History of Hindostan, translated from the Persian of Ferishta*, *Zinghis*, a drama in five acts, *Sethona*, &c. Dow was at this time a lieut.-colonel in the Bengal infantry. He died at Bhágalpur on July 31, 1779. [*Dictionary of National Biography* ; Leslie and Taylor's *Life of Reynolds*, i. 457.]

wanted. Death has of late made sad Havock among the old Stagers. Poor Foote[1] is gone, and Garrick[2] did not stay

[1] Foote died on Oct. 21, 1777. 'He was an extraordinary man and had a fund of wit and humour; but he made a vile use of his talents, tho' he got money by them which he squander'd. He was too fond of detraction and mimickry which was a blemish in his conversation, tho' he entertained you. He was excessively vain of his classical knowledge, which was superficial, and used to boast of his numerous great relations in many parts of England. He was extravagant and bawbling, but not generous, and he loved wine, but did not understand good living, tho' he affected to have disguised cookery and French dishes. He never eat plain meat, which shewed he had a bad taste. He spared no expence in his Dinners, nor in his Wine, which was generally good. He was not clean in his person, and was disgusting in his manner of eating; but he was so pleasant a fellow and had such a flow of spirits that his faults were overlook'd. He always took the lead in company and was the chief or sole performer. He was not so malignant as many I have known, but he had such a rage for shining, and was so delighted with applause, that it led him into satire, and throwing everything into ridicule. He often brought to my mind Pope's lines on the Duke of Wharton—

"Tho' list'ning Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him Master of the joke."

He was generally civil to your face, and seldom put you out of humour with yourself; but you paid for his civility the moment you went out of company, and were sure of being made ridiculous. He liked Lords, and was vain of their company; tho' he gave himself airs of treating them contemptuously and cavalierly. He was a sensual man, and a libertine, and he had no sense of Religion or Morality, which he made a standing jest of. He told a story with infinite humour and added many pleasant circumstances of his own invention to heighten it. He had a good choice of words, and apt expressions and could speak well upon grave subjects occasionally, but he soon grew tired of serious Conversation and went naturally into his favourite amusement Mimickry, in which he did not excell, but he threw in so much wit and spirit into his characters, that he gave more entertainment than a closer mimick. He was a coarse bad Actor, yet he acted many parts in his own plays better than any of the Actors that appeared in them since his Death. He had a flat, vulgar Face ill adapted to the Stage; but where a part was strongly ridiculous or outrée he succeeded. He had no simplicity in his acting, and always ran into Farce. As an Author he had merit, and if he had taken any pains he might have succeeded in his Pieces; but he wrote in haste, and aim'd at individual nature in order to make Money, which does not answer to the present age. He lost large sums at play, and was a dupe with all his parts. He likewise was ridiculously fond of buying Snuff-boxes, Rings, and Bawbles, which were a great expence to him, and I think his life and character would furnish matter for a good Farce with an instructive Moral,—it would serve to shew that parts alone are of little value without judgment, prudence or virtue; that flashes of wit and humour give only momentary pleasure, but afford no solid entertainment.' [A Character of Foote, *Whitefoord MS.*]

[2] Garrick died on Jan. 20, 1779. 'When Garrick quitted the pompous gait of the Old Stage, his principal attention was given to attitude and gesture; and he ran from one extreme to another: for in some of his gravest and most tragical parts he had some tricks of a juggler: but he was a wonderful Actor. Take him for all in all, I never shall look on his like again. The public being pleas'd with his spirit and discernment in distinguishing characters and passions of a lively and impetuous kind, and being diverted with his true humour in Comedy, he caught applause from all ranks of people. Garrick has been censured in his private character; and tho' he had many admirers, he was too selfish, and too cunning to have many Friends. He was excessively fond of flattery, and expected you should cram him with it. He was generally in extremes of civility or sly impertinence, and a kind of spoil'd child whom you must humour in all his ways,

long behind. Honest John Home too was very near paying a visit to the other World, by such another tumble as St. Paul got; and I suppose the Divine saw many strange things as well as the Saint, for he was in a Trance for a considerable Time: but I have the Pleasure to hear that he is his own man again; if a military man can be call'd such; for you must know he has dyed his black coat red, and is at this present writing, Lieutenant of Grenadiers, in the Duke of Buccleugh's Regiment of fencible (or as they are sometimes call'd with a small variation) sensible men, of East Lothian.

Since I had the Pleasure of writing you last, we have recover'd one Friend[1] from India; and he is restored to us in high Health, and good Spirits. 'Tis a noble Fellow, such a one as does Honour to human nature, a man form'd on a great scale, both in body and in mind. I hope to see *you* return (one of these days), with a Constitution *un*impaired, and resume your Place at the Social Board in Craven Street; there as in former times, to quaff the choicest Nectar, moistening your Clay, and drowning your Cares. *A propos* Nectar; the annual Provision we send you, is it not precious Stuff?

otherwise you could not hope to be upon good terms with him. If he handed you a tea-cup or a glass, he made a merit of it, and you were to look upon common civility from him as a condescension. He sometimes told his acquaintance in the street and at some distance in a loud voice that he intended to make them a visit; which gave occasion to an arch fellow to call it a visit in perspective. He was waspish and sore to a degree, and had creatures about him who were station'd spies, and gave him intelligence of every idle word that was said to his disadvantage, and were apt to misrepresent the conversation of his acquaintance in order to pay servile court to him. He was stiff and strain'd in company and more an actor than he was on the stage, as Goldsmith described him. He was so much taken up with himself, and his affairs, and had so many petty avocations, that he became ill-bred. He could not bear to hear any of the great Actors his predecessors praised, and consider'd a panegyrick on Booth, Wilks, Cibber and Quin as a satire upon himself. He certainly could not conceal his uneasiness, when the conversation turned upon the merit of the old performers. Tho' he was charitable and friendly on many occasions yet he was generally look'd upon as a mountebank in Friendship. He had two contending passions—Vanity and Avarice. He did some very genteel things from the former, but the latter prompted him in the end to meanness. He told a story very archly and was an excellent Mimick, and as an Author he had merit, having wrote several smart Epigrams, Prologues, Epilogues and Farces. He had likewise a share in the Clandestine Marriage, one of our best modern Comedies. With all his success and fame, he appears to be an unhappy man, and shorten'd his life by his fretful disposition. Great allowances are to be made for his situation and for his illness when he was afflicted with the stone. Tho' he was justly consider'd as an Universal Actor, his forte was Comedy, yet he never play'd a genteel part well. He was too smart for high Comedy.' [A Character of Garrick, *Whitefoord MS.*]

[1] John Macpherson, afterwards Governor-General of India.

We generally send some of the same to the Governor General [1]. I am convinced that it must greatly contribute to give him Health and Spirits to proceed in the execution of his Plans, so honourable to himself, and so advantageous to the Company. I do hope and expect that he will strike some great stroke in India, to counterbalance our want of success in Europe; for poor little Great Britain is sore beset between her unnatural Children the Americans, and her natural enemies the French; therefore let Govr Hastings issue his Orders forthwith to take Pondicherry &c., &c., that we have something to barter in the East for what we may lose in the West. I beg my dear Sir you will do me the Justice to believe that I am

Yours most heartily
CALEB WHITEFOORD.

P.S.—Brown or I will write you by the Ship which carries your wine.

[ALEXANDER DOW TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

CALCUTTA, 20th *Feb^y*, 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I love a man of *Character* I cannot possibly omit this opportunity of expressing it and of acknowledging the pleasure which I received from your lucubrations. I must confess I had no idea that the old English bard was at once so various, so peculiar and so striking in his portraits till you produced them in a focus of light!—Our friend Goldsmith of facetious memory paid his last reckoning in full to the British club, and has certainly hit you off to a very pun [2]! I think however he has on some occasion groan'd under the weight of Macpherson's [3] style which he misrepresents so abominably in the fabric, it being anything but Bombast, but I leave Sticks to defend himself.

[1] Warren Hastings.

[2] In *The Retaliation*:

> 'Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
> Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave man.'

[3] James Macpherson: 'Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style.'

What shall I give you in return? The muses like the feathered kind have dry throats in this scorching climate. We hear nothing but the voice of the Vulture screaming over her prey. The Bengal carcase is bleaching in the wind—and is almost pick'd to the bone, and the Bombay raven, long famish'd, has at last found a quarry in the full gorged Mahratter whom he is devouring without mercy at Puna! But perhaps you are become a plodding politician and may like a plain newspaper style better than allegory.

By our last advice from the Duan of the 16th Jany we are inform'd that Colonel Goddard[1] who had cross'd the Marbudda in Decr still lay encamp'd at Hussenabad with his detachment consisting of 6 Battalions of Sepoys, 30 pieces of cannon and 1000 horse.—That Janagi the Mahratter Raja of Berar, whom the majority of the Bengal Council had determin'd to make Emperor of the Mahratters (*malgre lui*) had positively declined that honor, and had advised Col. Goddard by all means to *return home*.—That in the meantime advices had been receiv'd that the Bombay army under Gen. Egerton had taken the field to support the pretensions of Ragoba another Mahratter chief to the Supreme dominion, and that the latter being join'd by Madesji Sindia and Holkar two potent princes, had actually accomplish'd a revolution at Puna the capital of the Mahratter State in favour of Ragoba.—In consequence of these advices Col. Goddard has evacuated Berar and continues to prosecute his march towards Puna which he expects to reach by the 12 of March.—If these advices are to be depended on Bombay will become a great and flourishing settlement. In their treaty with Ragoba they have stipulated very handsomely for the company, in territory, besides 2½ lacks pr. month for the expense of their army. The majority here, being flung by these manœvres and left out in the treaty, as not supposed to contribute to the revolution, are greatly enraged, and have appointed Goddard plenipotentiary in their name to demand the Expenses of the Bengal expedition which will not then amount to less than 50 Lacks, and in case the Bombayers interfere, he is to order

[1] Afterwards General Thomas Goddard, d. 1783.

their army from Puna and take the management of Ragoba into his own hands.—It is not probable the Bombayers will submit to this. The event may be dangerous, amidst contending factions, for the Mahratter state tho' torn to pieces at present by ariostocratic divisions have immense armies in the field fully sufficient if united to expell these intruders. But fortune seems on all occasions our fast friend! Is she always to be depended on?

Gen[l] Cook has been at Madras some time and is expected here every day. He is *understood* to disapprove of late measures. —He will therefore in all probability turn the scale here.

My Comp[ts] to M[r] Brown and believe me

Dear Caleb yours sincerely

ALEX DOW.

[THOMAS BROWN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 23rd *Aug[t]*, 1779.

DEAR CALEB,

I receiv'd yours only yesterday forenoon, and as I was going with John Macpherson to dine with M[r] Mayne, we paid a visit to M[r] Sulivan[1] and carried his Book and your Letter with us. The others have been sent and the Fifteen pound Bank Note. This inveterate East wind is worse for this Country than any that ever blew in Italy for the Inhabitants. By accounts that arrived from Plymouth at the Admiralty last night, on Friday night the combined Fleets were out of sight, having either stretch'd over to the French coast, or gone in Quest of Sir Charles Hardy. No certain Acco[ts] relative to the Ardent. Lord Shuldham has never mentioned her in any of his Despatches. Pray Heaven I may have it in my power to write good news soon, for this state is quite overcoming. Rich[d] Oswald, Cap[t] Elliot, and I pass'd the evening on Saturday at the British. Some of the best People we know are at present the worst Company, especially for one another. Wou'd they were all in action.

[1] ?R. J. Sulivan, author of an *Analysis of the Political History of India*, 1779; *Thoughts on Martial Law*, 1779, &c.; M.P. for New Romney, 1790; created a baronet in 1784; d. in 1806.

Sir John[1] dined yesterday at Mayne's who was exceedingly high, and got much the better of Sir Thomas[2]. I am going with Mr Seton to return Mr Macpherson's visit to him. Ld Kelly and Sir Thomas are to be of the Party.

Yours

T. B.

[MR. STUART TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

BERKLEY SQUARE,
Thursday, 20 *Jan^y^*, 1780.

Mr Stuart, having received a card from the Adelphi Tavern acquainting him that there is to be a meeting there tomorrow about forming a new Club, regrets that the present state of his health prevents his attendance. Tho' Mr. Stuart is ignorant of the Plan of the new Club, it is sufficient for him to know that Mr Whitefoord was in the chair when that plan was proposed, and he will be very happy to find himself a member of any Club constituted under his auspices.

[W. BRUMMELL[3] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DOWNING STREET,
Thursday, *Aug^t^* 9, night, 1781.

DEAR SIR,

I walk'd to your House this Evening, but finding some visitors in your parlour and a Coach at your Door I would not break in upon you. My Business was to sollicit the Pleasure of your Company at Dinner at Ember Court Sunday next at half-past 3 o'clock, and to express a Hope that you will stay Monday with me, as I shall not be satisfied unless I shew you all the Quickset Hedges in my neighbourhood.

I am Yours Dear Sir

Most faithfully

W. BRUMMELL.

P.S.—If you ride on Horseback, the Surry Road is the pleasantest, through Kingston, and Thames Ditton, in all about 13 miles.

[1] Sir John Whitefoord.

[2] Sir Thomas Mills.

[3] William Brummell, private secretary to Lord North during the whole of his administration, died at his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on March 11, 1794, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

[SAME TO SAME.]

EMBER COURT, *Aug^t* 29, 1781.

[Thanks Caleb Whitefoord for the excellent elegy he has sent him: he keeps it for the purpose of shewing it to Lord North after his return from the West.]

[SAME TO SAME.]

DOWNING STREET,
Wednesday, *Dec^r* 26, 1781.

[Invites him to breakfast tomorrow morning, after which will be happy to accompany him to Sir Joshua Reynolds and to Mr West's.]

[ROBERT STRANGE[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, LONDON, 2^d *May*, 1782.

I flatter myself you are by this time well advanced in your journey and that you'll reach Paris e'er long. May every success attend your endeavours there! I herewith transmitt you a few lines to my friend Greuse, and Monsr Jeamat at Versailles. I shall be happy if they contribute in any shape to your entertainment. When you go to Versailles be sure you visit the Mangerie, I mean the subteraneous part of it. You'll be shown the former from the terras, but pray, be not satisfied with that. Advance to the left and descend an elegant flight of stairs, and make one of the Gairdners open the iron gate at the bottom of the stairs. You'll then see a work surpassing your imagination, a work indeed, superior, within the sphere of our knowledge, to anything of the kind ever executed in Greece or Rome. Were such a work in Italy travelers would go a hundred miles to see it, but here, I am confident it don't come within the knowledge of one in fifty who visit Versailles. Trianon is within a mile of Versailles. Be sure likewise to see it. I have herewith

[1] Robert Strange, engraver, was born in the Orkney Islands in 1721 and educated at Kirkwall. He was in the Battle of Culloden but escaped to Paris and became the pupil of Le Bas. He first established himself as an engraver in 1751. He engraved the Apotheosis of the king's children from a picture by West, &c. He was knighted on Jan. 5, 1787, and died in 1792. [Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, edited by Dallaway, v. 130, 234, 253, 270, 271; Walpole's *Letters*, edited by Cunningham, iii. 368; Leslie and Taylor's *Life of Reynolds*, i. 135, 304.]

inclosed you a line to Mr Neilson, a countryman of ours who is director of the Gobelins. It is a curious Manufactory, and you should carry Mr Oswald to see it . . .

I am sincerely, Dear Sir,
Your obed^t^ hum^e^ Servt
ROB^T^. STRANGE.

Monsieur Whiteford
Hotel de Muscovie
Rue des petits Augustins
a Paris.

[BENNET ALLEN[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

June 30, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

I have had the misfortune to kill Lloyd Dulany Esqr of Maryland in a duel which he oblig'd me to fight with him at 9 o'clock on tuesday night the 18 ult., and was as fair a duel as ever was fought by men. As my enemies are raising an host of witnesses ag^st^ me, I am under the necessity of troubling every Gentleman who knows me to appear in my behalf. It is three or four years since you and I have been acquainted, and I believe you know nothing bad of me, and this will be good time to tell it, if you know any good of me. I beg the favour of your appearance at my trial which comes on, friday the 5th July, at the Old Bailey for that purpose, which I ask from a consciousness of my own innocence, which is in danger of being overborne by a weighty combination of numerous partizans from the other side of the Atlantic.

I am &c.

BENNETT ALLEN.

[1] Bennet Allen was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1757 and M.A. in 1760. [*Dictionary of National Biography.*] The duel arose from an attack, written by Allen and published in the *Morning Post* (June 29, 1779), on the character of Daniel Dulany, secretary of the Province of Maryland, where Allen had for some time held a living of the value of £1000 per annum. Lloyd Dulany, brother of Daniel, an American Loyalist, who had come over to England in 1775, and was in 1779 practising at the English bar, immediately took steps to discover the identity of the anonymous writer. The authorship of the article was not avowed for three years. At the trial Allen was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to pay a fine of 1*s.* and to be imprisoned in Newgate for six months. Caleb Whitefoord does not appear to have responded to his appeal. For a full account of the trial *vide* The Trial of the Rev. Bennet Allen, and Robert Morris, Esq, for the Wilful Murder of Lloyd Dulany, Esq., in a Duel, in Hyde Park, &c., *Old Bailey Sessions Papers*, 1782, Number VI, Part I.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

STRAND, *August* 12th [1782].

I send you inclos'd a jeu d'esprit of a young American which I made one of my clerks copy to send you. It took my attention as being more than mediocre. I wish to hear that all your attention is not given to the Public, but that you sometimes turn your eyes homeward and endeavour to make Hay while the Sun shines. The Sun of Shne [1] may set upon you before you come home. Why don't you get Mr O.[2] to write that you are a Man of Business and cannot lose more time at Paris if something is not done in London. Members of Parliament cannot now be contractors. A good thing of this sort may be as well manag'd by B. and W.[3] as by any other House. You know already what it is to procrastinate, and you can never excuse it to yourself if you do not push for something suddenly. This is the opinion and advice of a sincere friend. Let Mr O. write such a Letter, which B.[4] may go with to the Premier directly.

[JOHN ANDERSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 12 *October*, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honour of yours dated the 3rd and 8 Currant, and congratulate you on the Blessings you expect from the promise in the Beatitude . . . . . I had wrote thus far when Mr Lazun sent for the Letters, and was therefore obliged to put it by, that I might purchase the Medicine which I accordingly did, and not without some hopes of my contributing to the health of an illustrious, (I shall say) friend —let the name of Foe be forgot.

I am glad the Tea sent by Mrs Oswald has so great and good an effect, the Cursed Dish you allude to had too much Tea infused, and on those who drank it, it had an effect like to Madness.

[1] Lord Shelburne.
[2] Richard Oswald.
[3] Messrs. Brown and Whitefoord.
[4] Brummell.

I am happy our friend enjoys such good health during the fatigue he must have lately gone threw.—You do Mrs Oswald injustice concerning your Letter, she says she reckons herself equally obliged to you as if it had come to hand in common course, the delay being no fault of yours.

I shall remember you to your friends.—My Brother joins me in kind Compliments to you and our friend and I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely
JOHN ANDERSON.

[W. ROBERTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

WHITEHALL, *Nov^r^* 13th, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

Inclosed I send three of the last Newspapers. Will you do me the favor as allow my bespeaking them for Mr Fitzherbert *when out of hand* and to make my respectful Compliments to that gentleman. I shall try all I can to repeat what I now send with a greater number if I can gain intelligence of a messenger being ordered but as that measure is often put in force in the dead of night, you will make every allowance on that account.

I am much mortified at having omitted to execute a Commission given me and which cannot now be done without your aid. A truly amiable Lady desired me to buy as large an Umbrella as could be got in Paris, to bend so as to go into the pocket, if such there are, or else to get one in the common form. May I request the favor of you to make a purchase of such a one as you conceive to come within either of the above descriptions and whatever the cost may be shall be immediately repaid to your Colleague Mr Brown, and if you will cause its being directed for me at Mr Townshend's Office, it will come safe by one of your Messengers.

Believe me with great regard, Dr Sir,
Your very faithful and obedient servant,
W. ROBERTS.

[ROBERT MYLNE[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

NEW RIVER HEAD, LONDON,
Novr 18th, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged for your late favours, thro' Mr Browne, in answer to mine, by Mr Williams[2]. I received a Copy of your note to Mr Brown, and your letter of the 22d of October. I should have answered them sooner, had I not been delayed in doing so, by searching for the Print you mention, of Sr Vangeliste, throughout all the eminent Print Shops in London. The Death of Pyramus and Thisbe, nor indeed any other Print, by that Artist, is not to be had in this place at present.

Of his merits, therefore, I am not able to judge but from your favourable opinion, which goes very far with me. I would not have any name, of Artists of any sort, put to it; but just a plain line round it, to bound the Ground Work. All that business I reserve for an *Afterthought*, to be made proportional to the Print.—With respect to the head itself, I wish to have it exactly the same size; and not a laboured thing, in point of work. In this manner of executing it, don't you think 20 Louis a long price?

[1] Robert Mylne, architect, whose 'proudest monument' was the bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars, was born at Edinburgh on Jan. 14, 1734. His father, Thomas Mylne, was an architect at Edinburgh and a magistrate of that city; his family had been master masons to the kings of Scotland for many generations. After travelling abroad for several years he returned to London at the time when proposals were to be offered for a bridge at Blackfriars. His plans were accepted and the first stone was laid on Oct. 31, 1760. The bridge was finished in 1765, for the sum mentioned in his estimate, viz. £153,000. Mylne waged a 'paper war' with Dr. Johnson on the form of the arches, after which they became intimate friends. In 1762 he was appointed engineer to the New River Company, and in 1767 he became F.R.S. He was entrusted by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's with the care of the Cathedral, where by his suggestion the inscription in honour of Sir Christopher Wren, ending *'Si monumentum requiras, circumspice,'* was placed over the entrance of the choir. He died on May 5, 1811, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral near Sir Christopher Wren. Mylne married in 1770 Mary Home, the sister of Mrs. John Hunter and Home the Surgeon, by whom he had nine children. The only son who survived succeeded him as engineer to the New River Company. While he was at Rome in 1757 his portrait was painted by Brompton and engraved in 1783 by Vangeliste. [*Gent. Mag.* 1811, i. 499, 500; Nicholls' *Literary Anecdotes*, viii. 610, ix. 232, 233.]

[2] Franklin's nephew.

I wonder at the account of the French artists you give. I thought their late communications with the perfections of other countrys had lowered them in their own conceit, and induced them to attend to the merits of Rome, England, &c. Can't you find some small work, fit for the compass of a letter, a sample for his engraving.

I beg my best respects to the good Dr. F.[1] I hope soon all will be well again, and that the ingenious of all Countreys will enjoy themselves in a free communication of sentiments together, as formerly. Being of the Committee of the Royal Society this year, I am glad to acquaint you that the Councill unanimously voted a Copy of their transactions, to be sent periodically to Harvard Colledge in New England, in return to a very polite and interesting note from the Hollesian Professor there.

There are many things and prints lately, or of late years, published on bridges at Paris. Whatever you can collect, in the *Pontificall* way for me, will be very agreeable indeed if you can contrive to send them over by the Messengers of State.

My better half sends her best respects to you. Tell Dr F., Mr Small sits by me and sends his sincere and best wishes for his health. I lately had 7 children, but lost *one* boy, the youngest of three, all inoculated at the same time. With respect to the Head, I acquiesce entirely in what you do, and I am sure I shall have reason to rejoice when I see an impression. I am My Dear Sir your much

Oblidged and very humble servant

ROBERT MYLNE.

[THOMAS BROWN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR CALEB, LONDON, 13th *Dec^r^*, 1782.

I have not had occasion to write you lately. Charles[2], who brought me the last, gave me great Pleasure in his

[1] Dr. Franklin. [2] Charles Smith.

accounts of Mr Oswald and you. We wou'd now fain hope that the great Business is drawing to a close, which must have been attended with great Fatigue and Anxiety. Notwithstanding what His Majesty says in his Speech, if we are to form any Judgement from the Language in the House of Commons, Peace is not yet very near, and as usual, it will meet with Opposition. We wish for Mr Oswald and you at our Discussions on Tuesdays. Already we have had two Meetings, nine and ten in Numbers,—Mr Pringle come to town in high Health and Spirits. But poor Bob Smith continues miserably lame, only able to move in his Bedchamber on crutches. Lord Dalhousie too in Scotland almost given over by the Phisicians, so we shall for this season at least lose two of our Members, which has occasioned a slight Hint about some of the Candidates. But we shall stave off that Business till our Secretary appears. Mr Pringle says he is ashamed to trouble you, but wou'd be very thankful if you buy for Him two *Beaver* Night Caps. Mr Paine[1] too has a Request to make, that you will read the Dedication inclosed with this, correct and put it in the Form for Him, which you think best, to be prefixed to a second Volume of his Works. Till within these few days Mr and Mrs Coutts have been in Scotland since October at Col[l] Sinclair's, where Mrs Coutts was most part of the Time very ill, but now a good deal better. She was much pleased with your Offer to bring or send over any little thing for her, and begs you will buy for Herself a Pocket Book, a Tassel for her riding Whip, and some Trinkets for a Watch. To these she wishes you to add a Pocket Book for each of her three young Ladys. If the Things are handsome, you need not be afraid of their being thought too high priced.

As your cousin Sir John was to sell Ballochmile, you will be glad to hear that he has got a great Price for it, £27,000 which will I understand amply relieve him. The old Family Estate still remains intire and I am told in a few years will bring him £11,000 per annum, so he has only to adhere to good Resolutions.

[1] James Paine, architect, one of the original members of the Society of Arts.

14th Dec. This goes by a Mr Stuart from Grenada, who your nephew[1] tells me is to leave this to-morrow morning. You have five Morning Chronicles to amuse Mr Oswald and you with accounts of the Debates in Parliament. I saw Mrs Oswald yesterday in good Health. Charles is preparing to go to India, but I am of Opinion in any event He must go to Bengal, where John Macpherson is, on whose friendship I hope He may rely. Money I am told is singularly scarce at Madras. I hope Zobrany will begin with Bombay and go through the Settlements. I went to the House of Commons on Thursday with James Macpherson, but He wou'd not stay long being determined as He says not to be in a Division till after the Holydays. Pray do not forget me to Mr Oswald.

Yours ever

THOS BROWN.

[PAPER IN THE HANDWRITING OF W. T. FRANKLIN.]

On the other hand, if our Commerce and Friendship are of some Advantage to you; while you are exasperating this country against the Colonies by Misrepresentations and Falshoods, if you are at the same time by your Abuses so exasperating that Country against this, as that they will from Resentment exert themselves more earnestly, to give Encouragement, and finally should succeed in every Manufacture as they have already in several, Will your Country then think that you have been doing it Service?

Don't you suppose it possible, that Civil Dissensions may encourage Foreign Insults? Can you conceive the least use in destroying all mutual Regard and Affection between Britain and America? Do you think it impossible that England may ever need Assistance from the Colonies? Do you think it quite out of the Course of human Affairs that Britons should ever have occasion to seek an Asylum in America? Would it not be more comfortable to you and your Children to find there LIBERTY and Friends, than SLAVERY and Enemies? Why then would you have us reduc'd to a Condition in which, if you succeed, we shall ever detest you?

[1] Charles Smith.

[Caleb Whitefoord to Frederic Stuart.]

Xmas Day,
Paris, 25th *Decr*, '82.

Dear Sir,

The Complimts of the season and all other good wishes attend you! Calebus Frederico salutem dicit. And now without further Compliment or Preamble, let me come to the point, and rush at once into the middle of things. Know then, most illustrious Frederic, that your Friend, (if he may presume to call himself by that Title) the quondam Secretary of the Literati, is now at Paris, acting as Secry to the Commn for treating of Peace with America.

Mr Osd was sent here (in the beging of last summer) for that purpose, and did me the Honor to ask me to accomy him. You may believe it was not very convent for me to leave London, for so long a term, but the object was of that Importance, that I obey'd the call, quitted everything else, and followed him. 'Tis some satisfaction, that our mission has not been in vain. The great object of it was accomplish'd on *St Andrew's* day when we sign'd and seal'd the articles of a Preliminary Treaty with America, to take Effect whenever Terms of Peace shall be agreed upon between Gr: Britain and France. Whether the Terms will please the English nation I cannot tell, but I am persuaded they are the best that the Circumstances of the Times would admit of.

It is written, Blessed are the Peace makers! and so it might have been in ancient Times, but in those of modern Date *on a changé tout cela* and changed too with a Vengeance; for of all menkind none are so apt to be traduced vilified and misrepresented as your Peacemakers. Is it not amazing that one man who plunges a Nation into all the Horrors of a ruinous war should be universally applauded, and another man who extricates them out of it shou'd be curs'd and abused. This seems to be a temporary Intoxicn or privation of understg in a whole people. One of the most remarkable Instances of this kind happen'd (as you may have heard) about twenty years ago, when we made the best Peace we had ever done since we were a Nation—and from the Be-

haviour of the People on that occasion, some Folks are of opinion that we do not deserve ever to make such another. Nor indeed shall we, for our present treaty with France must in the Nature of Things be very diff^{t} from the last, and perhaps also may meet a diff^{t} Fate.—Bless me, here have I got upon my political Hobby, and am prancing away at a prodigious rate: let me now dismount and consign him to the Stable.

Now to the point. Mr Oswald and I have hired one of the best Hotels in Paris, the Furniture is new and neat; with Equipage, Domesticks and indeed what not. We keep constant Table. In all this there is, to be sure, much *Splendor*, but we are deficient in *Comforts*. We want the Society of an agreeable Friend, such an one as John Macpherson, Ld Kelly, or Frederic Stuart, but honest John is gone to India to make Nabobs, and Ld Kelly is gone to Heaven to compose new Hallelujahs; last, but not least in our dear Love cometh Frederic. He, I am told, is in our Neighbourhood, and if he wo^{d} deign to visit us I shou'd look upon it as a Godsend. We have twice as much room as We may occupy. He shall have a whole Suite of Apartments to himself and his serv^{t}. He shall live as he pleases, keep his own Hours, in short shall lay down the Law, or as I used to phrase it in our Jocular days, the Code Fredericque. What say you, my dear Sir? Will you accept our Invitation? There are not many People to whom one wo^{d} give such an one: and perhaps there are few from whom you wo^{d} chuse to accept it. It will be very flattering to me to find myself of that Number. Three or four days will transport you hither, and I shall be transported to see you. We shall stay here till after the Definitive Treaty but the sooner you come the better.

Mr O. joins with me in complim^{s} and good wishes. I ever am

Your's most heartily

C. W.

I have wrote you a much longer Epistle than I intended when I sat down: indeed I consider'd it as chatting with you, and was no more in a hurry to rise from it, than I used formerly at the British or the Adelphi.

[The Same to the Same.]

[Paris, 1783.]

Dear Frederic,

We easily believe what we fondly wish. You must know I had flatter'd myself with the hopes of your coming here and passing some weeks with me, and was extremely mortified at your preferring the dead to the living, a new book to an old friend.

Since the signing of the provisional treaty I have been pretty much at leisure except now and then lending a hand to Mr Fitzherbert, whom I have long known, and who is a man of sense, and a man of letters. Therefore I was glad to be of any assistance to him. But for these six weeks past during Mr Oswald's absence I have been living in this great hotel all alone, and to use the words of a royal duke, nobody with me but myself, making each day at least two comfortless, because solitary meals. Ah! what a Godsend *you* wou'd have been on this occasion! But it seems you avoid with care every place where you may chance to meet with your old companions or friends. And why is this? It seems you have spent a little more money in London than you ought to have done. Well, are you the first Enfant de Famille, the first young man of spirit who has done so? Are you for this voluntarily to renounce your friends, your relations, and your country? For God's sake open your case to your father, or your brother, or your Banker, or to some friend—to *me* if you think me worthy of that confidence, let me know the amount of what you owe; and when I return to London Tom Coutts and I will lay our heads together, and try what can be done. I trust you will pardon my seeming officiousness in thus meddling with your affairs, since it proceeds from the most hearty good will, and affectionate regard.

And so the peace, and the peacemakers are abused. This is all very natural; it is in the common course of things, and I always laid my account with it. I knew that the peace must be, from the untoward situation of our affairs a Peace of Concessions, and being so, it cou'd not be a popular one, yet

I am convinc'd it is the best that the circumstances of the times wou'd admit of, and such a one as those who rail against it, wou'd if they had been ministers have gladly accepted. As to the articles, I suppose you get the *Courier de l'Europe*, where you are ; if not, I will send you one.

Patten and Campbell are much yours, the former (unless when he goes to administer justice to the ancient Britons) constantly attends the Club, and we allways remember you in our libations, which by the bye are not so *copious* as they were wont, at least on *my* part. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Your friend Campbell does not attend us so regularly, he has other amusements, Horses and pictures and women take up much of his time.

Tom Brown is hearty and well ; he has not changed his Complexion, which you remember was a claret one.

I have continued this sort of chit chat as long as I had anything to say, and I have nothing further to add but that I ever am Dr Frederic

Yours most heartily,

C. W.

Apropos to old friends, I have this moment had the pleasure of receiving a letter from John Home.

[RICHARD OSWALD TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, LONDON, 8th *Feb^y^*, 1783.

I duly received both your Letters, for which I thank you. The news therein mentioned you may believe were very agreeable, and upon which I most sincerely congratulate Mr. Fitzherbert. There is nothing material doing here but what you will have a full account of in the publick Papers. The Ratification of the preliminaries with France and Spain are not yet arrived, but are soon expected. When they are received the whole of the Treaties will be taken under consideration by Parliament. Untill then I can say nothing of my return. In the meantime I beg my best compliments to all Friends.

Mr Manning delivered me the inclosed Letter from Mr Laurens, and told me that a daughter of Mr Laurens is come to Paris, and I suppose under the care of Monsr Grand. Be so good to deliver it, with my complim^ts^ to the young Lady. Her Father writes Mr Manning that he will sett out for Paris directly and proposes to be here on the 10th or 11th.

I beg my Complim^ts^ to Mr Perregan. I received his Letter, and should have been very glad to serve him even at the expense of a prior connection, but have not succeeded. However I tried it by speaking to Mr Falkener who go's Secretary to Lord Caermarthen. He told me that his Lop^s^ correspondence was already fixed with Mons. Grand. So there was no more to be said on the Subject. I don't trouble Mr Fitzherbert with any Letter, however, with my Complim^ts^ be so good to tell him that last week I delivered to Mr Fraser at Ld Grantham's office a packet for him containing the contents of his commission to me, to be sent by the first Courier.

Mrs Oswald begs to be remembered to you and I am Dr Sir,

Your most obed^t^ hum^e^
Servant
RICHARD OSWALD.

[ROBERT MYLNE TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, *Feb^y^* 16th, 1783.

DEAR SIR,

I have left Arundel Street and the follys of London altogether and retired to room and quietness at the New River Head, where I beg you'll direct to me for the future. I expect our friend Jamie Ferguson to dinner, with all his Parisian and Political news: zested with the more precious sort of Friendly news. I think James must have been an odd fish, almost out of the water, at Paris, where all, even you and Philosophy, run at the King of Pleasure. When Voltaire's *Candide* came first out, Mr Ferguson and I were at Venice, and all his acquaintance there christened him Signor Pococurante. I think

he seems not much altered yet. My learned critical friend Mr Crofts is dead, and his curious collection of books are to be sold in a month or so. The Catalogue is a great curiosity in itself. It is to be had at Monsr Barois a bookseller at Paris. Mention it among the learned if you find occasion for the good of the Brother of my late Friend. I ever am, Dr Sir,

Yours most sincerely &c.
ROBERT MYLNE.

[RICHARD OSWALD TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, LONDON, Saturday, 5 *April*, 1783.

I had yours of the 25th of last month, advising your draft of £200, which will be taken care of. Your Observation Regarding the Animadversions on the Clause of Reciprocity is just and it naturally ocurred here upon their appearing in publick. But it was thought best to let those Exceptions or Criticisms, pass over, without entering into Explanations, either in parliam^t^ or otherways, as they would have answered no good purpose, considering all circumstances.

These affairs are now over, our Preliminaries here being settled, and proceeding in the Streight course to a solid Ratification.

In consequence of which, I am told Mr David Hartley is appointed to go over to Paris to finish what may be still depending for a settlement between G. Britain and America. Of this I am just now informed by Mr Laurens, who has been this morning with Mr Fox, to whose office Lord North has transferred all American business. It was formerly you know in Mr Townshend's Province, which is now taken up by Lord North.

The Case being so, I can have nothing to do at Paris, nor any Motive for my Returning thither, unless it was to take leave of certain Gentlemen there, for whom I cannot but entertain a sincere esteem and regard, in remembrance of what had passed in the course of the business which I had the honour to transact with them. In place thereof, I must

trust to your being so good to make my Respectful Compliments to them, with an assurance that my best wishes shall ever attend them, and the concerns in which they are engaged; in perfect confidence at some time that, by the concurrence of their good offices, a solid foundation will be laid for mutual and lasting friendship, and the future prosperity of both countries.

By a Friend of Mr Vaughan's, I sent you about a month past the small Globe and Lunette for Monsr Fuzas, both directed to you. I could not use the freedom of troubling him with the Book of Maps, but I shall send them by Mr Laurens, who setts out with his Family for Paris in three or four days. I beg my best Respects to Monsr Fuzas.

As I was called home by the Secretary of State, expressly to Remain here only a few days, you'l remember I thought it improper to make any alteration in our Establishment at Paris. Nor even thought it right to do so without some kind of direction or nottice after I saw the Tide of Administration likely to take a different course. But now, having this Information from Mr Laurens of Mr Hartleys being appointed to that Charge, there is no occasion for any further Scruples about the matter; and consequently I could wish that an end may be put to the said Expence as soon as may be convenient for you. To that end, and for clearing off any outstanding demands, you will please draw on me what may be necessary. If there is nothing else to detain you at Paris, I shall hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here.

In the meantime I beg leave to trouble you with a seperate Memorandum relative to the Sunday Papers, Books and other things which I left behind me; begging your care of them, so as they may be put up and forwarded to this place in the saftest manner as may occur to you.

I send you inclosed a Letter to Doctor Franklin which was put into my hands some days ago by Mr Richard Jackson [1] one of the late Lords of the Treasury. I hope

[1] Jackson the 'Omniscient,' which 'Dr. Johnson altered to "all knowing" as it is a *verbum solenne* appropriated to the Supreme Being.' [Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. by Hill, iii. 19.]

Mrs Jay is well. I beg my best Respects to her, and hope she will not pass us in her Course westward. Her Husband I believe would also feel the benefit of our Bath Waters. Pray remember me to General Melville and believe me to be very truly Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant
RICHARD OSWALD.

I beg my kind Compts to Mr Fitzherbert and hope he continues in good health.

[ANECDOTES OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.]

First time of dining at D^r F's Monsr —— ask'd me if I thought we shou'd soon have Peace. I said, I cou'd not speak fr^m Authority, but I believ'd that wou'd depend on the *Moderation* of the French Ministers, and on their proposing equitable Terms, that if they insisted on any articles disgraceful to Great Britain, the People wou'd rather spend their last shilling than submit to them.—Monsr —— replied that the Ministers profess'd as great Moderation as cou'd be desired. That France had nothing to ask for herself; she had gain'd the Objects for which she took up arms, viz.: the Independance of her American Allies, and the Freedom of Navigation.—She had acquired Glory, and was not desirous of acquiring Territory especially at so great Distance. That she had Empire enough; these he believed were the Sentiments of the French Ministers, but as to their Allies, he did not know what they might ask. He talk'd of the bad Policy of going to War with our Colonies. I told him, I was *not* the Minister. He said the last Peace we made, was a very *bad* one; I replied I thought it was too good. He talk'd of the growing Greatness of America, and that the thirteen united States wou'd form the greatest Empire in the world. Yes Sir, I replied, and they will *all* speak English; every one of 'em. His triumph was check'd. He understood what was intended to be convey'd, viz., that from a similarity of Language Manners and Religion, that Great Empire wou'd be *English* not French.

He told me of a Bon mot of Sir Wm D. at Dinner at the Count D'Estaing's, — con^g^ *vin de Champagne.* Sir W^m^ said *que c'etait le meilleur des vins de France, que cela resemblait a la Nation—il avait de la Force, et de l'Esprit,* — ask'd me how I liked it. I said it was admirable ; and that I was at a loss which most to admire, the turn of the expression, or the Justness of the Idea.

He ask'd me what the new Ministers were doing. I told him the new Ministers possess'd the Confidence of the People, and therefore wou'd be able to raise both men and money much easier than their Predecessors. That they saw the absurdity of the American War and were therefore getting out of it and were making vigorous Exertions on our natural Element, the Sea. That they were making the Marines Sailors, the Soldiers Marines, and the Militia Soldiers ; and that our Enemies wou'd soon perceive that we were capable of making a much more respectable Figure, at Sea, than we had done during the present war.—Monsr —— said the French wou'd this year have ten thous^d^ regular Troops in India. I replied it was rather unfortunate, that on the whole Continent of India, France did not possess a single foot of Land for her Troops to stand on. He was nettled, and offered a Wager of 100 Louis that the English wou'd be driven out of India, within a year. I accepted the Bett, but Monsr did not insist on it.

During the Negociation of the Preliminary Treaty of Peace, with the American Ministers of Paris, the British Cabinet instructed their Negociators, to procure for the Loyalists every possible Satisfaction ; such as Restitution of their Estates, Indemnification for their losses &c. Consequently these were points which we strenuously laboured to obtain.

I recollect one of the American Ministers saying, 'It is strange you should insist on *our* rewarding People who have been plundering, burning, and cutting our throats. If you think them so very deserving, why don't you reward them yourselves? But it would be very hard to oblige *us* to do it, even if you had conquered us ; and you will please to recollect, that you have *not* conquered us.'

I remember also one of the American Ministers saying, 'that in *his* opinion, America had as good a right to insist on Great Britain indemnifying the American sufferers for all Losses and Damage, occasioned by the British Troops in America.' In short we found that the American ministers could *not do* what we required of them. Congress itself, (from whom they derived their Powers,) could not do it. Each of the thirteen provinces, being a Sovereign and independent State within itself, and govern'd by its own Laws, All that Congress could do, was seriously to recommend to the different States to restore the Lands, Rights and Properties of the Loyalists; as also to reconsider and amend all their Acts relative to them, &c.

An Article to this Effect we obtained to be inserted in the Treaty; and it was all that, (according to the then Circumstances,) could be obtained.

[R. TICKELL[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

STAMP OFFICE,
15th July, 1783.

DEAR SIR,

I have a particular favour to request. I must begin with stating to you that it's not for myself. It is for Mr Brindley[2], my Brother Commissioner, who has a beautiful collection of Medals. Thus then I proceed. You are possessed of some impressions of the Medal struck at Paris on the Declaration of American Independence; and I, in a foolish proud way, have boasted my power with you, and said I'm sure you'll oblige Mr Brindley with one of these Medals, at my request. The Question is whether you will sink or establish my credit on this point. Take notice that the *First* Commr of Stamps admitting this *Independant* Stamp

[1] Richard Tickell, Commissioner of Stamp Duties, author of *Anticipation*, died on Nov. 1, 1793, in consequence of a fall from the parapet, on which he was reading, in front of the window of his apartments in Hampton Court Palace. His first wife was Mrs. Sheridan's sister.

[2] James Bindley, the 'Father of the Society of Antiquarians,' had been Senior Commissioner of Stamp Duties since 1781. He died at his apartments in Somerset House on Sept. 11, 1818, in his 81st year.

into his collection is curious. We had provided a good many for America with choice devices. It wasn't our fault that they rejected them. Mr Brindley, with your leave, will wait on you, to kiss hands for this Medal, and to take due care of it.

Yours Faithfully
R. TICKELL.

[W. T. FRANKLIN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, PASSY, 7th *Aug*t, 1783.

I have been so much taken up with Business since the rect of your Letter, inclosing me an Introduction to Mrs Hesse, that I have hitherto delay'd answering it. I have not however been deficient in complying with your request relative to that amiable and accomplish'd Lady: She has form'd with Mr Brillon not merely an Acquaintance, but really a Friendship; and it is impossible for any one to be more universally liked, than she has made herself here by her Person and pleasing Manners. We all exceedingly Regret, that her stay among us has been so short and we are perpetually talking of going all together to England to make her Visit. I really should not be suprised if Mr Brillon and Family should carry this Project into execution in the Fall. As to my Grandfather and myself, I hardly know what will become of us; He has no Answer from Congress to his repeated Applications to Retire, and so continues here, tho' with much Reluctance. I wish ardently to be able to visit England before we Return, were it only for eight Days, to see you and my other Friends, and embrace my Father. He cannot regret more than I do our long Separation, and the interruption in our Correspondence;—he knows the Character of some of our Rulers, and cannot but approve of my discretion.

Our Negotiations do not go on so well as when Mr. O. and you were here. We have lost by the change a worthy Friend, and your Country, an able and upright Minister.

Adieu my dear Sir,—I write in haste in hopes of being in time to request Mrs Hesse to take charge of my Letter.—

My Grandfather and M^r and Mrs Jay present you their affectionate Compts as likewise to Mr Oswald, to whom please to remember me in the most affectionate Manner,—and believe me, as ever,

Sincerely yours
W. T. FRANKLIN.

Congress have alone Authority to appoint Consuls. The Place at Calais has already been asked for by 50 Persons. If a Frenchman is appointed, it is likely to be *Le Veux*, our old Corresp^t.

[RICHARD OSWALD TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, 15th *April*, 1784.

I have the favour of yours, and am sorry you are to be hurried in this manner, but we cannot do too much for the public good, and therefor must be contented to submit at occasional Inconveniences. I have of late heard nothing from that part of the World and therefor have no commands to trouble you with but our Compliments to all Friends, particularly to Sir John Whitefoord, his Lady and Family, and to Sir Adam Ferguson, Recommending it to you at same time to take up your lodging at Achinenie, and to enquire if any of that Claret No. 1. is left of which you possibly have some Remembrance and if so to try to make up a Party or parties for finishing it. Also that you will bring back a very particular account of the present State of the Premises, upon which I have laid out no small Sum of Money since the time of your last visit with no other view in the world but to obtain the approbation of gentlemen of your taste. Wishing you most heartily a pleasant Journey and a ministerial Election, I conclude with Mrs O.'s Complim^ts.

Dear Sir
Your most obed^t Serv.
RICHARD OSWALD.

I have a letter from Sir A. F. dated the 5th but there was nothing in it that lookt as if I should be wanted. Which was

lucky as I am so far from being in a travelling state of health that nothing but a call in the articulo mortis, would have moved me. In that case indeed I should perhaps have been as well prepared for a Journey as you are in spite of all Remonstrances Physical or Domestic. No Doubt you know that the day of Election is fixed for the 20th Tuesday next. So you must not tarry on your course.

[RICHARD OSWALD TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

Dr Sir, FRIDAY EVENING, 7 o'clock.

Mr Jay being now at Dover, in his way to New York, with Mrs Jay and Family, I am to sett out tomorrow morning for that place, to bid him farewell, believing it not likely that we shall have another meeting on this side the great Lake.

Mr Laurens and Mr Vaughan are to be of the Party. If you chuse to make a Fourth, we can give you Passage, provided you are at my House tomorrow at 7 o'clock, *and not later*. We propose to stay only to Monday morning. If you go, it won't be amiss to let me know some time tonight.

Mr Jay's ship is now at Gravesend. He don't come to Town. I am Dr Sir

Yours

RICHARD OSWALD.

CASE OF BROWN AND WHITEFOORD, WITH RESPECT TO THEIR CONNECTIONS AND TRANSACTIONS WITH JOHN MILL AND RICHARD OSWALD ESQRS BOTH DECEASED.

So early as the year 1757, and from thence to 1771 when Mr. John Mill died, a particular Intimacy and Friendship had subsisted between him and Messrs Brown and Whitefoord. Mr Mill, in the early part of their Business of Wine merchants lent them money to the amount of £1800, but situations and circumstances occurr'd, that through him, they were put to expenses, nearly equal to the sum borrowed.

In the year 1765, Mr Mill, (who was naturally an indolent man,) being tired of the trouble and Expense of House-keeping, quitted his House at Hampstead, and took a Lodging in Craven Street, for the sake of being near Messrs B. and W. and he and his particular Friends lived very much with them, to their great additional Expence, for almost seven years, untill his Death in 1771.

So great was their Intimacy and his Professions of Friendship and Regard that it was the general Idea of all their friends and acquaintance, and they had many reasons for their hopes, that they would be fully compensated by Mr Mill, for such Expence. These were certainly his Intentions but unfortunately he was suddenly taken off by an Apoplectic fit, without having made them any Compensation.

Mr Whitefoord at different times gave Mr Oswald hints of the Expence they were put to on Mr Mill's account, and told him that they did not consider themselves *in foro Conscientiae* indebted to Mr Mill. But Mr Oswald did not shew any Desire of learning the particulars, till on their Return together from Scotland in 1780, when he (on Mr Mill's name being mentioned,) brought on the subject himself, and on Mr Whitefoord's repeating all the Circumstances, and asking if it was just or reasonable that Messrs B. and W. should be put to so much Expence, without any Compensation, Mr Oswald said, indeed it was neither just nor reasonable. Mr Whitefoord said it was a Satisfaction to him to find that *he* was of that opinion.

In March 1782, (the Ministry being desirous of putting an End to the American War,) Mr Oswald was appointed to go over to Paris, in order to open a confidential communication with Doctor Franklin. Mr Oswald being then totaly unknown to Doctor Franklin; having never been in France, and not speaking the Language, sollicited Mr Whitefoord, (of whose abilites and Integrity he entertained a very favourable Opinion, and who had for many years lived on terms of great Friendship and Intimacy with the Doctor,) to accompany him to France on this Business.

On their arrival at Paris, Mr Whitefoord leaving Mr Oswald

there, went immediately to Passy, the Country Seat where Doctor Franklin resided; communicated to him the Errand he came upon; used every means of giving him the most favourable Impression of Mr Oswald, and requested the Doctor's permission to bring him there, in order to introduce him. Dr Franklin having been much teized with People who came to him from London, and who afterwards gave unfaithful Reports of his Conversation, was very unwilling to receive any new acquaintance from England. But at Mr Whitefoord's earnest Request, and from the high Character he gave of Mr Oswald, the Doctor agreed to receive him; And thus the Parties being brought together and prepossessed in favour of each other, the negociation commenced in the most amicable manner; and in a few days Mr Oswald and Mr Whitefoord returned to London, having obtained from Doctor Franklin *confidential answers*, to all the Questions proposed by Administration.

Towards the latter end of April, they went again to Paris, where Mr Whitefoord continued thirteen months, constantly employed Day and Night in the different Negociations, untill Peace was concluded.

Mr Whitefoord's Employment at Paris was more laborious than any he ever was engaged in. He was sometimes for weeks together at the writing Desk, from seven in the morning, till eleven at night: For the Business, being of a secret and confidential nature, did not admit of his receiving assistance. There were three American Commissioners to treat with, who all stood upon an equal footing: therefore each of them required separate copies of many official Papers, and also Copies must be made of all papers delivered by them to us: Besides this, Mr Oswald being of a very active and speculative Mind, was much employed in drawing up Schemes and Plans either in behalf of the Loyalists, and the mother Country, or for annoying our Enemies. Some of those Plans were very long, and Mr Whitefoord generally made two Copies of each; so that he had more writing there in *one* year than he ever had in his own Business in six.

During the negociation, Mr Oswald was several times called

to London, leaving Mr Whitefoord charged with the Business in his Absence. From one of those Journeys Mr Oswald returned to Paris extremely ill; He had been dangerously so on the road, and told Mr Whitefoord on his arrival, that he thought he never should have seen him again. On Mr Whitefoord's observing in case of such a melancholy event, what would have been his embarass'd situation, both with respect to the Negociation, and the Bond Debt, Mr Oswald replied, as to that matter you have explained it to me already; you need not be uneasy about that, giving him to his intire conviction to understand, that every Idea of Payment was relinquished. This circumstance Mr Whitefoord communicated to his Partner.

Mr Whitefoord remained several months at Paris after Mr Oswald's final return, having everything in Charge; and on his coming to London in May, 1783, the first or second time he saw Mr Oswald, took occasion to enquire, what he had obtained for him from Government; when he frankly answered he had *not* ask'd for anything for him: that the Ministers appeared to be in such Distress, he did not care to ask them for anything. At which Mr Whitefoord could not help expressing his Surprise, as Mr Oswald had frequently declared to himself, to Dr Franklin, Colonel Ross, Mr Strange, &c., 'that he would not accept of any Reward himself from Government, but he would make it a point that Mr Whitefoord should have a handsome Provision for Life,' and Mr Whitefoord was so thoroughly perswaded from Mr Oswald's Declarations and Promises, that he was to have a Provision of at least Five hundred a year for Life, that he had determined to quit Business, and accordingly had given notice to Mr Brown to look out for some other Partner, that might be agreeable to him.

Mr Whitefoord on coming from this last Interview with Mr Oswald, informed his Partner of what had pass'd, and observed that Mr Oswald probably thought he had done enough by cancelling the Bond Debt, of which he entertained not the smallest Doubt, in consequence of Mr Oswald's Declaration at Paris.

There was a Reason, which possibly might operate on Mr Oswald's mind, to prevent him from asking the Ministry at that time to make any provision for Mr Whitefoord, Viz., Mr Oswald had an old Claim upon Government for upwards of fifty thousand Pounds, due to him as Contractor and Commissary during the German War, which claim he hoped to obtain payment of, on account of his services in the American Treaty: This was doubtless a very great Object; and therefore he might not choose to clog it with any Demand, on account of Mr Whitefoord's services: for upon Mr Rose asking him at Lord Shelburne's, what was to be done for Mr Whitefoord, Mr Oswald answered he would settle with Mr Whitefoord. The ministry were then winding up their Affairs, and at that moment, Mr Whitefoord might have had £500 a year granted him for Life, or a Commissioner's place at one of the Boards, if Mr Oswald had required it; or had he not intimated his Intention to take Mr Whitefoord upon himself.

On the whole it is submitted to Mrs Oswald and the Executors that in consideration of the above mentioned circumstances relative to Mr Mill; the services of Mr Whitefoord, with the Declaration and Promises of Mr Oswald, that the Demand on Messrs Brown and Whitefoord, (viz., the Bond for £3000 with Interest thereon,) should be relinquish'd: As there is the strongest presumption, that this was the Intention of Mr Oswald, or that he would have procured Mr Whitefoord at least £500 a year for Life, which would have been equivalent to the above Demand, as the purchase of an Annuity of only £400 per annum, at twelve years purchase, would amount to £4800 a sum exceeding the Principal, and Interest of the Debt.

Though Mr Whitefoord throws himself on the Justice and Candour of Mr Oswald's Representatives; yet it is not to be ommitted that Mr Whitefoord has good Grounds in the strictest sense both of Law and Equity for a personal Demand on Mr Oswald for essential Services and Assistance rendered him during the whole Negociation of the Peace.

C. WHITEFOORD.

[LORD HINCHINBROOK TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

ST. JAMES'S, *Jan.* 5th, 1785.

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that Mr Pitt will be glad to see you. He is at present much taken up, but he will send to you in a few days and appoint the time.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, PASSY, *May* 19, 1785.

I have desired my Nephew Mr Williams to buy a Book for me, Blackrie's Disquisitions upon Medicines for dissolving the Stone[1]. It treats I understand of the Sope-Lye, which is recommended in the Pamphlet you were so kind as to send me. But as he may not easily find an Opportunity of sending it to me, I have directed him to consult with you, hoping that if it is not too big, you may prevail to have it come by the Court Courier, under Cover to your Friend here, who will immediately give it to me.

I am really griev'd to learn by your Letter to my Grandson, that your public Services at the Treaty remain yet unrewarded. You were long and usefully employ'd here, and it is a shame you should be so long neglected. The Ministry being chang'd does not lessen your Merit with regard to the Public. You had a great Loss in the Death of that truly good Man Mr Oswald: For I know it was his Intention, tho' he would not accept of anything for himself on Account of his Employment here, to make it Point with Government, the obtaining a handsome Provision for you.—It is unlucky, I think in the Affairs of this World, that the Wise and Good should be as mortal as Common People, and that they often die before others are found fit to supply their Places.

I am ever, my dear Friend,
Your most affectionately
B. FRANKLIN.

[1] *A Disquisition on Medicines which dissolve the Stone, in which Dr Chittick's secret is considered and discovered.* By Alexander Blackrie. London, 1766. 12 *mo.* 2nd edition *improved and to which a second part is added.* 8°. 1771.

[W. T. FRANKLIN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

AT THE MOTHER BANK,

MY DEAR FRIEND, 27 *July*, 1785.

. . . I have not been able to settle anything about your Affair with the Duc de Liancourt and Loiselle. I am astonish'd indeed with what you tell about Mr O.—I hope you will be able to obtain something at last: It will be much if it is equal to your Merits. My Father will deliver you a second Edition of my Grandfather's Letter, which may assist you.—Crawford is doing *nothing* but magnetizing and being magnetiz'd. Dalrymple is busy; and much esteem'd: I rec^d my manuscript book and thank you for the additional Pieces. No Medals have been struck in America. Several have in France relative to our Affairs which may be had at Paris, at the Hotel de la Monoye des Medailles au Louvre: they are to be purchased. The story of the Apples of King John is this:—He had two Apples, of which he eat *One* and kept t'other for *Himself*.

. . . &c.

W. T. FRANKLIN.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO WILLIAM DUNDAS.]

D^r SIR, LONDON, 20th *October*, 1786.

I was very sorry I happen'd to be from home when you did me the favour to call in Craven Street as I wish'd much to see you; indeed for some days past I fully intended to have waited on you, in order to communicate a matter that has surprised me exceedingly, and vex'd me damnably.

Your uncle Mr Dundas[1] you know has been the butt of much political abuse, falsehood and scurrility. Would you believe it? He harbours a most unjust and groundless suspicion that these attacks proceed from me. This appears in a letter from your uncle to Mr Brown, and which was instantly communicated to me. How long Mr Dundas has entertain'd

[1] Henry Dundas.

this unworthy suspicion I know not ; but if it has been taken for a fact it clearly explains the Reason why Admⁿ have withheld my Reward for public services: which delay I own I never cou'd account for till now. Nor indeed cou'd I account for the very distant and reserved behaviour of Mʳ Dundas for a considerable time past. And I cannot help saying that if he had spoke out immediately it wou'd have been more open and manly, in short more like what I *conceiv'd* to be his character ; for really I know very little of Mʳ Dundas and I think it is evident that he knows still less of *me*.

But thus accused, I think I have a right to know Mʳ Dundas' reasons for imputing to me a conduct so base and unworthy. If there is any man wicked enough and bold enough to assert to my face that I am concern'd directly or indirectly in any writings agᵗ adminⁿ or any Member thereof, let that man be produced, and I will have the satisfaction of telling him to his face that he is a slanderer and a liar, and of giving him that chastisement which the nature of the injury deserves at my hands.

The fabricator of this false and injurious Report must be a total stranger to me or my character. From the conduct he imputes to me he must suppose me equally destitute of principle as of common sense. And what temptation he can have for so doing I cannot conceive, unless it be some needy Place hunter, who imagines that I stand in his way, and contrives this method of removing me out of it.

It is really humiliating to a man possessed of the least degree of principle or feeling to be obliged to vindicate himself from a charge of calumniating the friends whom he pretends to support, and from whom he is soliciting favours or rewards, and all this in behalf of a faction whom he detests. This is a degree of duplicity and meanness that I am incapable of and if the fabricator of the report had known anything of the real circumstances of the case he wou'd have consulted probability a little more to give his lie the semblance of truth.

Your uncle by his letter to Mʳ Brown seems to think that I write a *great deal* in the public papers. He is very much

mistaken. When the present ministers came into power, being a sincere well wisher of theirs, and fully persuaded of their good intentions, I wrote and endeavoured to give the public as favourable an opinion of them as I cou'd; but not being furnish'd with materials from authority, I was obliged to stop, and I solemnly declare it is now two years since I have written a line of politics, nor indeed of any kind whatever, except some essays, containing a critique on the historical paintings in the Royal Academy which I undertook at the request of a friend, in order to defend the artists from the illiberal attacks of some pretended connoisseurs.

And now my dear William, liberavi animam meam. I have opened my mind fully to you on this subject. I have relieved myself of an irksome burden. My first intention was to have made my complaint in person and to have told you all this *vivâ voce*; but words are fugitive things sed Litera scripta manet. If I have any claim to your friendship, I hope through your good offices to obtain some satisfaction in this matter, and am Dear Sir

Yours most heartily

C. W.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR FRIEND, SOUTHAMPTON, *July* 27, 1787.

My Son has shown me here a Newspaper, with your Friendly Vindication[1] of me; for which good Office accept

[1] The allusion is to a letter in the *Public Advertiser* from *A Briton* alleging that Dr. Franklin changed his dress before signing the treaty of peace and put on 'the very coat that he wore at the time that Mr. Wedderburn abused him at the Council Chamber; an indignity which he rejoiced thus to revenge on his master, and the whole British nation.' Whitefoord's reply was as follows: '.... This absurd story has no foundation but in the imagination of the inventor. Until I saw your correspondent's letter, I did not know that the story had already appeared in print. It is true indeed that I have frequently heard it repeated in conversation, and have always treated it with the contempt it deserved.... Mr. Oswald, the British Commissioner, being dead, I am the only person who can give your correspondent official information on this subject. I am ready to meet *A Briton* when he pleases. In the meantime, give me leave to assure him (having been present, officially, as Secretary to the British Commission for treating of Peace with America, during the whole time), that no such words as those mentioned in his letter of this day were spoken by Dr. Franklin: neither did he leave the company or change his dress. The inventor of the story supposes that the act of signing

my Thanks. The Writer of the Calumny you have so well refuted, manifests a good deal of Malignancy in his Nature; and such People are afflicted and punished, when they find those Accusations false, which they wish'd to be true. He may therefore be left to himself; and it is hardly worth while to let him know, that the Person he is so desirous of defaming, not only did not mention the Transaction he alludes to, at the times he states, but at no other time, nor to any other Person or Persons, from the Day it happen'd, to the present. I am sorry to learn that no Compensation has been made to you for your Services at the Treaty. Had Mr Oswald surviv'd he certainly would have endeavour'd to procure something for you; tho' he intended, as I heard him say, to demand nothing for himself. With great Esteem, I am ever, my dear Friend,

Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN.

[GENERAL REID TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

I have been informed that Mr Franklin, Grandson of doctor Franklin and his private Secretary, who was in England soon after the late Peace, on his way to America, gave the following account to several Gentlemen of known Veracity, viz. that at the commencement of the Treaty for settling the preliminary Articles of the Peace, between Great Britain and America, the Agents of the former demanded that the American Congress should restore to the American Loyalists all their Rights and Properties of every kind. That the Agents for America absolutely refused this, unless Great Britain would Indemnify the Americans for all the Losses they sustained from the King's Troops during the War, by

the peace took place at the house of Dr. Franklin. The fact is otherwise: the conferences were held, and the treaty was signed, at the hotel of the British Commissioner, where Dr. Franklin and the other American commissioners gave their attendance for that purpose. The Court of Versailles having at that time gone into mourning for the death of some German Prince, the Doctor of course was dressed in a suit of *black cloth*; and it is in the recollection of the writer of this, and also he believes of many other people, that when the memorable philippick was pronounced against Dr. Franklin in the Privy Council, he was dressed in a suit of *figured Manchester velvet*.'

Burning, Plundering &cra and that unless this was agreed to they would not admit of the demand of the British Agents in favour of the Loyalists; but would break off the Treaty rather than agree to it. That upon this, the British Agents sent over to the then Minister of Great Britain for Instructions on this head; and received the Minister's Instructions to give up the Claim of Indemnification to the Loyalists for their loss of Property &cra provided the American Agents relinquished their said demand of Indemnity for Losses sustained by the Americans during the war. I am satisfied that Mr Franklin realy did give the account before mentioned, nor do I know any reason to doubt the Truth of his account. I wish to know if you was present at the above mentioned Conference, and whether the Account of it given by Mr Franklin is just and true.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO GENERAL REID.]

I think that those who gave General Reid the above information, must have *mis*understood Mr Franklin: for it is scarcely possible that any Person concern'd in the Negociation, should make such an Assertion; it being directly contrary to Truth. The fact is, that the American Ministers *did admit* our claim of Indemnification in favour of the Loyalists; and did *not* insist on Indemnification to their own People, for the losses occasioned by the King's Troops.

[JOHN STRANGE[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

N. 8, CAROLINE STREET,

Octbr 13th, 1787.

MY GOOD SIR,

Many thanks for your last kind call; being still confined to my room by Gout &c., in the meantime, tho' Quiet is my

[1] John Strange, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., was the only son of Sir John Strange, Master of the Rolls. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he proceeded M.A. in 1775. He was British Resident at Venice in 1773. For an account of his life and antiquarian writings *vide* Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, viii. 9–12, 610; ix. 673, 720.

great Doctor, yet I am otherwise not quite idle; of which this, with your kind leave is some proof. Can you from your storehouse of *virtù* knowledge, added to so much other, give me any Intelligence, be it ever so trifling, of George Augustus Wollfgang, the very able Painter (German, I suppose) of my beautiful miniature Portrait of Handel, already well known to you? His initials, *G. A. W.*, with the year 1727 or 1737 (the 3[d] figure being partly erased and dubious) are marked in one corner of the Piece. Hence it was certainly done in England; Handel being resident here, at both those periods. . . .

I just read, in the Papers, with real concern, the Death of good M[r] Antrobus[1], at Cheam in Surrey. May it not be true! What will become of his choice collection in such case? Hoping soon to get well enough to see you, I am, &c.

JOHN STRANGE.

[T. COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

STRAND, *June* 26th, 1788.

The Emperor has abandoned the Siege of Belgrade, and the Turk has sent his *Purses* to Stockholm to enable the Swedes to attack the *She Bear*. The French are forming camps in different provinces, one of 30,000 men under Marshall Broglio. They will have an expensive summer and an unquiet one. If in the midst of these things and with our Dutch and Prussian Alliances we can keep quiet, I think Old England will thrive still.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

STRAND, *July* 16th, 1788.

Yesterday was our day fix'd for travelling, and I really thought we should have kept it, but unfortunately from too much hurry and Fatigue M[rs] Coutts was taken very ill: However I am in good Hopes it is but a short Temporary

[1] Edmund Antrobus. His pictures were sold by private contract on Feb. 1, 1788, and the following days.

Business and that tonight or tomorrow we shall get away. . . . Cheltenham I suppose is now so very magnificent THE PEOPLE will no longer Pay any regard to their old acquaintances and we must look out for another Saline Mineral, when there happens to be any need for it. The Duke of York told me He meant to go down on a visit. I mentioned to Him a lesson for Royalty I had from Geo. Selwyn. In the year 16 Hundred and something or other, there was, as Mr Selwyn told me, Three kings at Matson (His place near Glocester) at once,—viz. King Charles the first and his Two Sons. They were there *on the* 21*st* Day of August. It is not an impossible thing that the K., P. of W., and Duke of York may be there the same day next month and they may, like the other Three, be all kings. Should it so fall out that they go to Matson that Day they may perhaps come away with a creak in the neck, for it is certain that K. Charles and His Two sons when at Matson had as little apprehension of their future fate as our Royal Trio might now have at the House of this celebrated Joker. . . . . Mr Brown is at Bath I believe or Weymouth or Tunbridge or somewhere in the Country. You was very good in writing, as He told me, to Colman, but we have never been in His Box but once. Next Summer we may visit it together. Adieu My Dear Sir. May the Cheltenham waters make the best of Kings acquainted with the best of subjects and produce every other good effect to be desired by Him or you. Mrs Coutts and Fanny join me and say AMEN.

[THE SAME TO THOMAS HARRIS[1].]

NANCY IN LORRAINE,

*Sept^r^* 22nd, 1788.

I bought last Summer of Mr Lacy the right of His Private Box in Drury Lane Theatre but I have not been in England since July and shall not be there I think till the end of October. You was so obliging to give me last winter the use of your Box sometimes, which was of great service to my

[1] Proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

Daughter, a favour I cannot forget. Perhaps your Friends might wish to use my Box, which at any Time shall be most readily at your service, and I have sent an order for it inclosed which I hope may serve till I return home,—tho' I am ignorant of the proper form of writing or addressing it. I hope Covent Garden takes the lead as it did last year, and that you will have as good a season, for I am very partial to it. In case I am informal in my order, I am persuaded Mr Sheridan will, on its being mentioned to him, remove every objection of that sort.

[THE SAME TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

PARIS, *Oct.* 27th, 1788.

It struck me suddenly as a compliment to Harris to send Him directly, rather than through you, the admission to the Box in Drury Lane, pretty sure he would give you at least the offer of it. I would have you still when He is in Town offer it to him. For himself I dare say He does *not* want it. For His Friends He *may*, and His last Winters kindness entitles him to our attention. Besides we may want His Aid again, and we can now give Him *Box* for *Box*. Sheridan told me poor Lacy used to send *odd Company*. I would wish not to have that Reproach. I can hardly tell you why I stay here, any more than when I shall get away, but I really wish myself at Home. . . . As to the Stage there is no new piece worth a Farthing and not a tolerable Tragedian here. I was told Kemble acts Macbeth *better* than Garrick. So I suppose He does not do it as well. . . . We go constantly to the Opera and Italien. The former is certainly Superbe. Here for Two or Three days our worthy King Geo: 3 was Dead, and I suppose it will be reported all over Europe. They began to find out that there had never been so amiable a monarch. . . . Do write again or entreat Brown to do so for a Letter from England is a Treat. I never see a Newspaper.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

[PARIS, *November*] 1788.

I am told there is a Foolish man here who will send an account to the English Papers of a Ball I gave the other day, which has been talkt of Here. To prevent misrepresentation (*at this Time*) I wish you would be beforehand with Him; and put it in: *The World* is the Paper He is (as I am told) to send it to, and therefore it may do best for you to send it there but I leave it to you to choose as to the Paper, and depend on you to put it in proper words, as I have written in a great hurry. Be so good to say nothing of my writing you on this.

[ENCLOSED.]

Paris 24 November 1788 — The English here are very numerous, but much dejected by the News from England. Last week on the account arriving of His Majesty being so much better, there was a Temporary gleam of hope; and Mr Coutts gave a Ball on the occasion to all the Ladys of Fashion and the Duke of Dorset at the Hotel de l'Université. Prince Henry of Prussia Honoured Them with His Company; and at midnight Mr Fox joined them from Italy, but set out for England before the Ball was over. The news received since of the King's continued ill Health has plunged us all again in Mellancholy, and every one talks of going Home.— Mr Fox met Miss Pultney on The Alps, but did not bring her back, tho' *she* then supposed He was Lord Holland.

N.B. The last is a Pleasantry but not a Fact, (at least I believe not) for Mr Fox knew *then* His nephew was Alive and was very Happy at it. I really believe no Father ever lov'd His Son more than Mr Fox does His nephew.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

MONDAY, *March* 2nd [1789].

I thank you sincerely for the newspaper coupon you sent me and I send you a copy of a paragraph which a gentleman here wrote to put into the London Newspapers. It has that

quality which every paragraph cannot claim: it contains the truth. You cannot imagine how happy everybody seem'd at the news of the king's recovery. Ld Ashburnham[1] goes to England tomorrow. We shall follow soon.

Tho' the English at Paris this winter have not been so numerous as usual yet they have been the support of the gayety of that capital. Balls have been quite the rage. They were begun by Mr Coutts at the Hotel de L'Université and succeeded so well that they have been followed by every person of distinction. The 26 instant on the news of the king's happy return to his People, a very splendid one was given by Lord Grey at the Hotel de Prince de Galles where there was every demonstration of the sincerest joy and satisfaction. Even Frenchmen felt. A new farce was composed for the occasion and called the *Recovery*, which met with great applause. The company staid 'till morning and after partaking of an elegant breakfast went in Phaetons and Cabriolets to take the air till dinner time in the Bois de Boulogne.

[Caleb Whitefoord to Knight.]

Dear Knight, [1790.]

I have had the satisfaction to receive your Letters from Rome of 19 and 31 May, the first containing some very pretty love verses, (written on a visit to Ovid's tomb), which you wish sho^d^ be publish'd in one of the Newspapers. Now, my dear Sir, you must know that Mr. C.[2] is very sore on this Head, and has applied to me more than once to prevent any publications concerning his Daughters, and therefore, to avoid giving offence, I think the verses shou'd be transcribed and sent to the Ladies on their return.

I met your friend Mackarell yesterday. He told me that one quarter of your Indian legacy of £1000 would be payable next month, and wish'd you would empower someone to receive it.

[1] John, second Earl Ashburnham.

[2] Thomas Coutts.

A great Number of People are hurrying over to Paris to be present at the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Revolution. I hope my Dr Sir you don't intend to assist it. I augur mischief there, and have no idea that 500,000 People drunk with Liberty can assemble together without heating and fermenting and producing some bloody Catastrophe.

Monsr Vitfort is too careful of 'Nature's fair lineaments' to trust his delicate Frame to so tumultuous a Scene. He remains in this Land of Liberty, Peace and Security. And yet from the Formidable Preparations now making against the Spaniards there is every appearance of an approaching war. However I still hope, as an old Peacemaker, that the Dons will not be mad enough to come to blows unassisted by any maritime Power, but that they will be wise in their anger, and make up matters with as good a Grace as proud people generally do when they repair an Injury or confess an error.

Mrs King desires her kind compliments. I am just come from seeing her and your Godson, who is indeed a charming boy. Pray present mine to the Abbé Macaulay, and believe me, Dr Knt,

Yours most heartily

C. W.

[Caleb Whitefoord to Captain John Sutton.]

Craven Street,

16th *May*, 1790.

I would willingly give a crown, that I had written to Jack Sutton some weeks ago, and why I did *not* write at that time, was entirely owing to my modesty, or rather to my diffidence. You asked me the origin of the word *Toast* and I put off answering your letter, till I should see an antiquarian or two of my acquaintance:—What has been the result? I have *not* seen the antiquarians; and I have mislaid your letter.

With regard to the Application of the word *Toast* to a pretty woman, I have understood that it took its rise at Bath.—Two gentlemen in the Pump room, observing a

beautiful lady in the bath, one of them said, he could drink the *water* she was bathing in : t'other replied, if you drink up the *water*, I will eat the *Toast* : (alluding to toast and water). This pleasantry was repeatedly told, and the lady's health often drank, under the title of *the toast* : and afterwards other celebrated beauties (whose healths were often drank,) were denominated *toasts*.—The story is an old story, I believe about a century or so. But I dare say you know very well, that it was customary among the Romans, to drink bumpers to their mistresses' health ; and they drank *so many glasses* as there were letters in the lady's name. Lesbia *sex* cyathis septem Justina libatur. This information I think we get from an Epigram of Martial.

Brown is gone to Christ Church,—on a fishing party they say :—but what he is fishing for, I know not ; I don't believe it is for a wife :—apropos though Brown is *not* married. I find that Bob Preston [1] has married a Miss Brown. Sir Charles seems on this happy occasion, to feel a *double* portion of joy ; which some wags of our acquaintance interpret thus ; He rejoices that Brother Bob is married ; and he is very glad he is not married himself.

After talking so lightly of the honourable estate of matrimony, may I presume to offer my best respects to your better half,—whom I should be glad to see in London, for I have lost the habit of travelling northward. Adieu Dear Jack. Do me the justice to believe that nobody wishes you better than

Yours &c.

C. WHITEFOORD.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *Sept.* 29th, 1790.

Mr John Udny at Venice has sent home some of his pictures and is to send some more. Mr Antrobus [2] will tell you the Particulars. He is to sell them all, and has dis-

[1] Robert Preston, M.P. for Dover, married Miss Brown of Stockton on April 27, 1790.

[2] Mr. [afterwards Sir] Edmund Antrobus, F.R.S., F.S.A., *d.* 1826.

tressed me by consigning them to me, and desiring my Assistance, notwithstanding that I wrote to him that I was equally ignorant of Pictures as of the Maneuvres for selling them to advantage. I took the Liberty of saying that you (who are a Connoisseur) being a Friend of His Brother's as well as of mine, perhaps might give your Aid, and that as a Friend but not as a negociator I would also do him any service in my Power. His taste for pictures I fear has by no means advanced His Fortune, so that *He is obliged* to sell, and I must in the meanwhile pay £600 or £700 for him which I felt unable to refuse but hope the sale will indemnify me. Mr Antrobus has had some practice in Pictures and perhaps can give some directions. As Mr. R. Udny is abroad could they be placed in His House till they can be arranged for exhibition or sale? I beg My Dear Sir you will consider this matter and try what you can do to serve poor Udny: it may really be doing a very benevolent Act and I know I cannot use a stronger Argument to induce your exertion.

Fanny has within these two days stood up and even walk'd through the room with some help. Had you seen us all the beginning of July you would not have expected the sad reverse in our situation since that period.

[Caleb Whitefoord to James Hutchinson and John Vaughan.]

Gentlemen, London, 25th *Feb^y^*, 1791.

Mr William Temple Franklin, (who arrived here from America some weeks ago), delivered to me your obliging Letter of 4th Novem^r^ Ulto, acquainting me, that the American Philosophical Society[1], held at Philadelphia, had on the 15th

[1] The following Declaration was necessary to be made by every Candidate for admission into Dr. Franklin's Club at Philadelphia:—'You *declare* yourself in perfect Charity with every member of the Club. I do. 2^d^ You profess an equal Love for all good men, whatever may be their Profession of Faith. I do. 3^d^ You consider every infringement of Liberty of thought, or of worship, as an Act of Tyranny. I do. 4th You love Truth above all things; you will delight to understand it, and you will be anxious to propagate it. I affirm all this. 5th For this purpose you will allways express yourself in guarded and moderate

Jan^ry 1790, elected me a Member thereof. I beg leave to assure you, that nothing could be more agreeable to me, than my being admitted into that illustrious Society. Your venerated President, the late Dr Benjamin Franklin, had for many years honoured me with his Friendship; and perhaps that Intimacy, which was the Pride and the Happiness of my Life, may have in some Degree recommended me to your notice. I have to request Gentlemen, that you will present my most sincere and hearty acknowledgements to the American Philosophical Society, for the very great Honour they have been pleased to confer upon me; an Honour which I beg leave to assure you, I feel as I ought.

The great objects of the American Society being the public good, and the promoting of useful Knowledge, every Lover of Science must naturally feel an Interest in their success. As to myself, I have little prospect of adding to their Stock of Philosophical Discoveries or Improvements. But I have long been a sincere Well-wisher to America, and no one lamented more the unhappy Quarrel between the Colonies and the Parent State: And having lent a helping hand to stop the Horrors of War, and to negociate a Peace between the two Countries, I have the satisfaction to think, that I have not lived in vain. I have only further to request, Gentlemen, that you will accept of my thanks, for the very polite manner, in which you have been pleased to announce my Election, and that you will believe me to be with the greatest esteem and Regard,

Your most obedient humble servant

CALEB WHITEFOORD.

P:S: It is a curious concurrence of circumstances, that on the day and hour when your Letter arrived, acquainting me of my Election into the American Philosophical Society, I received a letter of Thanks from the Royal Society here, for a Portrait which I had presented to them, of my honoured friend, your late worthy President. It is an excellent Re-

Language, where there is room to *doubt*; and you will consent to pay sixpence, whenever you have used a general and positive Assertion, which you are obliged afterwards to *qualify* or *retract*. I will.' [*Whitefoord MS.*]

semblance of that truly Great man and useful Philosopher; and was painted by Mr Wright, an American Artist, whom I employed at Paris in the year 1782. It is now added to the Heads of illustrious Persons, in the Royal Society's Great Room; and Doctor Franklin is grouped with his immortal Brethren in Philosophy, Newton, Boyle, and Locke.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE EVENING, 1792.

We have drank your Health today being the second day of Fanny coming down to the Drawing Room, tho' she can hardly walk across it. The other two have recovered. Mrs Coutts and me are not well. We are but so so, which is almost as much as three score can expect especially in bad weather. Pray tell us how *you do at* Bath. I Hope you are not too loyal for I am always affraid of extremes. . . . I am thinking in spite of the winter and rough weather to go to be boil'd for the Rheumatism at Buxton.

[P. TOUCH TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

NO. 8, POPPIN'S COURT, FLEET STREET,

SIR, 26 *Jan^y^*, 1793.

I have the Honor to send you my First Loyal Lecture, in favor of the King, Church, and Constitution. Having no kind of Income to support the Expenses of my Studies, Printers, Bills, Chapel, Rent, &c. I hope you will with your usual goodness, forgive my Application for Aid to a few select Friends of Government and Humanity, one of whom I have every reason to believe you to be. You see by my Title Page where and at what hour I preach. I live where I date this letter, and have the Honor to be, with all respect and gratitude, Sir,

Your much obliged and very
faithful humble Servant
P. TOUCH.

[ANDREW ERSKINE TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, EDINBURGH, *May* 2nd, 1793.

It is so long since any intercourse has taken place between us, that I doubt I am almost forgotten. The intention of the present letter is to introduce to you Mr George Thomson, first clerk to your friend Mr Arbuthnot, in the Trustee's Office here. You will find Mr Thomson a modest and sensible man, with manners that I am sure will recommend him to you. He possesses great musical taste, and is going to put in execution a plan of giving the public the Scotch melodies in a superior style to what has yet been done. He has employed Pleyell for symphonies and accompaniments, which he has executed with inimitable beauty and simplicity. Had he been a native of Scotland he could not possibly have entered more into the real character of the music. There will likewise be a charming set of Sonatas for the Piano Forte. You who possess such exquisite taste I am sure will be delighted with the attractions of this work. Thomson is informed that the East Indies is a great and lucrative mart for music. I immediately thought of you, as I know you are intimately connected with all the principal India captains. I own I am keenly interested in the success of this work. It is of the last importance to Thomson. He is married and has a large family. I do not know a more deserving man and I will take it most kindly of you to exert yourself on this occasion.

I had a severe illness lately, and being long confined to the house I fell to examining some old repositories which had not been put in order for years. Among other things I found a priced catalogue of my unfortunate sale of Virtù. To the inside of the cover your clerk had pasted a slip of paper saying that the carriage of the Boxes had not been paid. The paste had stuck to the next leaf, so when I first got it, I did not perceive it. The paste however had loosen'd in lying by, and I find I am £2 7*s.* 0*d.* in your debt. This my friend Willy Grant will pay to you. If you find yourself any

morning in a scribbling humour, I will be happy to have your opinion of Thomson and of his work. I have turn'd Poet on the occasion and have wrote seven Love Songs for him; at fifty-two I'm afraid we write on these subjects more from recollection than our present feelings. So make proper allowance. I enclose you an attempt on Mrs. Billington who delighted me. If you have been writing lately a communication would make me very happy. Believe me dear Sir with great regard and esteem

Your faithful friend

ANDW ERSKINE.

Your cousin Sir John Whitefoord is in good health and good spirits.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

[GLYNLLIVON, NR. CAERNARVON],
Sept. 25th, 1793.

I wish to hear of yr Health. Hope you have gone to Cheltenham as it has always done you good. Mrs Coutts and myself have been but poorly since we left London, but flatter ourselves we may get better, for we are very happy and all our Family well and with us at This Charming Place, quite at ease in the most Hospitable House you can conceive. —On the King's Coronation Day we had such a Jubilee as I cannot give you any adequate Description of, but I have written on the other side a few Lines which if you can make fit to be printed I wish you would put in the Newspapers.— Lord Newborough's[1] Family have always been much attach'd to the House of Hanover and as He has lately return'd from a long residence abroad this instance of His Loyalty may recommend Him. What think you of our Public affairs? Do you think there will rise a Party of sufficient Strength to support the beginning at Toulon for Louis 17th? or if not, will Lord Hood on quitting that place be able to bring with Him the French fleet? . . . Nothing in Switzerland can exceed

[1] Sir Thomas Newborough, M.P. for the county of Carnarvon, created Baron Newborough in the peerage of Ireland in 1776.

the beauty of this country, and Conway and Caernarvon Castle are as well worth seeing as most of the Roman Ruins.

[Enclosed.]

The anniversary of His Majesty's Coronation has produced all over the Country fresh proofs of His being really enthroned in the Hearts of His Subjects. The rejoicings have been universal even to the remotest parts of the Kingdom. At Lord Newborough's near Caernarvon, the whole Day was a Jubilee, in which all His Lordship's neighbourhood were invited to partake: the Flag was hoisted and the Artillery fired in the morning, from a Fort adjoining His House. All sorts of English Country Games and Sports were celebrated in the Bowling Green and the adjoining apartments, where an Elegant Dinner was afterwards served and Toasts suitable to the occasion were liberally drank and warmly applauded. In the Evening the Populace were regaled with Barrels of good Welsh ale, round a Bonfire that made All Snowdon shine: and the night concluded with a Ball and masquerade at the Mansion House of Glynllivon, which lasted till morning. These festivities received much animation from the addition of some Strangers of Fashion from London, who expressed infinite satisfaction at the elegance and propriety of the Entertainment, as well as the hospitality and politeness of Lord Newborough, so strongly mark'd on the occasion.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

GLYNLLIVON, Sunday, *Oct.* 13th, 1793.

I thank you my Dear Sir for your kind Letter and for the Newspapers, which pleased, and I have some Idea may be useful to our Host in a Certain Quarter, which indeed is what made me think of it. He is very polite and Hospitable and we have pass'd Five pleasant weeks in a most beautiful country. We are just returned from a Tour in Anglesea OR MONA: Lord Uxbridge's Seat and Lord Bulkeleys are well worth notice and the PARIS MOUNTAIN (copper mine) is productive of much more good than things we read of

in another Country by similar names. I hope the reign of Absurdity and anarchy is near an End and will be succeeded by Peace and good Government: and prosperity to Great Britain . . . My Giddyness is very troublesome.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

BUXTON, *Oct.* 30th, 1793.

I have been very unwell, and Twenty miles from hence, we were overtaken by a very cruel express giving Mr Burdett the shocking news of His Brother Charles Sedley Burdett[1] a most amiable young man, together with Lord Montague having perished the 7th in the Rhine near Lucern. We have arrived here and the whole Family are by this Calamity involv'd in such circumstances of complicated distress as are unequalled even in Romance. God only knows the consequences or what will become of us. We meant to have gone immediately to Foremark, but are now unable to take any determination.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

BUXTON, St. Andrew's Day, 1793.

Unfortunately these Nervous faintings which have returned to poor Fanny make it difficult almost impossible to go into company, but she is better within these few days and I am in hopes we shall be able ere long to go to Formark, but I can say nothing certain of our motions. I have had thoughts of Bath, but I am not sure whether London when we can get there may not be as well as any place. I have been looking for a House in the country but I believe for the present it will be better to avoid absolute retirement. I wish some good House in Piccadilly westward of Devonshire House

[1] Charles Sedley Burdett was grandson of Sir Robert Burdett and brother of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Burdett, who married Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, on Aug. 5, 1793. He and Lord Montague were drowned in attempting to pass one of the falls of Schaffhausen. The latter was on his way home to marry another daughter of Thomas Coutts.

could be found, ready furnished by the Month or by the Year. Mr Burdett would take one large enough for us all, and in our unsettled state something we are not tied to would suit best. Lord Beauchamp's I recollect to have heard was to be let when He went abroad. It is too great, but it is better than too small. Perhaps in your Walks and among your Acquaintances you may hear of something that will answer. Many thanks for yr news, but I am sorry not to hear more. I somehow distrust Lord Howe's success. He should not be my Admiral. It is common among Authors to raise our Expectation without giving us anything solid at last. I hope this practice will not get into the Fleet.

[JAMES MACPHERSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 20th, 1794.

I had some hopes, had I found you at home yesterday, that we could have fixed, where and when to dine together this day: But having been at and near the India house, all this morning, I only arrived at half past two o'clock at home, when, I understood, you had called. It is somewhat hard that a man, who has laboured the whole of the best part of the day, should not have some leisure and rest in the Evening of it; yet such is the case, with me, for my labour, like Virgil's fame, *Vires acquirit eundo*; being every year, especially the present one, more hurried, than the last: But as Diogenes said, when he was reading one of C....b..rl...d's Plays to a yawning Audience, and had come to the 5th Act—'Courage! My friends, I see land.'—I am now so far in the 5th Act, that, I believe, tomorrow or next day, I may *step on shore*.

Now to the point: if you will keep your self disengaged, for this day sevennight and dine here, at an early hour, suppose just at four, the carriage shall convey us to any or all societies you please. You shall have a bit of fish and some of your own Claret; and, I trust, you will, by that time, have put your *mark* upon as much of the *liquid ruby*, as will

give a *flush*, not a blush, to our countenances, during the Summer Campaign, which is about to be opened, by the Son of *Semele*.

I am, with great Esteem,

My dear friend,

Yours most faithfully

JAMES MACPHERSON.

The Change of the wind, which, I hope, will carry off the India fleet, will render me exceedingly busy, for two or three days to come.

J. M.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO THOMAS COUTTS.]

MY DEAR SIR, 11 *Nov*r, '94.

I have the pleasure to assure you from the *first hand* that the worthy gentn is still in the land of the living, and still happy when he can be useful to his friends. With regard to Mr B. no person whatever knows *him*, his family and circumstances, so well as Tom Potter. Therefore to *him* I applied, and I had a very good opportunity for having shewn Mr B. some civility at the Playhouse a few nights since by procuring him a place; he gave me a kind invitation to his house, and I afterwards found an occasion of putting questions to Mr P.

He said that Mr B. Junior is a very good sort of young man, that he has parts, is inclined to study, and is capable of great application. He is ambitious of getting into Parliament and thinks he shall make a figure there: in short the family are proud of *him*, and he is a credit to *them*. He is said to be very argumentative in company which is natural enough in a young man who is addicted to study, and who forms his own opinions. He was lately in the Militia, and is a great disciplinarian, but left it, because they wou'd not come into some of his ideas relative to discipline.

The father's estate produces nett £7200 pr Annm of which he saves about £1500 or £2000 a year. Old B. has four

children; he gives £10,000 each to the 3 younger children, and Mr B. Junior will get all the rest. So that your friend is now enabled to judge both of his character and his prospects.

As to our *political* prospects, they have for some time past borne the worst aspects, but when things are at the worst you know they must mend, and they are now beginning to mend. I now look upon Holland to be secure, since the junction of the Austrians, and that the D. of Brunswick will have the honour of saving that republic a second time: although our damm'd allies the Dutch (pray observe this is not swearing) are rather sluggish in their own defense and seem rather inclined to let the French overrun the country than that the water should.

If the Carmagnols were wise, instead of being mad, they wou'd offer peace now, in the heighth of success, for they have made their grand effort and their third requisition. They have carried their points by force of Numbers. They have overrun the Austrian Netherlands, the German electorates and part of Dutch Flanders. But they are got far from home, and into a climate not half so good as their own. The winter approaches; they will die like rotten sheep, and during the spring, the Germans being on their own ground will recruit their armies, recover their spirits, and then drive the French (as they have done before) back to their own frontiers.

To those who are dazzled with the splendour of victory the affairs of France appear to be in a most prosperous situation. But what is the internal state of the country? miserable in the extreme. They have lost their colonies, their trade, they have lost their manufactures, and the habits of industry. Their seaports where all were rich and active are now poor and idle. The people are unable to pay taxes. The government subsists on the plunder of the nobility, clergy and emigrants; and latterly by pillaging their defenceless neighbours; but this is a precarious subsistence, and cannot last long, considering the enormous expence of supporting such numerous armies—and some of their financiers in the convention have even express'd doubts of their being able to find resources for another campaign. 'Tis true they often make

prizes of our merchant ships, who (for reasons best known to themselves) choose to sail without convoy, but these ships rot in their harbours for want of Purchasers; unless indeed they bring provisions; as the country does not produce enough for the subsistence of its wretched inhabitants. Counter revolutionary plots are constantly breaking out in some part of the Republic; Division and distrust prevail in the Convention and three numerous armies of Royalists are on foot in the provinces of Normandy, Britany and Poitou. Upon the whole, were I a minister of this country, I think I should try the fate of another campaign. Here is a long dissertation on politics, but it is by particular desire, and you *would* have it. My best wishes attend Mrs Coutts, your fair daughters and Mr Burdett. Yours ever

C. W.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

Friday, *Nov.* 14, 1794.

Many thanks to you My Dear Sir for your intelligence as to M^r^ B——d, which is as full as I could have desired, and gives me the opportunity of showing the attention I wish'd to my friend who wanted information. Your reasoning on Politics is good, and pleases me by it's clearness, but I doubt the establish'd truth of some of your supposed Facts. The Junction of the Austrian Troops it would seem has been found impracticable, nor do I find the Duke of Brunswick as yet on the Scene of Action, or if he were, do I expect He wou'd do much more than His predecessors. Maestrich taken, and Nimeguen probably also by this time in the Hands of the French, leaves Holland by no means secure even for this Winter.

I cannot rejoice at the hard fate of the Poles, nor at any success of these Barbarians the Russians, than whom the Prussians are but little better. Nor do I think England will reap any benefit from their fall: Neither can I think the French have shown any want of Wisdom in the Conduct of the War. As to their internal State we know but little, but there is reason to fear they are at least as able to bear

out the Expence of another campaign as England. Victory makes Nations proud and haughty, and tho' I agree with you, that now in the Zenith of success, they might act nobly and prudently in offering Peace to the world, yet so much moderation is hardly to be expected, especially when some of the Convention may think external Peace might be followed soon by internal Commotion. As to the three Numerous Armies of Royalists on Foot in the Western Provinces, unless it consists with your knowledge I confess I doubt much of their existence. And I really fear if we do not make Peace now it will in a very little Time force itself, by means of worse ferments than we experienc'd in 1782, and I am sure any man who remembers them, and had access to see them, will not wish to have them renew'd. Plots, divisions, and distrust must always be in a Government so convulsed and totally unsettled as that of France, and it is not likely that any of us will live to see it modell'd into any shape of regularity. And indeed before it comes to be so we shall I hope have recovered from the mischiefs of this unhappy war, and have learnt sense enough by experience to keep out of such scrapes, and to attend to the increase of our Navy, and diminution of our debt, two objects that can only be done effectually in time of peace. Instead of writing Politics as I have done I sat down to tell you the Prestons after threatening us with a visit during the good weather and Gaiety of this place, now talk of coming when we have the Isle of Thanet all to ourselves. . . .

P.S. I was too late on Friday for the Post of that Day and yesterday none went from hence. The news this morning proves my fears for Nimeguen to have been too well founded. What is to be taken next? Utrecht, I suppose, and Amsterdam.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

CHELTENHAM, Sunday.

I thank you for your kind letter but I am sorry you suffer your spirits to fall and that you did not come down to us.

We have already had a charming fortnight, and this beautiful season never appear'd to me with more advantage than this year. Lord Mountstuart staid with us two days, and we have been at Malvern Hill, which I left with regret and hope we shall visit again some other fine *May*. The nightingales make us forget the loss of Mrs Billington. I am told and I believe they never sung so well before; at least I do not remember to have been so much delighted with them. Part of my pleasure arises perhaps from sympathy with Fanny and seeing her so well. She walk'd to the top of Malvern Hill, without fatigue. She wants to know whether you have seen *Marian* and if you think it is an equal companion to *Rosina*. Our Theatre open'd last night with *The Rivals* and *Who's the Dupe*. Ryder, Mrs Jordan &c. are expected.

Mr Home went off for London today, but we determined on staying behind for one week more, which is no small self-denial on the part of Mrs Coutts, considering that Mr Sheridan is to exhibit on Wednesday. I do not wonder at Brown's ill reception at his first visit to the Dowager, but I hope she will see she *must* come down handsomely, and will then *do it* with a good grace. I shall be happy to hear it or any other good news you can send us.

I have got a Pipe of Madeira in the . . . General Elliot. I wish he or Mr Badham could tell Mr Antrobus the best way of getting safe to the Strand.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO THOMAS COUTTS.]

[LONDON, 1795.]

Be it known unto you, my dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coutts, that I am now *on the wing* for Chelt'nam. I wish that Mrs. Aileway wou'd take me under *her* wing! Ah si Madame Aileway voudrait me prendre sous son aile, je serais content comme un Prince! May I request the Favour of you my dear Tom, to speak to her, and if she is not quite full of Quality, perhaps she may take me in. . . .

I shall set out tomorrow morning in the Oxford coach, and expect to reach Chelt'nam on Wednesday afternoon.

I ever am
Yours most heartily
C. W.

[JOHN CROFT[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, YORK, *August*, 1795.

Herewith are the Anecdotes of *Sterne*, as I promised you, at your agreable Apartment *Adelphi* and are all I cou'd collect, or recollect at present. 'Tis a Pity it had not been hinted before as Mrs Bridges, and others who were very intimately acquainted with him and the Family are lately deceased. Yet upon the whole very few *Materialls* or Incidents cou'd possibly occur, worth notice, or to form his Life, as he lived so many years in obscurity, and what is termed still Life, further than as it may please or come home to you, or others who enjoyed his company, or are partiall to his Writings, and so glad to hear any *minutie* about him. I was as it were brought up under him, as he was Vicar of Stillington, where I was born, the distance only of two miles from Sutton, and he was a constant Guest at my brother's Table, but my long absence abroad in Portugal, and his being so much taken up in the gay World made a large gap in our Intimacy, tho' am sorry to venture to pronounce, and dissent from the old Quodlibet de mortuis nil nisi bonum, that he was far from being a good man, as your Adelphi is from the Elephant that stood at Buckingham Gate. I was amused when I arrived at home (but happily not shocked) when I took up from my Table Cooks Edition 6^d^ Poets, to see an *Epitaph* intended for you by the late Dr Goldsmith. No doubt you have seen it. I was formerly well acquainted with Goldsmith and we used to sup at the Chapter Coffee House together. It was a Pity that he did not write more *in verse* than in prose. He had a diffidence unnatural to his country about him.

[1] The antiquary, author of *Excerpta Antiqua*, &c.

Sterne's Daughter was a Girl of an odd turn, as no wonder from her Parents that she shou'd inherit Genius and as they were both so very particular, that she shou'd be so, allso from the manner that she was educated and brought up. At the Boarding School when the Misses used to plague and taunt her with the names of Miss *Tristram* and Miss *Shandy* after her Fathers Book came out, she bethought herself of this contrivance. She wrote Love Letters, as if from each or every one of the Players of the York Company to the respective young Ladies, and when most of the Letters were interrupted, by their Parents or Guardians, severall of them were flogg^{d}, others shutt up in dark closetts, and severely treated as you may suppose, and it brought such a Slurr upon the Play House that the Theatre was a good deal deserted by reason of the supposed perfidy or guilt of the Players that it became incumbent on them to make out the Authors of their Injury, when at last it was luckily brought to light tho' with some difficulty. . . .

I hope that this will find you perfectly well, not forgetting your Mouser! I was sorry that was obliged to leave, For otherwise shou'd have been glad to have attended the Sale of Pictures, as wou'd certainly have bidden for the Picture that you pointed out to me if cou'd have had it on reasonable terms, as I admire Pictures very much and am very fond of them, tho' have not money to lay out that way, and the *Polemburg* is my only one, indebted to you for touching it up. It looks now quite another thing since it is got into a new frame, *quite smart.* I hope this will find you perfectly well, and wish there was any inducement to turn your Face to the North, where it wou'd now be flattered with a gentle Zephyr in lieu of a blast from plump cheeked Boreas. You wou'd see our City improved very much—an apology, allowed as we have not Trade or Manufactures, the Minster beautified without, a new Ceiling to the Roof within, and a new River or Canal to the Town, and not any one wou'd be gladder than I shou'd be to see you here. As we have lost so many of our acquaint^{ce} (perhaps you may add friends among them) let us reinforce our regards and cherish our living ones, as

every day carries of one or other while our Hour glasses still run and it may be called day. If permitted to use a dead language I will finish my Letter with those beautifull lines of Tibullus,

Te spectem suprema mihi quum venerit hora
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!

Dr Sir

Yours very sincerely &c.

JOHN CROFT.

P.S.—I wish when you meet with any *Bons Mots* or *Epigrams* you would be so good to communicate, since we entered upon a Commutation Treaty.

ANECDOTES OF STERNE VULGARLY TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Lawrence Sterne was born in Ireland, his Father was a Capt in the Army as by his own account it appears—that after his decease—they came over and settled at York, at the instance of Dr Sterne, his Uncle, Precentor of the Cathedral, a rich and opulent man, presume the elder Brother—the Family originally Yorkshire, and descended from Sterne, Archbishop of York. As said before they were under the Protection of the Precentor, who defrayed the expences of young Laury's education at the University, and afterwards provided him his Preferment in the Church, which depended upon the Cathedral. He was said to display marks of early genius at School, tho' he was careless and inattentive to his book, on which his Master pronounced that he wou'd turn out a great man. The same humour prevailed at College. In his younger years he was a good deal employed by his Uncle, in writing politicall Papers and Pamphlets in favour of Sir Robert Wallpole's Administration, when they afterwards fell out about a favourite Mistress of the Precentors, who proved with child by Laury and the cause of their breach is now living. The Lady is said to resemble Sterne very much, tho' at the time of their rupture, he gave out as a reason in the publick Coffee House, that it arose from that he wou'd not continue to write periodicall papers for his Uncle. However the Quarrell remained abroach and his Uncle was never

afterwards reconciled and at the time of his decease he did not leave him a Legacy, at which Sterne was so offended that he did not putt on mourning tho' he had it ready, and on the contrary shewed all possible marks of disrespect to his Uncle's memory. Sterne married a Miss Lumley, a Daughter of the Revd Mr Lumley, Rector of Bedale, which is one of the best livings in Yorkshire, and he lived in stile, from whence she derived a superior education. Tho' she was but a homely woman, still she had many Admirers, as she was reported to have a Fortune, and she possessed a first rate understanding. He had paid his addresses to her during the space of two years, when she as constantly refused him, till at length she asked him the question herself and they went off directly from the Rooms and were married. Afterwards they did not live on the best terms and harmony together, chiefly owing to his infidelity to the Marriage Bed. As said before, she was a woman of superior talents and assisted him in the composition of his sermons and other works. Their Income was a very decent one, about £200 per annum. They kept a Dairy Farm at Sutton, had seven milch cows, but they allways sold their Butter cheaper than their Neighbours, as they had not the least idea of œconomy, [so] that they were allways behindhand and in arrears with Fortune. As an instance of his infidelity, his wife once caught him with the maid, when she pulled him out of bed on the Floor and soon after went out of her senses, when she fancied herself the Queen of Bohemia. He treated her as such, with all the supposed respect due to a crowned head, and continued to practice this farcicall mockery during her confinem^{t} under a Lunatick Doctor at a private house at York. It was in a great measure owing to her *insane* state, which afforded him the more time for Study, and to relieve melancholy, that he first attempted, and sett about the work of Tristram Shandy, and when he produced the Copy, to severall Gent^{n} of York, they considered it merely as a laughable book, and when that he offered it to the Booksellers, they wou'd not have anything to say to it, nor wou'd they offer any price for it. The same happened when he offered it to Dodsley

in London and at the last offered twenty pounds for it, and so it hung on his hands, till after some time a Mr Lee a Gentn of York and a Bachelor of a liberall turn of mind lent him One hundred pounds towards the Printing the Work, which took place in the year 1760, when the two first volumes of Tristram Shandy were first printed at York and about 200 Copys printed. When he offered them again to Dodsley and sent him a set of 'em to London, he returned for answer, that they were not saleable; however that he would give him £40 for the Copyright, provided that he would stand half the chance of the sale of the remaining Copys that were left, which was refused as Sterne had parted with severall of them among his friends. Some months after, it happened luckily for Sterne that Mr Croft of Stillington, who was setting off for London on particular Business met Sterne in the street in the morning and asked if that he wou'd go up to town with him, moreover, in the vulgar Phrase, that he would frank him and defray his expenses back, to which Sterne replied all that was very kind, but that he cou'd not leave his wife in the state that she was in, to which Mr C. answered that as he cou'd not possibly do her any good by his attendance that he had better go along with him, which was agreed upon, with this *Proviso* that Sterne was to have an hours law to go home to pack up his best breeches, which being granted they sett off together and arrived in London and lodged at Mr Cholmley's, Chapell street. The next morning Sterne was missing at breakfast. He went to Dodsleys where on inquiry for Tristram Shandy's works, his Vanity was highly flattered, when the Shopman told him, that there was not such a Book to be had in London either for Love or money, when an interview took place with Dodsley who gave him a cordiall reception. Soon after Mr Croft and Cholmley passing by Pall Mall in a coach, who should they see in Dodsley's Shop but Sterne who accosting them said that he was mortgaging his brains to Dodsley for £50, the overplus of Six hundred pounds, that he stood out for above the Bargain of Six hundred pounds, that he offered him for the Copy of the two volumes of Tristram Shandy, and for

two Volumes of Sermons which he was to compose in two months time, under the title of Yorick's Sermons, on a further condition that he was to engage to write a vol. of Tristram Shandy every year, and so to continue the work during his life and that he stood out for the odd Fifty pounds, when the Gent[n] advized him not to haggle, or bargain any longer about the matter, but to close the agreem[t] with Dodsley which he did, after which he returned to Chapell street and came skipping into the room, and said that he was the richest man in Europe. It happened at the same time, the Living of Coxwold became vacant by the death of the Incumbent, the Rev[d] M[r] Midgley, when M[r] Croft waited upon Earl Falconberg and solicited the Living for Sterne, who gave it him, the Living two hundred pounds per annum. To so fortuitous a change and event of Fortune the World is indebted for Sterne's *Debut* in the great and fashionable Sphere and Circle of Life, after remaining so many years *perdu* and in obscurity a Vicar of Sutton on the Forest. After he went to London he frequently had cards of Invitation from the Nobility and People of the first Fashion, for a month to come, that it allmost amounted to a Parliamentary Interest to have his company at any rate, all which was more than his feeble Frame cou'd bear, and what with Presents from the Nobility on which he plumed himself highly (and particularly a Silver Ink Standish from Earl Spencer which he boasted of) that his Vanity mounted on his slowest Hobby Horse ran away with him beyond all bounds, and he boasted of Favours that he never received, and lastly he flattered himself that his Person was very much admired by the Ladies, so that he turned his mind intirely to Galantry. Sterne said that his first Plan, was to travell his Hero Tristram Shandy all over Europe and after making his remarks on the different Courts, proceed with making strictures and reflections on the different Governments of Europe and finish the work with an eulogium on the superior constitution of England and at length to return Tristram well informed and a compleat English Gentleman.

His idea was allso to dedicate his book to M[r] Pitt then

Secretary of State, that it might lay in his Parlour Window, and amuse him after the Fatigues of Business as a lounging Book.

When Sterne read some of the loose sheets of the Copy of Tristram Shandy to a select company assembled at Mr Croft's for that purpose after dinner, they fell asleep at which Sterne was so nettled that he threw the Manuscript into the fire, and had not luckily Mr Croft rescued the scorched papers from the flames, the work wou'd have been consigned to oblivion.

On Sterne's first arrival in London, Dr Warburton, then Bishop of Glocester, sent for him and gave him a purse of money attended with severall books to improve his Stile, with proper and salutary advice for his future conduct in life and pursuits in Literature, which he totally disregarded, and treated with contempt, as appeared when he fell into the Company and affected a Set of Wits in London at that time, Foot, Delavall, &c., which led him into great expence, when he sett up a Carriage, and came down into Yorkshire, in a superior style that he soon spent the money which so liberally flowed from the Publick for the produce of his pen and the further sweat of his brow.

Sterne and his friend Hall of Skelton Castle were elemented together, Fellow Students at Jesus College, Cambridge, at the same time, when ever after their Friendship continued one and indivisible thro' Life. Sterne's Picture hangs in the Combination Room of that College, and they used to study under a large Wallnutt Tree, in the Inner Court, when one of 'em wrote underneath these lines

> This shou'd be the Tree of Knowledge
> As it stands in so very wise a Colledge.

Sterne maintained a long Paper war in the Newspapers at York, supported by Dr Fountayne, the present Dean against Dr Topham of the Spirituall Court which gave Birth to the Political Romance, intitled the Watch Coat. It was reputed one of the best of his Peices. The Publication was suppressed as it gave offence to the Dignity of the Church, till after Sterne's decease, tho' it had been privately printed, when the copies were all bought up by the present Precentor.

It appeared by Sterne's Accompt Book that he had received £1500 of Dodsley at different times for his Publications.

The Books that he studied and drew from most were the Moyen de Parvenir, a small French book, I had it from himself, Montaignes Essays, he affected the style of Rabelais, and particularly Bishop Halls Works which he copied a pie de la lettre. He was allso a great Admirer of the pathetick novell Le Doyen de Coleraine, the naivetè of the Paysanne Parvenue de Marsiaux &c^{a}. He has lately been accused of Plagiarism by a Mr Ferrier, for which refer to Manchester Essays, Vol. 4th. He affected mostly Books of the Black Letter from whence he cou'd draw storys without being detected.

Sterne had an Intrigue with a Mrs Drapere who^{m} he celebrates so much in his works under a feigned name. She was the Lady of the Governor of Bombay,—a most beautifull young woman. He accompanied her on her passage back to India as far as the Downs where at parting they vowed eternall Fidelity and it was settled that when she arrived in India she was to obtain an Appointment from her Husband, and afterwards return to Europe and so to continue to live together in Italy on the Banks of the River Arno. She is since deceased.

After Sterne's Decease, all his loose papers were burned by the late Prince of Wales's Chaplain who officiated at his Funeral, amongst which were a large Parcel of Letters of Love and Gallantry from Ladies of the first Rank and Quality.

Sterne's Mother died in the common Goal at York in a wretched condition, or soon after she was released. It was held unpardonable in him not to relieve her, when he had the means of doing it, as a subscription was set on foot for the purpose. His Sister married a Publican in London. Never anyone dwelt more upon Humanity in Theory but it does not appear that he putt so much of it in practice.

A many Idle tales are told of Sterne in the Country. Once it is said that as he was going over the Fields on a sunday to preach at Stillington it happened that his Pointer Dog sprung a Covey of Partridges, when he went directly home

for his Gun and left his Flock that was waiting for him in the Church, in the lurch.

Another time when he was skaiting on the Car at Stillington, the Ice broke in with him in the middle of the Pond, and none of the Parishioners wou'd assist to extricate him, as they were at variance. Another time a Flock of Geese assembled in the Church Yard at Sutton, when his Wife bawl'd out 'Laurie, powl 'em,' i.e. pluck the quills, on which they were ready to riot and mob Laurie.

They generally considered him as crazy, or crackbrained. He was not steady to his Pastimes, or Recreations. At one time he wou'd take up the Gun and follow shooting till he became a good shott, then he wou'd take up the Pencil and paint Pictures. He chiefly copied Portraits. He had a good Idea of Drawing, but not the least of mixing his colours. There are severall Pictures of his painting at York, such as they are.

Sterne left only a Daughter Lydia who, after his decease, retired with her Mother into France after she had settled with the next Incumbent for the Dilapidations at the Parsonage House at Sutton, which he refers to in his works, and they lived upon a joint annuity which arose from a very liberal subscription, which took place in their behalf, among the Nobility and Gentry, which amounted to above £1000. The Mother died soon after in France and the Daughter married Monsr Medalle a French Marcht and a Protestant in Normandy of good Character but of no extraordinary credit. He died soon after they married, and she is since dead.

Sterne's Popularity at one time arose to that pitch, that on a Wager laid in London that a Letter addressed to Tristram Shandy in Europe shou'd reach him when luckily the Letter came down into Yorkshire and the Post Boy meeting Sterne on the road to Sutton pulled off his hatt and gave it him.

When it was Sterne's turn to preach at the Minster half of the Congregation usually went out of Church as soon as he mounted the Pulpit, as his Delivery and Voice were so very disagreeable.

Sterne was best and shewed himself to most advantage in

a small Company, for in a large one he was frequently at a Loss and dumbfoundered as he assumed the privilege of a Wit, he wou'd frequently come out with very silly things and expressions which if they did not meet that share of approbation from the Publick which he expected he wou'd be very angry and even affrontive.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

Monday, *Feb.* 8th, 1796.

Most certainly I wish your residence to be near us, and on that Account I am a little undecided where I would wish to fix you, for tho' I have bought the Great House in Stratton Street, I often feel a sort of hankering after old Haunts, and to return to the Strand. . . . The Female party here seem to wish the marriage to wait 'till we can all get to London, but Ld Guilford [1] on account of the uncertainty of *how long this may be*, and because '*Delays are dangerous*' I believe thinks Bath as favourable to Matrimony as any other place. I have no wish but to please and accommodate, and to contribute to the permanent Happiness of their union. I should be a Fool to have any other, seeing that the comfort of my poor remainder of Life depends upon it, and a good solid dependence it is, and knowing and esteeming Lord Guilford as you do I am sure you will think so. Fanny is getting every day well, and if she would find herself a Husband who would be willing and able to conduct the Shop, I think there is nothing more for me to do but to amuse myself and Mrs Coutts and 'enjoy (*in your society*) the present Hour, nor fear the last.'

I am sorry to see your opinion as to the War. It is ruinous in the extreme, and not the Interest of the Rulers of our Adversary to make Peace. It would seem then it must continue like a Duel in a Saw Pit 'till one or other is conquer'd. Such a War England never was engag'd in before. Heaven send us a Happy delivery.

[1] George Augustus, third Earl of Guilford, son of Lord North, the Minister.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

NEWBURY, *Feb.* 28th, 1796.

You will be glad to hear of Miss Coutts's[1] marriage and I therefore write to give you the earliest information that it took place this morning. They are gone to Bushey Park and from thence proposed proceeding to Waldershare in Kent. I am just about retracting my solitary way to Bath.

[JOHN CROFT TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

The Man of *Europe* is not easy
Unless he's Mystical and Busy.

MY DEAR SIR, YORK, 19th *June*, 1796.

The favour of your Letter, if I may be permitted to use a dead Language, serus tamen respicit amicos! concludes by saying that you was setting off Electioneering, reach'd me amidst the Fervor, and on the spur of the same pursuit. It is out of the question to intimate further on that head, than that I was very happy to hear of your so far good health and Statu quo! and the more so as had a Promise of a long Letter from you the first rainy day after that you returned to London, which by the by plainly implys that Promises are bad things, as since the receit of that Letter, there has fallen no lack of that Article here, that I was the more anxious to hear from you, and even to a sort of despair as cou'd not account for it.

I thank you very kindly for the hints about my intended Publication. It has been some time in the Press and expect it may be out shortly, as it is not a large Work, merely a few Tracts, from some MSS. which Chance or Fortune had thrown luckily in my way, and it took me in the head to give 'em to the Publick, as I am neither influenced by Vanity at my time of day or any Lucre of Profit may arise from the sale of the Pamphlet, for I can call it no more than a compendium, since

[1] Susan Coutts. She was Lord Guilford's second wife.

I have followed your advice and the example of your friend Sterne's Bishop of Benevento, who you know after being employed forty years about an elaborate Book, reduced it to the size of a common sheet Almanack. I intend to dedicate it to the Society as you advise me and will send you two Copys. One you will be so good to present, the other please to accept and flatter myself some Passage or other in it may please or amuse you, which to me is the Heigth of my Ambition.

I have seen a very curious Publication of St. Stephen's Chapell, Westminster—*Gothick Ornaments*, &c^{a}. which are the most elegant and neat and sharply done that I ever saw, published by the Society of Antiquarys. It belongs to Fran^{s} Smyth, my quondam School fellow, one of the Society here.

I shou'd be extremely happy to be thought capable to be a Member of the Society of English Antiquarys if that cou'd be admitted thro' the medium of some Friend and if that cou'd be admitted without much Difficulty and Hesitation, and without much expence. I might not be an unworthy Member as have a natural turn, say bent, to the study of Antiquity having devoted a good deal of time to it, and I have a Fund of *Materialls*, Abilities, and *Documents* that way by me. But this must refer and appeal to you for further advice and Assistance.

I hope in future to be able to afford you more Anecdotes of your friend the late Mr Sterne, as thro' the means of a servant that lived with him may be able to procure for you some domestick ones. 'Sterne and his Wife, tho' they did not *gee* well together for she used to say herself, that the largest House in England cou'd not contain them both, on account of their Turmoils and Disputes, they were every day writing and addressing Love Letters to one another—for his Love to his wife, refer you to the Latin Epistle to his friend Hall in the Collection of Letters. It was agreed betwixt them to have a Strong Box with a Nick in the Top and so they were to putt in what each saved out of their private expenses towards raising a Fortune for their Daughter Lidia

when unhappily Mrs Sterne fell ill, and she espied Laurie breaking open the Strong Box. She fainted, and unluckily a Quarrel ensued. This Story Mrs S. told herself inter alia which militated against the stability of poor Laurie. . . .

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

J. CROFT.

I have not any thoughts of London at Present, without Business called me thither as have now few Acquaintce left there and Journeying comes high without an object.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO DR STERNE'S SERMONS.

Benjamin Franklin LL.D. 2 sets	paid
Sir James Carnegie Bart	pd
John Cathcart Esqr	pd
Thomas Coutts Esqr	pd
Caleb Whitefoord	pd
Capt. James Lockhart	pd
William Gordon Esqr	pd
Edward Majoribanks Esqr	pd
Robert Boyle Esqr	pd
Capt. Basil Keith	
William Crichton Esqr	pd
John Trotter Esqr	pd
William Scott Esqr	pd
Sir John Stuart Bart	pd
James Coutts Esqr	pd
Archd Stewart Esqr 2 setts	
Charles Bell Esqr	pd

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

BOWOOD PARK, *Aug.* 11th, 1796.

We have been all here for a week and have this day received yr Letter. The information as to Mr Macpherson's House I recd the Day before from Mr Mackenzie, one of the exors. I wish they had known their own mind for seeing them decided to let it stand unoccupied 'till the young Macpherson came Home I did not carry Fanny to see it nor

did I examine it so fully as would have wish'd to have done had I known it would be sold so soon. I chiefly wish to buy it for Fanny and I cannot now go myself or carry her to Town to see it. They have chosen an odd time of the year to sell, and I cannot help thinking they had better have sold it in May last or determined to keep it till next May when it is probable too there may be Peace. I am at a loss to ascertain the value of the Place. I wish you knew of any Person capable of making an Estimate and could furnish him with the particulars of the Tenure, quantity of Land &c^ca^. You may perhaps try to get Mr Antrobus the particulars and he may get me something to go upon. But it is something like buying a Pig in a Poke, and I do not much wish it. We are in some Hopes of getting Fanny well, and Dr Beddoes seems a very sensible clear man. We shall return to him at Clifton on Monday next.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

*Sept^r^* 2nd, 1796.

I was happy to receive y^r^ kind Letter yesterday and the receipt of it gave great pleasure to Mrs Coutts as well as to me, tho' what it contain'd of Public affairs only added to the Gloomy view I have of them, which I find from many various channels—both sides of Parliament and from men of neither side, is the universal opinion. Indeed I must give credit to myself that from the beginning I was so far from thinking the War just or necessary that I always have thought it would lead to very fatal consequences. The Ministry who have made it wou'd now wish to get out of it, and have no other hope but that the resources of France will fail. Alas with 3 p.c^s^ at 55 and 30 millions more to borrow, whose resources will fail first? As to an Invasion I think it neither so near as some nor so far off as others imagine. If our enemys act wisely they will ruin us first, and we shall then fall an easy prey.

M^c^Pherson's estate has been badly manag'd. Christie declared '*it would be put up again on the Premises.*' Therefore

I waited and I was expecting to hear *when*, and had written that I wou'd go as far as £1500, but y^r^ Information that it was sold for £1200 was the first time I heard a word further. No help. We must do without it.

M^r^ and Mrs Udny staid but a few Days. Mr Udny had an Asthmatic Fit here, but recovered, and has taken direction for the use of Oxygene Air. I hope it may alleviate His sufferings. This place they say is quite full tho' so far as I have heard I do not think there are above Three or Four names I ever heard of, none that I know, unless it be And^w^ Stuart. I cannot say Fanny has gained any ground as yet and I am almost at my Wits End about her.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

CLIFTON, *Sept.* 21, 1796.

Many thanks My dear Sir for your good news. I hope Jourdan's Army is demolish'd and that Moreau's may follow. I think Buonaparte's will one day or other be demolish'd in Italy. There wants but a Hearty Spirit in the Natives against such Invaders, to overcome them. I wish *that want* may not be too prevalent in our Island. I have heard, with much concern, in various parts among the lower sorts, the People say 'we can be no worse come who may.' This is a most frightful Idea to prevail, and I am more affraid of it than of a Hundred Thousand Frenchmen 'Arm'd all in Proof, and led by Buonaparte.' But may we hope that Peace on any decent Terms may follow these Defeats? or will our rulers grow Cock a Whoop upon them and Hold high the Head. I shall be very sorry if they do for we are in a most alarming state with respect to Finances, and continuation of war must be utter ruin. Mr Pitt raises £85 by a Navy Bill for £100, which by Act of Parliament He must pay with £5 for interest in 15 months, and which He can only do by giving (if the price continues as it is today) about £131 Five p. cent Stock. The Foleys or any other mad extravagant Heirs of Fortune never in their minority borrow'd money on such ruinous Terms, after a night spent at the Gaming Table.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO THOMAS BROWN.]

WALDERSHARE, *Feb.* 6th, 1797.

I know you will be pleased to hear Lady Guilford is well after having been delivered this morning of a Daughter. Pray be so good to send this to Caleb and beg He will consider it as to Him as well as it is to you.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

WALDERSHARE, *Feb.* 23, 1797.

I ought to have thank'd you for your kind Letter and congratulations but as I was writing to Brown I believ'd you would take it as the same thing as you Two are one. Lady Guilford continues to recover, and Her Daughter to thrive. I have a Commission which perhaps you can execute for me. My old Aunt Mrs Stuart is now at Bath with my Old Friend Dr Nathan Spens who has become Lame by an unfortunate fall from His Horse. He has had recourse for a little Amusement to playing on an Instrument He had made some proficiency in His youth—The Viol di Gambo. But it was found troublesome to move so far as from Edinburgh, and he cannot find one at Bath. Now I would willingly buy one and send it to Him but I imagine it is not an Instrument in Use, and most likely cannot be had. However, you could speak to Longman and Brodrip, or Preston in the Strand (near my House to the Eastward), and perhaps may get it, and if you succeed and will order it to be sent by the Bath Waggon directed to Dr Spens Chandos Buildings Bath you may pay for it and get the money for the Bill from Mr Antrobus. You would perhaps also do me the Favour to write or make yr Clerk write to Dr Spens, to say it was sent, when, by what conveyance and when it will arrive at Bath. Knowing you to be pleased with everything tending to Harmony or tending to oblige your old Friend I make no apology but trust to your indulgence.

MEMORANDUM.

10th *March*, 1797.

Mr Myddelton to wait on Mr Whitefoord, from General Melville, and tell him that Genl Melville, after a conversation held with Dr Johnson, who endeavoured to excuse himself, on the Grounds of his having known that G. M. would not have consented to the friendly application, which he thought it his duty to make in behalf of G. M.'s Botanical merits; that he had proposed only the Thanks of the Society to be given to G. M. if the Gold Medal should be thought objectionable, and that he did not foresee any difficulty in the business; fully expressed to the Dr his unpleasing feelings, on his being so awkwardly and undeservedly drawn into a questionable shape with the Society, and hoping that nothing similar would happen in future; could not, however, but acknowledge the Dr's friendly intent, and the obligation he has to the handsome zeal of Mr Green, and for which G. M. begs that his best thanks may be returned by Mr Whitefoord to that Gentleman.

And as G. M. conceives matters to stand, he must request a further kindness of Mr Whitefoord in explaining whenever and wherever it will be most proper, that G. M. himself thinks the premium of the Gold Medal to him so objectionable, that he by no means wishes for it. But it will not be unpleasing to G. M. that the following particulars may be now made properly known, at a meeting of the Society: namely that he zealously exerted himself, and hazarded a large expense (never wholly refunded to him) in founding the Botanic Garden in St Vincent, when Governor of it and the other ceded Islands in 1765, from an earnest desire to comply with what he knew to be then the patriotic wishes of the Society of Arts, and from that sense of duty to the Public which he felt, not to let slip so favourable an occasion never to be expected again in that government.

[JAMES SCOTT TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, HACKNESS, *Septr yᵉ* 27th, 1797.

I am much obliged to you for your little note, as it proved to me that I am not entirely blotted out of your remembrance, which I should regard as the worst of all blots, *litura valde deflenda.* I do not know whether you were ever in this beautiful and romantic country where I have been thrown thirty or forty years too late, when all the enthusiasm of life is over, and I can do nothing but ruminate upon past raptures in a chimney corner. I shall not attempt to describe it, but refer you to Gilpin's Forest Scenery [1]; out of which you must pick all his pretty words and phrases, such as sylvan, picturesque, carpet lawns, laughing slopes, fretting rills, tufted clumps, woody promontories, sweet sequester'd bottoms, grand savannahs &c. and then jumble them well together, and they will give you as exact an Idea of Hackness, as I have of all those bewitching scenes, which he paints so charmingly in his several rides thro' New Forest. We too have our 'indigenous Forest hog,' who no doubt finds 'tolerable subsistence thro' the *Winter*' (tho' poor fellow it is hard upon him 'in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout') because we meet with him alive in the *Spring*; when, as Mr Gilpin sagely remarks, 'fresh grasses, and salads of different kinds add a variety to his bill of fare.' I shall not search into his pedigree, which he derives from the wild Boar, 'tho' his blood may be contaminated with vulgar mixtures'; nor expatiate on his 'picturesque person,' 'his high crest, and broad shoulders,' for fear you should think I am painting some neighbouring Justice of Peace, or Doctor in Divinity; who, like the forest hog, 'is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable brute.'

I have thus, contrary to my intention, given you a little faint sketch of Hackness, but I hope pleasing enough to induce you sometime or other to pay it a visit, which I am sure

[1] William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre. *Remarks on forest scenery and other woodland views, illustrated by the scenes of New Forest in Hampshire.* 2 vols. London, 8vo. 1791.

would give Sr R. Johnstone (N.B. he desires me to tell you so) the highest gratification. How I could wish to be with you at Hinchingbrook, where your most worthy and hospitable Landlord (to whom I beg my best respects) has the happy art of rendering every person highly pleased with him, and satisfied with himself. Adieu, my dear Sir. Believe me ever

Y^r^ most faithful humble Servant

JAMES SCOTT.

[THE CASE OF CAPTAIN WHITE AND DR. SCOTT.]

A day or two before the season for shooting moor game commenced, Lord Milsington, Col. of the Lincolnshire Militia, and a Capt. Brown of the said Corps, apply'd to Sr Richard Johnstone for leave to shoot upon his Moors at Hackness: which he refused in the civilest and politest manner; alledging as a reason that he had already resisted applications of the same kind made by others, and therefore could not possibly give leave to them. However, notwithstanding this positive refusal, Lord Milsington and Capt. Brown went the *first* day of the season, and shot upon Sr Richard's Moors, where they killed several birds: they shot there again the *second* day; and upon Sr Richard Johnstone's gamekeeper telling them they were *not* to shoot there, they bade him acquaint his Master that they would shoot there as much and as often as they pleased, in spite of his (Sr Richard's) teeth. Upon this unhandsome behaviour, Sr Rich^d^ apply'd to a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, who convicted Capt. Brown, upon the Mutiny Act, in the penalty of five pounds, for killing Game upon his Manor without leave: Lord Milsington was *not* prosecuted, as there was no Evidence of his having actually kill'd any birds, though he had fired several shots; but they were both of them served with legal discharges from shooting upon Sr Richard's Manors for the Future. This conduct of Sr Richd Johnstone (which was not only justifiable, but from repeated trespasses absolutely necessary) the military then at Scarbro' imputed to the instigation of Dr Scott, who was totally unconsulted and unconcerned in the business, and

they were determined to be revenged upon him, by insulting him publicly. This they effected, in a manner most extraordinary and outrageous, by one Capt. White, of the Ayrshire Fencibles, calling out his men from Church, by Sound of Trumpet, as soon as Dr Scott had begun his sermon. To palliate the atrociousness of this behaviour, Capt. White either invented, or at least spread abroad the most malignant, false and shocking calumnies against Dr Scott's Character, viz: that he had baptized a monkey and given the sacrament to a dog: for which he very properly commenced an action for defamation ag^t^ Capt. White. However Dr Scott sent word to Capt. White that if he could in the smallest degree substantiate the charges—if he could prove that in any one action of Dr Scott's life he had ever been guilty of the slightest indecency towards Religion, that he had ever been known to swear, or to join in any indecent conversation, or to be in liquor or commit any action indecorous in a clergyman he would instantly drop the prosecution. Nothing of the kind was attempted by Capt. White, at the late trial at York, which turned upon these points, viz: that Capt. White was not the inventor of the Calumny, but merely the Reporter, that he had repeatedly offer'd to make every apology and satisfaction that a gentleman could make, which had been rejected with Scorn; that Dr Scott was a man of great affluence, and Capt. White had little besides his Commission; that it appeared from Dr Scott's own witnesses that they did not believe the report, and that it had not hurt his character, that therefore the Doctor had suffer'd no damage and consequently special damages could not be given. The Judge, in summing up the Evidence, said that he thought Dr Scott perfectly right in bringing the business into Court, as the Investigation refuted the Calumny, and therefore would put a stop to it.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Oct.* 20th, 1797.

How happy Admiral Duncan has made us, and how gracefully His new-made Honours sit upon Him. I observe

in all the Papers they state the British Fleet to have been superior in number of Guns. By the Gazette it appears in number of men, in the Line, we were 895 more than the Dutch, but in number of guns Ten less. . . . . Mrs Coutts wants me to go to Town to see Mrs Crawford[1] return to the Stage and to get you to go with us. But we shall see what you say of the old and new candidates for Theatrical Fame. They have been many in number but I hear little of Excellence.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Nov.* 1st, 1797.

I made some of your Friends happy by reading them your Letter full of your usual good humoured wit and entertaining observations. Sir John Macpherson brought the son of Ossian yr old Friend to dine with me and he seems an agreeable enough young man; 'tho He has been 13 or 14 years in India He looks like a Boy. Have you been to see any of the Antient Novelties and New Antiques? I wish to know how Mrs Barry was received. I liked her best by that name. Is Mr Johnstone[2] deserving of so high a Praise as the Edinbr Roscius? A young actor with merit would do well to get into Drury Lane. He will grow worse in the other House. In Drury Lane he may improve if he does not stoop to imitation; if he does, he forfeits his claim to genius in my mind. Is it true what I see today in the Paper, that the Emperor has made Peace, without us? I am disappointed at it, and *sorry*. I had a letter from Brown and really feel for him on the loss of his nephew. I hope the father will be able to surmount so heavy a tryal.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Nov.* 21, 1797.

I have always been intending to go to Town for a few days which has prevented my answering your kind letter and thanking you for both verse and Prose French and English. Mrs Coutts was much pleased but women you know always

[1] Mrs Spranger Barry. [2] John Henry Johnstone, d. 1828.

want 'a little more' and she wishes for such a letter once a week. In plain truth we are both pleased always when we hear from you and hear you are well and enjoying y^rself. Everybody is running away from this Summer retreat where we have only waited for Lady Burdett. She has been with us above a week but finds it a bad season for the Water, and as Sir Francis and she mean to keep Christmas at Foremark and he must go to Town, they are about leaving us, and we shall therefore soon pack up, bag and baggage. We should all go I believe to Foremark were it not that Lady Guilford cannot be of the party on account of her lord's health: tho' he is much better he will hardly venture on such a journey and she presses us to come to her at Bath. What think you of Buonaparte and the army of England? I wish we could have a good blow at their Brest Fleet. It might bring them to reason.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

BATH, *Dec.* 22nd, 1797.

To have past through London without the pleasure of seeing you added much to the numberless vexations Mrs Coutts and me underwent in four days we past there, in which we never could command a quarter of an hour for any agreeable purpose. I went two or three times to the Strand and there I was beset from the moment till I made my escape by all sorts of Applications all which in various modes of refusal I was to resist. In short I was never easy 'till I pass'd the Turnpike at Hyde Park, and now here we are at Bath, in Laura place in the only House to be hired in this neighbourhood (near Lord Guilford's) and we are obliged to be content with it as it is, such is the crowd at present resorted to this great hospital. The weather is very discouraging, and I am not much encouraged by the appearance of Lord Guilford's Health, tho' I am not altogether without hope of his recovery wch however must be the work of much time and care. The Public affairs which used to be the least object of my sollicitude now presents a Picture too threat'ning to be unnoticed.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

BATH, *Jan.* 21, 1798.

Will you be so good to tell Brown that I have sent Mr Preston a long letter of that unfortunate young man James Seton's. His own and his father's calamities would induce any of us, knowing them so long and so well to do them any kindness. Brown may desire Preston to shew him the letter and he may then consult him on the business. I think if he can get out to India his brother's influence there will ensure his success and it seems to be the last effort.

[SIR JOHN MACPHERSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

BROMPTON, 27 *February*, 1798.

Many thanks, my good friend, for your successful labours in advancing me to the honours of antiquity. These honours, whether from motives of anxiety or ambition we all pursue. Would I could assist my old and truest friends to Hernippian juvenility. There are waters or rather wines in which we may seek his redivivian joys. Of these I hope to taste with you and Bruno at our club of today. Vive vale addiasca sempe allegro.

Yours truly

JOHN MACPHERSON.

[RICHARD ELLISON[1] TO THE REV. DR. SCOTT.]

LONDON, 12th *March*, 1798.

SIR,

I am sincerely sorry that I shou'd on the 19th Augt last have uttered a Report, which I heard in the Rooms at Scarborough on the preceding Day, that you had baptized a Monkey, and given the Sacrament to a Dog. I can truly say that I never did believe the Report; and having since my leaving Scarborough made enquiry respecting it, I am

[1] Richard Ellison, M.P. for Lincoln.

satisfyed there never was the least Foundation given by you for so injurious a calumny. You are welcome to communicate the contents of this Letter to such persons as you think may have given credence to it upon my account: for as a gentleman and a man capable of feeling severely such injury myself, I cannot bear the thoughts of having hurt the Feelings of any other Gentleman, by inconsiderate expressions of mine, for which I repeat that I am sincerely sorry.

I am, Sir,

Your ob^{t} serv^{t}

R. ELLISON.

[JAMES SCOTT TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, HANOVER SQUARE, *May y^{e}* 5th, 1798.

I was much obliged by the favour of your note yesterday, and should have thanked you for it in person this morning, had not the weather been unfavourable for a pedestrian. Will you have the goodness to send me the Account I gave you of the outrageous behaviour of Lord M—— and M^{r} B—— at Scarbro'? It will save me a good deal of trouble, and you shall have it again, if you wish for it. It will assist me in drawing up a fuller Narrative for the Inspection and Information of *a very great Personage*.

Sr Richd Johnstone desires me to present his compliments to you, and request the favour of your Company to a family dinner on Wednesday next, at half past four precisément. He intends to ask Mr Cosway to meet you. I am always

Most truly and sincerely yours

JAMES SCOTT.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

MY DEAR SIR, SIMONBURN, *Septr y^{e}* 28th, 1798.

I am extremely glad to hear that the Grouse arrived safe, and in good condition; but am very much mortify'd

that I have not been able to send any more, particularly as they would be so *well* eaten: for if I was a Moorgame myself, and *was* to be devour'd, I should wish it to be done by Men of Taste. I do not intend staying here more than a fortnight or three weeks longer; during which time, I trust I shall be able to send Lord Sandwich some parcels of Grouse. As to wintering here, I should never think of it, unless upon the same terms, which Leo Suavius tells us are granted to the good folks in Lucomoria, a province of Russia, who lye fast asleep, as dead, all Winter, from Novr ye 27th to April ye 24th, and then wake as merry as Grigs. Upon these conditions, I might be prevailed upon to comply with the injunctions of my Diocesan, in keeping strict residence at Simonburn. I should pass the Summer merrily, in one of the pleasantest places in England;—and as to Winter—I should certainly *do no harm*, (which every thing consider'd is no small point gained) and might possibly do *as much good*, as many of my Revd Brethren, who never seem to be thoroughly awake, Winter or Summer, the whole year thro'. I should be very happy to spend two or three months this winter in London: but of that I have little hopes; for travelling so far, in short days and bad roads, is very troublesome to a Man of my kidney. You have undoubtedly read of the Rucke, a very extraordinary Bird in the Island of Madagascar, which flies away with an Elephant, as easily as a Kite with a Mouse. What a pity it is that there is no getting one of these Monsters tamed and broken; as it would, without any trouble, take my whole family under the shadow of its wings, and set us down in Park Street! Pray give my best respects to Lord Sandwich, and any of your Circle, with whom I have the happiness of being acquainted; and believe me,

My dear Sir, very truly
and sincerely your's,
JAMES SCOTT.

[BENJAMIN WEST TO CALEB WHITEFOORD[1].]

NEWMAN STREET, *Jan*^{y} 9th, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

Having been informed, that the society for encouraging Arts and Manufactures meet this evening to consider of an honorary, as well as a pecuniary return to Mr Barry for his great labours in retouching, and improving the pictures in the society's great room, I should have been happy, had my health permitted, to have come there on this occasion, and voted for the intended motion, to have given testimony how much I esteem those pictures, for the Genius, and knowledge which they everywhere display, the great honour they do their Author, the Society, and the country. And I sincerely

[1] (Enclosed.)

Progressive Improvement of
Historical Painting
in
Great Britain.

To the Editor of the True Briton.

Sir,

The *Amateurs* of Painting in general, the Patrons and Professors of *Historical Painting* in particular, will be highly gratified by our early attention to, and communication of, the proceedings of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. at their apartments in the *Adelphi*, on Wednesday last, when James Barry, Esq., R.A. and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, had the honour of having the Gold Medal of the Society, and 200 guineas Voted to him, and confirmed *by Ballot*, with every designation and tribute of respect which unanimity, fervour, and gratitude could manifest. The Motion which led to this laudable measure was made and most ably supported by Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, as Chairman of the Committee of Polite Arts, whose liberality and taste for the Arts require no eulogium from my feeble pen. To this ingenious and excellent Artist is to be ascribed the uncommon merit of having adorned the great Room of this laudable Institution with a great work, which is an Incentive to Morality, and with a series of Historical Paintings which were the labour of many years; are the ornament of the present age, and deserve to be transmitted down to the latest posterity. Alderman Boydell, the venerable Patron of the Arts, and the fostering hand of Genius, made an happy use of this fair occasion by observing, that in the early part of his long (and we beg leave to add of his *meritorious Life*) he was compelled to resort to the *Continent* for Historical Pictures, as proper Subjects for Engraving. But that in consequence of the Premiums, the rays of bounty diffused by the Society of Arts, he was happy in having the opportunity on this very pleasing occasion to declare, that of *late years* (and be it remembered, that only a few *years* before, all Commerce with France and Holland was cut off), he had the happiness to find *at home*, among our *own Artists*, ample Scope for the Genius, the Industry, and the due encouragement of Engravers. But no where could he find so wide, and so fair a field for panegyric as in the Great Room, where he then had the honour of making this further and serious declaration—that in the decline of life he should deem his time, his efforts, and his energy in promoting the Fine Arts to be well spent, and laudably employed, in transmitting more diffusively to the World, by a *Set of Engravings*, a due sense of the great merit of the Historical Pictures of Mr. Barry, which he thought were beyond all price; but although they cannot be properly appreciated at present, the price which Posterity will pay is Immortality!

PHILOT.

hope, that the intention of a reward may be carried into effect by the Society this evening, which will not only prove, that they were the first promoters of the Elegant Arts, but are still the rewarders of them.

With the greatest respect I am Dear Sir
Your most obedient and obliged
BENJ^N WEST.

[JAMES SCOTT TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

WOODHOUSE PLACE, *April y^e* 28th, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged by the favour of your letter, which I rec^d this morning: and I am requested to present Sr R. Johnstone's best respects to you, and his warmest acknowledgments for the trouble you have been so good as to take upon his account. He will give Simpson four score pounds for the inlaid Table; and that he may not trespass further upon you, has written to one Steel, an Upholsterer in Oxford Street, who will have the care of packing up the Table, to call upon Simpson for that purpose. I rec^d Lord Sandwich's most valuable present about ten days ago, and wrote by the very first post to thank him for his very kind remembrance of me: but, from an expression in your's of today, I am almost afraid my Letter to him has miscarried; and should this really be the case, I should esteem it as a mark of your particular regard, if you would acquaint his Lordship with this circumstance. I send this under cover to him, and remain, my dear Sir,

Most cordially your's
JAMES SCOTT.

[MRS. JOHN ADOLPHUS[1] TO MRS. WHITEFOORD.]

WARREN STR., FITZROY SQUARE,
May 23rd [1799?].

MY DEAR MADAM,

I scarcely know whether I am authorised to take the liberty I am now doing which has no other apology better to

[1] Martha Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Ralph Leycester of White Place, married John Adolphus in April, 1793.

offer than its being done from a good motive. I know you and Mr Whitefoord have a very high esteem for M^r^ and Mrs Green [1] and I am sure would be happy to render them any assistance. Poor Mr G. from disappointment and the *total want of employment* is almost in a state of despair, and it grieves me to the heart to see the unhappiness I constantly experience when I go there, and this leads me to think of every possible means of extricating a worthy object from such deep distress. I think that by means of Mr Whitefoord a plan might be adopted to afford Mr Green some relief. It is this: If a few friends would contribute to raise an annual subscription for him if it were only 5 guineas apeice or even less so that about one hundred a year could be made up it would render him comparatively comfortable for the few remaining years he probably has to live. Mr W. Smith is I believe well known to Mr Whitefoord. Now if he would set such a scheme on foot by the kind instigation of Mr Whitefoord I think it might do very well. Lord Romney I feel certain would contribute and I dare say by a hint from Mr Whitefoord many members of the Society of Arts. Mr Green might afterwards make it known to Mr West and perhaps through him it might reach his Majesty. I have said enough to explain what I mean should Mr Whitefoord think it proper to do anything in it. I was induced to think of the scheme from having succeeded extremely well in the same way for a poor female friend.

I have now only to solicit your pardon My dear Madam and to beg that if nothing can be done in the matter, it may not be mentioned to the Green family, &c.

M. E. ADOLPHUS.

[VALENTINE GREEN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

NO. 2, NEW ROAD, OPPOSITE
FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON,
July 12th, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

The very liberal manner in which you have restored to me the first Gold Medal with which I had formerly been

[1] Valentine Green, the engraver, and his wife.

presented by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts &c., by your purchasing of it for the sole purpose of gratifying me with it, demands and has my most grateful thanks.—Twice presented to me, first stamped by public Approbation, and lastly by private Friendship, that Medal is now become doubly estimable to me.

The late loss of this very honourable testimonial, together with eight others (amounting in value to £200) the marks of princely and public favour towards me, I have learnt to sustain with becoming resolution, but not without feeling.—Misfortune has deprived [me] of them all, but their remembrance. To your generous sensibility, and liberality, my dear Sir, I alone owe much abatement of that Anguish I have so long borne, by the consoling effect of this unhoped-for restoration of this portion of my lost property, that beyond all other was so dear to Me.

I remain, &c.,

VALENTINE GREEN.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

No. 2, NEW ROAD, OPPOSITE
FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON,
July 15th, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

. . . . . .

That I should now be found in a state needing assistance, those who know the severe operation of a Statute of Bankruptcy, through which ordeal I have been compelled lately to pass, will not be surprised. Left totally destitute, and every source of supply already exhausted in attempting the relief of my Son, from those difficulties which ultimately bore us both down, I have been necessarily thrown back again upon the world, and thus late in life obliged to begin it anew. In this situation, however, I have hitherto been left to struggle without aid, and have produced three plates, the result of which, owing to my not being able to give the Customary Credit to the Trade, has been inadequate in its supply of ready money, to keep me from incurring a variety of small debts, to the amount of between £80 and £90. These, together with £50

for which the Assignees have given me credit till November next, for part of the furniture purchased at the sale of my Effects, form the Amount of Debt with which I find myself embarassed.

Health (through the goodness of providence) has been preserved to me through my misfortunes; and that sort of Spirits which is ready to face difficulties, while there remains a probability of surmounting them, are yet mine. But to be rendered unable to pursue my professional avocations, for the want of wherewithal to provide the Articles necessary to the carrying them on, is enough to cut the strongest down, and this is the precise point to which I am unhappily arrived. To be in hourly expectation of having the common necessary supplies of existence stopped, may, I trust, be some excuse for my opening my complaints thus at large to you, and may induce you to add to your other kind offices, that of a Friendly Advocate, on my part, with M^r^ [William] Smith, to assist me by a loan to the foregoing amount, to bear me through this difficulty, and thereby enable me to carry on my profession, which I have the satisfaction to know, is yet very competent to yield very ample advantage and support, to industry and application. . . .

I remain, Dear Sir, &c.

VALENTINE GREEN.

[WARREN HASTINGS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DAYLESFORD HOUSE, 1st *July*, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you most heartily for the welcome information which you have given me of the honor conferred upon me by the President and Members of the Royal Society, and for the part which you had in their act, which I feel most sensibly, as an evidence, which no one can higher appreciate than I do, of your esteem. I shall not fail to present myself to that respectable body at their next meeting, and shall register the 25th of June and the 5th of Novr in my Calendar as two of the few white days of my life.

Mrs Hastings desires me to present her compl^s and thanks for your kind remembrance of her. We shall both esteem ourselves happy to see you at Daylesford, if you should chance to be at Cheltenham, which is but a short distance from it, during the course of this month, to which our continuance at this place is limited for this season.

I am with truth
My Dear Sir
Your much obliged
and faithful servant
WARREN HASTINGS.

[VALENTINE GREEN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, *Septr 7th*, 1801.

The casual visit Mrs Whitefoord and you have been so kind to make to us in the New Road, since my retreat from thence, has so far anticipated the communication of that occurrence to you by Letter, which I had intended. Doomed to be assailed by misfortune in every vulnerable part whilst I remained a visible and tangible object, I determined on a removal that should at least place me out of the reach of further attacks. . . . What remains for me to do I conceive is, to preserve my personal freedom, as well for the interest of those who have been instructed to look to me to make them whole . . . as for my own sake, and those whom it is my duty to support. . . . Till I am assured of existing in personal freedom, which no act of mine has yet forfeited, and which as I feel I have not deserved to lose, I will not lose it; the World may conclude as it pleases, that I am in or out of existence, in or out of the kingdom, in or out of London, in or out of my senses, it shall never see me return to be imprisoned. My real state has not been known: it never has been enquired after, excepting by yourself and Mr Smith. . . .

I have discharged upwards of £500 debt, and am at last beat out of the Ranks of Life, an Exile for an Egg-shell, an

outcast for the value of the Breakfast of an Alderman! Believe me, after reviewing this impropitious state of Hopes and Expectations, I can feel no desire of rejoining a community so principled, that although they will allow a Man to have 'done the state some service' he may die and be d—d, when he needs their assistance. If therefore I could preserve the retreat I have found to my few remaining years, I would chearfully close my account with mankind for ever. But I fear I cannot even accomplish that.

Most truly yours
V. GREEN.

[JOHN ROBINSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

WYKE HOUSE,
ISLEWORTH, 15th *Sept*r 1801.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks to you for your Letter of the 12th Instant, and for the trouble you are so good as to take about my pictures. I leave it entirely to you to arrange about the frames, as you see best, and shall approve whatever you do; the blank frame of my uncle Dr Robinson and the frame of the Old Gentleman in the Tye wig, Mr. Deane, the Father of Captn Deane, I perceive you condemn to the flames, and I agree to the proposition you make about them . . . though I wish to preserve the pictures in remembrance of the men.

You mistake me, if you suppose me to think highly of the Apotheosis of Garrick. I do not think it well done, or very few of the likenesses preserved, but as I have it I would keep it, and I have not another place to put it in. It was always intended to put my Lord Sandwich's picture in that corner, having no other place that would contain it; however when the print is got we may try if we can find a better place.

I am
Ever most truly yours
JOHN ROBINSON.

[THE SAME TO THE SAME.]

WYKE HOUSE,
ISLEWORTH,
13th *Oct*r, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

By a letter from Mr Maddison I find you have met but he laments that he was so dirty and so engaged in office business that he could not let you see his prints &c. He proposes to take you up on the 22nd Instant and to bring you down hither that we may all have a meeting here.

I have been much talked to, for not having an original of the King by A. Ramsay as a companion to the Queen, instead of a Copy, and when I have explained to the people your most obliging offer, I have been much blamed and censured for not accepting it, indeed so much so that, notwithstanding the delicacy that I have had about it, I am forced to again renew the subject and to say that if your good intention to me still continues and that if you can most assuredly make the exchange without inconvenience, I shall be much obliged to you for it.

I am Dear Sir &c.
JOHN ROBINSON.

[ISAAC D'ISRAELI TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

WEDNESDAY MG. [1801 ?].

[I][1] am so unwell this morning owing to a circumstance that happened last night, that I cannot even quit my Room, to pay you and Mrs Whitefoord my respects. My servant was way-laid at the Opera door, just when [about] to quit me, knocked down, and robbed of my Great Coat, which has occasioned me a great cold and a little fever.

Ever yours
I. D'ISRAELI.

[1] First part of the letter torn off.

[THOMAS POWELL TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

TOTTENHAM, 4th *Feb.*, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

If Pope's (or rather Horace's) definition of a Bard be a true one, surely I may now claim at least a sprig of laurel as my son has inform'd me that the perusal of my Don Carlos disturbed your rest for two nights. I will not conceal by false modesty how much such an account flatter'd me. . . . When you return me my piece (to Mr. Floyer, 456, Strand) do me the favour to point out its parts which do not meet your approbation. I am most truly

Your's ever

THOMAS POWELL.

[J. J. COPLEY TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,
Feby 10, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Christie mentioned to me that you were much disposed to promote my interest in the sale of the picture of Lord Duncan's Victory, and that you would speak to Lady Mary Duncan on the subject, for which I return you my most sincere thanks. I should have waited on you to have thanked you in person, but a sprain in my ancle will not permit me to walk so far.

Should you go to Lady Mary Duncan's I should be very much obliged if you will do me the favour to call in George Street in your way. Lady Mary has been with me and is greatly interested in the Picture and says it should be in the family of Lord Duncan, and will do everything in her power to that end. She promised to write yesterday to Lord Duncan on the subject. I think you will have it in your power to serve my interest better if I can first see you and more fully explain to you her sentiments on the subject.

I am Dear Sir,

Most truly yours

J. J. COPLEY.

[JAS. WEST TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

NEWICK PARK, NEAR VCKFIELD,
June 29th, 1802.

I have the favour of your letter and am sorry you had the trouble of calling so often when I was from home. I must return you many thanks for your good wishes and congratulations and am happy to assure you that I have every possible prospect of a continued happiness. Mrs W.[1] though of very respectable Family and connections is by no means the *fine* Lady. With respect to the Pictures, I had almost forgot them, but as you put them by for Me I can have no objection to take them, and shall be obliged if you will send them to Simpson.

P.S. I intend to be in town by the 7th of July at No 65 Wimpole St. for two or three weeks, and shall be happy to see you. I will call on you as soon as I get to town.

[NOEL DESENFANS[2] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, [1802.]

Permit me, as you have on many occasions shew'n me great kindness, to sollicit a very essential service from you. Many painters, you know, are of opinion that I have aspers'd them by my catalogue, and endeavour'd to crush the art in this country, when in fact my intention was to raise it.

Will you be so good as to submit the two Pamphlets and the Catalogue I now send, to the Society for the encouragement of arts and commerce? I beg the committee of the fine arts will examine them and determine whether I had in view, the rise or the downfall of Painting, and if their opinion is favourable to me, it will serve to make my peace with the

[1] James West married Miss Shuttleworth on June 22, 1802.

[2] Picture-dealer. In his *Descriptive Catalogue*, London, 1802, Desenfans had given great offence by his remark, 'that the professors of the art were often subject to jealousy, and that mediocrity was unknown in painting.' He replied to the attacks made upon him in *A Letter to Benjamin West*, &c., London, 1802. For an account of his life *vide Dictionary of National Biography*.

artists; but Pray, let me have it soon, and mention nothing of my application but to the Society. As I am now extricated from many troubles, I shall have the honor of waiting on you, and the pleasure of seeing your collection any day you will be pleas'd to appoint, and believe me, &c.

NOEL DESENFANS.

[THOMAS BROWN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

JOHN STREET, ADELPHI,
25th *July*, 1803.

MY DEAR CALEB,

I was very glad to see by your letter to George this morning that you had all got safe to Hastings, for thinking you might have had a thunder storm to encounter, was anxious to hear of you. We have not any particular news this day. Nothing is thought of, but preparations for meeting this strongly threaten'd Invasion. I went on Saturday with Sir Andrew Hamond[1] to Dagenham Breach House, where we pass'd a very pleasant day with Sir Robt Preston, who gave us a magnificent dinner of Turtle, &c., and all sorts of excellent wines: Fourteen sat down to Dinner, and Mr Pitt was in excellent spirits.

As a subscription was set on foot for the support of the Military Association of the Parish of St. Martin's, I paid in to Mr. Coutts's five Guineas for you, and five for Myself. My nephew joins me in best wishes for all your family, and I remain

Yours very affectly

THOS BROWN.

[THOMAS COUTTS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

ILFRACOMBE, *Oct.* 7, 1803.

I have many thanks to return for your Political opinions. I am inclined to think it a very ruinous Policy in this country to carry on a merely defensive war. English ground is the

[1] Sometime lieut.-governor of Nova Scotia, succeeded Sir Henry Martin as Comptroller of the Navy in 1794, died Sept. 12, 1828.

worst on which we can fight France, and the character of the Consul is such that I suppose we must fight him somewhere, not that I think there is any common sense in his invading England. His best plan would be for ever to make us expect him but never to come. He might ruin and even conquer us that way if we are govern'd by weak inefficient ministers; but with clever men at the Helm I think we should invade France, and make Foreign alliances. When ever we show a little of the spirit of Lord Chatham we will have allies enough. Lady Bute[1] writes me that they have certain intelligence of their intention to land in Glamorganshire. A friend of mine at Newcastle writes me the invasion will be there. They are expected at Edinburgh and even at Inverness, and we hear of constant threat'ning by every foreign mail; meanwhile we are overwhelm'd with expence, and France is at none at all. I was mentioning here that you was about building a house near Hastings. Lady Guilford observ'd that she was there last year and thought it a pretty situation. Mrs Coutts advised that you should have a care of allowing sea sand to be used in the mortar as no time ever drys it, wch she knows by experience.

[THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

DEAR SIR, ED^R^. *March* 19, 1804.

Being unable from defect of sight to prosecute my studies as heretofore, I have sett myself to arrange the whole of my correspondence on literary subjects and to interweave it with the history of literature and the fine arts during the last century.

For this purpose I am diligently seeking for characteristic and curious letters of the learned or of eminent artists of our Scotland, and ask your assistance in this interesting pursuit. You are a veteran, and a truly respectable veteran, in the department which at present occupies my attention. You must I think have preserved many letters from Italy which must bear on the points of my enquiry from Hamilton, Byres,

[1] Frances, second daughter of Thomas Coutts, Lord Bute's second wife.

Rivier (?), More, Allan, and others, and may help me to others by making my wishes known to the lovers of the Fine Arts in your intelligent circle.

Your active life embraces a Nestorian period of information in literature and particularly in the fine arts, and by imparting to me such epistolary communications as may have passed either between yourself and other learned and accomplished men in Italy or in other parts you may enrich a remote age and at the same [time] give pleasure to Dear Sir

Your obliged humble servant

BUCHAN.

I beg to [be] remember'd with esteem to Mrs Whytefoord and to my little friend the polygraphic Whitefoord, who I hope may prove a second Caleb in his mind as well as in the outward form. My friend Robert Trotter, Esqr at Ed^r^ will forward to me y^r^ communications or they will be transmitted by my other respectable friend Sir John Sinclair.

[SIR GEORGE SANDILANDS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, NUT HILL, 15th *May*, 1805.

Give me leave to introduce to your notice and protection Mr David Wilkie[1], a young Artist who proposes to spend some time in London in the prosecution of those studies, and the improvement of those talents, that have already brought him into some notice in this his native land

[1] 'Someone desirous to do a good turn to David when he came first to town, gave him a note to Caleb [Whitefoord], who, struck with his very youthful look, inquired how old he was. "Really now," said the artist, with the hesitation he bestowed on most questions. "Ha!" exclaimed Caleb; "introduce a man to me who knows not how old he is!" and regarded him with that dubious look which is the chief charm of the picture [Wilkie's Letter of Introduction]. This was in his mind when he formed the resolution to paint the subject; and Caleb and his well-arranged bookcase, little folding desk, bundles of papers regularly labelled, sword suspended from a nail in the wall to mark his gentle descent, for he was a Whitefoord of that ilk; and a china jar to mark the man of vertu on the floor, sat, as I may say, for his portrait. We have only to add a lad with a country air, who has presented the letter, and the old man to whom it is addressed turning half round in his chair while breaking the seal, and eyeing the other with a look of doubt and suspicion, in which a dog is seen to join with all the intelligence of its master.' [Cunningham's *Life of Wilkie*, i. 384.]

and which I can not help believing will with proper culture raise him to eminence.

Mr Wilkie is the son of a most respectable clergyman in this country well known in the literary world for his Mathematical knowledge. I need not solicit your good offices in behalf of this young and unprotected adventurer because I well know the pleasure you have ever felt in befriending merit.

With best respects and good wishes to Mrs Whitefoord, Believe me ever my dear Sir

Yours faithfully,

GEO: SANDILANDS.

[GENERAL VALLANCY TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SIR, DUBLIN SOCIETY, 24 *June*, 1805.

I am honored with your letter of the 10th inst. containing the strong and pathetic address of the Subscribers in favour of Mr Barry. No time was lost in laying it before the Dublin Society. As the members at this season are generally in the country, I caused it to be printed in our minutes, that it may come before them in their retreats. The merits of Mr Barry are well known to most of them, and it is to be lamented that though the seeds of the fine arts, seminated in this country, will vigorously rise above ground, yet if not immediately transplanted into British soil, they soon wither and decay.

At our next meeting on 11th July the letter will be read again, agreeable to our rules, which I hope will be more numerously attended than the last. We shall then adjourn to November, when I hope to find that the address has been energetick. A copy of the minutes of last meeting is enclosed.

I have the honor to be, Sir

Your most obedient most humble serv^t^

CH. VALLANCY.

[SIR GEORGE COLEBROOK[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, BATH [*January*, 1806.]

I should not be surprized that Mr Pitt having succeeded so ill in his coalition on the Continent should resign. But who is bold enough to take the Helm? I hope not the Doctor. Will Citizen Fox undertake it? I suppose not, unless he thought there was a chance to make peace, and what peace can be made, leaving the army with such a Flotilla within a few Leagues of our Coast? The news does not occasion a Merry Christmas at Bath. Mr Pitt who is here for his Health, looks I am told very ill indeed. Still there are those who think that the news will not turn out so very bad, as was at first circulated.

I see by the newspaper that I might have had a place at Nelson's funeral; but I really should have considered myself as out of my place. Knights of the Bath and Knights Banerets are Military Orders. But I cannot think as much of Baronets, and yet we should appear in a Military procession with as much propriety as Masters in Chancery. It must be a singular and awful sight, and I hope you will occupy a window to see it pass.

If Matters are not quite so bad as they appeared at first, and virtu, not virtue, should decline in value, I may request you to lay out a sum about what you owe me for interest at one of the sales, either Mr Agar's or Lord Lansdowne's; I have a gap to fill up.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your very sincere

G. COLEBROOK.

[CALEB WHITEFOORD TO GENERAL VALLANCY.]

SIR, LONDON, 17th *Jan^y^*, 1806.

I had the Honour last Summer (as chairman of Mr Barry's Committee) of addressing a Letter to you, to

[1] M.P. for Arundel, Chairman of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, &c., died Aug. 5, 1809.

be laid before the Dublin Society, in favour of that very eminent and meritorious artist. From the very handsome and obliging manner, in which you follow'd up the wishes of Mr Barry's Friends in this Country, I persuade myself it will be satisfactory to you to be inform'd, that an Annuity of £120 has been provided for his life by the Transfer of £4000 3 per Cent. reduced Annuities, into the Names of proper Trustees for that purpose. The price paid for the same was £1000, to which the Subscription here was not quite adequate ; but the small deficiency of about £35 has been, for the present, supplied.

Whatever may have been the result of your friendly Application to the Dublin Society, those who have interested themselves on the subject here, will feel the Politeness with which their communication has been treated ; and are well assured of your Readiness to advise them on anything you may deem material, towards accomplishing so desirable an object, as the securing a comfortable Provision for a man of real Genius, and extraordinary merit, who has exerted his great talents to adorn the Capital, and who reflects much Honor and Credit on the country that gave him birth. &c.

CALEB WHITEFOORD.

[THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, ED^R. *April* 24th, 1806.

As you are the Father of our Dilletanti now in Britain, and my *Fellow Mundellran*, so as the companion of Garrick and the associate of so many men of the very salt of the earth who were dear to my youth I send you this letter by the hands of a worthy man and a good artist, Mr George Walker of Edinburgh, whose beautiful Landscapes of Scottish scenery you have probably seen at our friend Mr Nicol's [1] in Pall Mall.

Mr Walker, well qualified for the design, at my request has undertaken to give us a Descriptive Catalogue of our British

[1] George Nicol.

chefs d'œuvres of the ancient schools of Painting in Italy and Flanders, a work which the Dilletanti have long desiderated.

Do, my worthy friend, afford Mr Walker your best counsel in this arduous undertaking and go with him sometimes to open doors that may be rusty on their hinges. With kind comp^ts^ to Mrs Whytefoord accept of the assurances of my continued regard. BUCHAN.

[SIR JOHN SINCLAIR TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

LONDON, 20 *May*, 1806.

Sir John Sinclair presents his compliments to Mr. Whiteford and has the pleasure of sending him the sketch of a dramatic scene from Ossian, which places in a new point of view the merits of that great Poet. It is impossible to suppose that James Macpherson could have any hand in the Composition of such verses, and the proof which Sir John Sinclair has recently collected[1] regarding the authenticity of Ossian puts that matter out of all doubt.

[GEORGE WALKER TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

163, NEW BOND STREET,
12 *July*, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

If my gratitude and sensibility have been often raised by the marked and kind attention received in consequence of your Friend Lord Buchan's good offices with some of the most respectable characters in this country, you will I hope believe that the obligations I am under to your goodness were of all others the more gratifying to my feelings as an Artist by the frankness with which you were pleased to shew me your valuable collection of original pictures[2] by the most esteemed old Masters, of which those by Correggio, Titian and Albano are beyond all praise. As it is very probable I may not have another opportunity of paying my respects to you previous to

[1] Published in his *Dissertation on the authenticity of Ossian's poems; prefixed to Ossian's works*. London, 1807. 8vo.

[2] *Vide* the Catalogue printed in the Appendix.

my leaving Town I request you will do me the Honour to accept of the enclosed as a remembrance of our Cairngorm Mountains and of the sincere esteem with which I am

My dear Sir

Your greatly obliged Hb^le^ serv^t^

GEO. WALKER.

[SIR JOHN SINCLAIR TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

5 TERRACE,
PALACE YARD,
WESTMINSTER,
26 *July*, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I enclose a facsimile copy of the letter you have certified, the authenticity of which, as the handwriting of the late James Macpherson, cannot be questioned. I also enclose the conclusion of my Dissertation on the authenticity of Ossian, which I am persuaded you will peruse with pleasure.

I am obliged to set out for Scotland on Sunday morning, and regret much that I cannot have the pleasure of a conversation with you on so interesting a subject before I set out, but Mr Vigne, Chief Clerk at the Board of Agriculture, will occasionally call on you, and will put down all that you think material regarding the authenticity.

I remain, Faithfully yours

JOHN SINCLAIR.

N.B. Mr Vigne will give you a copy of a collection of Papers on athletic exercises, which contains some interesting particulars.

[LADY ANNE FORTESCUE[1] TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

SUNDAY, *Aug.* 24th [1806].

I believe you will be glad to hear from me; and I am very sure I shall be glad to hear that you and the cara sposa, and your little ones are well. I bore the journey (hot as the weather was) better than I expected after my long and

[1] Widow of Matthew, second Baron Fortescue.

painful confinement; and am now enjoying the sea breezes, beyond what I can describe. Our Prince and Mrs Fitz went from hence last week, and are not expected to return in less than six weeks. I go sometimes into the Library, and hear the Politicians talking over their newspapers; but as I am not the Painter's Daughter (Polly Titian) I am not much the wiser. I understand, however, that we are not to expect Peace: indeed I cannot conceive it possible to make a good peace with Beelzebub's favourite son.

[Lord Sandwich to Caleb Whitefoord.]

Hinchinbrook,
*Sept*r 16th, 1806.

Dear Sir,

It will be very acceptable (if this letter should be so fortunate as to find you in town) to have a line of the news at this time in London and what the death of Mr Fox is likely to occasion to the politicians.

I am, dear Sir, &c.
Sandwich.

[Andrew Wilson to Caleb Whitefoord.]

3, Cockspur Street,
10 *May*, 1807.

Dear Sir,

Convinced that you will forgive the liberty I am going to take I venture to solicit your friendly interest in my favor, and if you will kindly undertake to manage the business for me I am certain of success, for I know no person so likely to carry such a project through from the general acquaintance you have among the men of taste.

You will have been informed of the issue of the sale which has produced nothing; I regret now but 'tis too late that I did not put it off when such an occurrence as the Dissolution of Parliament was made known. I feel it hard to have such a capital embarked without any immediate prospect of realizing even a small part unless in the manner I mean to propose, for any other attempt would be sacrificing Works of the first

excellence and calculated to give eclât to the first collections in this country, . . .

I wish to dispose of the Brazen Serpent by Rubens in the same manner as the death of Lord Chatham by Copley was sold. With this no doubt you will be acquainted. 20 gentlemen at 100 guineas each took shares and drew cuts or in some such way determined who should have the Picture.

For a work such as the Rubens I should hope that in good hands there would be little difficulty in obtaining 20 subscribers, for 100 guineas could be no great object to any nobleman or gentleman who had so great a chance of possessing such a Picture. There would in asking a gentleman to take a share be a necessity of stating what I could not do and which would come with greater effect from a friend. . . .

I am, Dear Sir
Respectfully
Your Ob^{t} and Hum^{ble} Ser^{t}
ANDREW WILSON.

[THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

MY DEAR SIR, EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 19th, 1808.

I remember you always with much regard and on the thirtieth I shall do myself the pleasure to give you for my School-boy Toast at the Anniversary of Mundell's Scholars. I send you this Letter by the hand of Mr Andrew Wilson, Landscape painter in Water Colours, an art now brought among us to a very high degree of perfection, greater I believe than anywhere in the World. Mr Wilson has great merit in this Art and he is a person of Taste and Judgment in the Fine Art of painting in general. I recommend him to your attention and wish you to promote his success. He in partnership with other gentlemen bought the choice Balbi collection of pictures at Genoa, some of the finest of which he has still to dispose of, particularly a first rate *Ecce Homo* by Sir Anthony Vandyke from which Vandyke took his Etching which is probably in your Portfolio.

He has also two very good Claudes which I recommend to your notice. The fine Arts begin to flourish in Scotland and I take some degree of Pride in having been among the first to promote them. We think of having an annual Exhibition of the works of our Artists here and propose to purchase the house and Hall used by Burrel for shewing his Museum of National rarities, for that purpose. We have Wilkie now at the head of his department even in England, and Saunders in his; we have in James Howe, who was sent by me to paint the King's cream coloured Charger and the Queen's favourite old Spaniel Fanny, a second Stubbs in Embryo; and Watson in Portrait, Carse in Village Scenery, Weir in poetical subjects and Henning in modelling are all of them worthy of particular notice and approbation. In Sculpture for domestic decoration we have Marshall but no Flaxman or Canova. The excellent Bonomi will show you an admirable statement of the Death and Burial of the elegant and unfortunate Angelica Kauffman transmitted to him by . . . . Mich. Angelo Borsi which I recommend to y^{r} perusal as extremely interesting. With my compliments to Mrs Whitefoord and best wishes for the health and continuance of your Family I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, Dear Sir, your ancient friend

and obliged h^{ble} serv^{t}

BUCHAN.

[SIR JOHN MACPHERSON TO CALEB WHITEFOORD.]

FARM NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

MY DEAR SIR, 26 *December*, 1809.

I have received your two Letters on the subject of the Business of Mr King: I have two long and very Explanatory Letters from him. All I wish is, in the spirit of our Early and invariable Friendship, and of my wishes to be of use to an involved connection, and in the spirit of the holy worthy Mr Abraham Goldmid's wishes to be of some use in arranging the Business in question, and if possible, to your best realisable speedy advantage and to the Relief of Mr King. I shall write to you again when I hear from him for I have

put the Question to him home upon that Basis of Arrangement.

Do drop me, my still-Juvenile Friend, a few words independently of Franks if they are not at your Elbow—yes, about your Health and Occupations—but above all about my fair Friend Mrs Whitefoord, who has so effectually fulfilled my early Recommendation to her of your Health: write more particularly about the dear Children: say how they are coming on.

Sir James and his good Lady (Mrs Whitefoord's fair Friend) were lately here, and I saw much of them. No Gemini have, as yet, risen there, as in your Family!! But they are happy, and that is a double Blessing, yea! greater than the double Ducal-Titles expected would prove. Still I wish those Titles to follow, and afterwards, if you give your Twin-Secret, who knows what may follow? His Grace in future acknowledges that you renovated his Health by your Instruction of moving his arms. You will, I fear, add that for the Gemini you must speak like the Virgilian Poet of real *Inspiration*; yes—not of the "*arma virumque* cano."

Now Puns aside I beg of you to be *calm*, my dear Calybeate-Youth, and to reflect, as you made a King my Godson so were I to fail in this negotiation of Peace and order after my successes in Maratha, in Pilnitz and

&c.

JOHN MACPHERSON.

APPENDIX.

A Catalogue of . . . Chiefly Italian Pictures and choice specimens of . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds: the genuine Property of the late Caleb Whitefoord, Esq., F.R. and A.S. Dec., &c. which will be sold by auction, (by order of the executors,) by Mr Christie, on the premises, No. 28, Argyll Street, on Friday the 4th of May, 1810, and following day.

FIRST DAY'S SALE.

Friday, *May* 4th, 1810.

Lanfranco	1	The Virgin and Child.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	2	A sketch of Kitty Fisher as Danäe.
A. Veronese	3	The Judgement of Paris.
Joseph	4	The Welcome Messenger.
Guercino	5	Lucretia.
R. Mengs	6	A Study for two Angels in the St. Jerome of Correggio.
Carravaggio	7	A Portrait.
Albano	8	Venus and Cupid.
Mola	9	Jupiter and Leda.
Correggio.	10	The Virgin and Child, in circles, *after*.
Tintoretto	11	Venus in a Landscape.
Carracci	12	Jupiter and Leda, *after*.
Correggio.	13	Venus, Cupid and Satyr, *after*.
Lairesse	14	Venus with Cupids.
Fragonard	15	Venus sleeping.
Ostade.	16	A Dutch Boor and companion.
Murillo	17	The Adoration of the Shepherds.
Vanderwerf	18	Venus and Cupid.
S. Ricci	19	Bacchus and Ariadne.
Primaticcio	20	The Three Graces.
Carracci	21	Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.
Singleton	22	Uncle Toby's Visit to Le Fevre, *from Sterne*.
Mola	23	Venus in a Landscape.
Trevisani.	24	The Entombing of Christ.
Correggio.	25	Jupiter and Iö, *after*.
Mola	26	Venus in a Landscape.

A. Durer	27	Adam and Eve.
Schidone	28	The Holy Family.
F. Hals	29	A Sketch of a Female Figure and a head.
Albano	30	Venus and Cupids, *L. Giordano*, and a ditto.
Jan Miel	31	A Landscape with Sportsmen.
Domenichino	32	An Allegorical, *style of.*
Boucher	33	Diana bathing, in a Landscape.
Carracci	34	St John in a Landscape.
Zuccarelli	35	Venus with Cupids.
Ag. Carracci	36	Bacchus and Ariadne.
Liberi	37	Danae.
Velasquez	38	A Portrait.
Solimeni	39	Mars and Venus.
Carracci	40	Cupid extracting a thorn from the Foot of Venus.
Correggio	41	A fine copy of the celebrated *Notte.*
L. Giordano	42	Venus and Cupid.
Carracci	43	The Virgin and Child.
Sir J. Reynolds	44	A Study for the Head of David.
C. Maratti	45	The Virgin, Child, and St John in a Landscape.
Carracci	46	Venus and Cupids in a Landscape.
Sir J. Reynolds	47	The Madona and Child.
C. Maratti	48	The Nativity, *engraved.*
Rottenhamer	49	The Reposo in a Landscape.
Vandyck	50	The Judgement of Paris, *on copper.*
Rubens	51	Bathsheba.
Rottenhamer	52	The Judgement of Paris.
Carracci	53	The Triumph of Venus.
C. Maratti	54	Bathsheba.
N. Poussin	55	Venus and Cupid.
Carracci	56	The Holy Family.
Correggio	57	The Marriage of St Catharine, *style of.*
Cosway	58	Rinaldo and Armida.
Vandyck	59	The Countess of Carlisle.
Hoppner	60	Venus and Cupid.
Ann. Carracci	61	The Virgin, Child, and St John.
Carracci	62	Andromeda.
Carracci	63	A Portrait, *Tintoretto*; and Christ carrying his Cross.
Hogarth	64	Falstaff and his companions.
Titian	65	Venus rising from the Sea, and the Three Graces, *after.*
Correggio	66	Venus and Cupid, and Jupiter and Antiope, *after.*
Sir J. Reynolds	67	Portrait of Lady Maynard.
Vandyck	68	A spirited Portrait of Lord Strafford.
Sir J. Reynolds	69	Portrait of Sir T. Mills.
Ditto	70	Lady Mills.
Tintoretto	71	The Holy Family.
Sir J. Reynolds	72	A spirited sketch, the first design for the picture of Macbeth.
C. Maratti	73	Venus and Cupid.
Sir J. Reynolds	74	Portrait of Hugh Seton, and a copy after Guido.
Albano	75	Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

Sir J. Reynolds. . .	76	Portrait of Sir J. Reynolds when a youth, and a Portrait of an Officer.
C. D'Arpino	77	Glaucus and Sylla.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	78	Portrait of Major Yeo.
Titian	79	The Nativity.
Titian	80	The Virgin and Child with St Francis, *a cabinet picture.*
Guido	81	Cupid Sleeping.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	82	Two Portraits of Officers.
Ditto	83	The Triumph of Venus.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	84	A Portrait of Lady Delaware.
Paduanino	85	Adam and Eve.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	86	A Portrait of Commodore Biron and a ditto of Col. Wynyard.
Cangiagio	87	Venus with Cupids in a Landscape.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	88	A Portrait of the late Lord Grosvenor.
P. Farinati	89	The Holy Family with St Catharine and St Sebastian in a Landscape.
Guercino	90	The Virgin and Child with Cardinal Borromeo.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	91	A Portrait of Oliver Goldsmith.
Correggio.	92	Danae, *after.*
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	93	Portrait of Col. Dow.
Barry	94	St George in a Landscape.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	95	A Portrait of Mrs Nesbitt, whole length.
Schiavone	96	Two whole length Allegorical figures.
Correggio.	97	The Virgin and Child.
C. Maratti and S. di Pesaro	98	The Holy Family in a Landscape, and companion.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	99	Dr. Armstrong.
Albano.	100	The Holy Family in a Landscape.
Domenichino . . .	101	Venus in a Landscape.
Vanni	102	The Virgin and Child.
Ag. Carracci. . . .	103	The Magdalen in a Landscape.
Domenichino . . .	104	The Flight of Eneas.
Vandyck and Rubens	105	Venus with Satyrs in a Landscape.
Guido	106	The Madona and Child.
Carracci	107	The Virgin and Child, C. Maratti; and a Ditto.
V. Castelli	108	The Rape of the Sabines.
Palma	109	The Temptation of Eve.
C. Dolce	110	A Magdalen in a Landscape.
Guido	111	St Catharine.
Ditto	112	Europa.
West	113	Venus and Adonis with Cupids in a Landscape.
Guercino	114	The Virgin, Child, and St Catharine.
Guido	115	Adam and Eve departing from Paradise.
Solimeni	116	Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.

End of the First Day's Sale.

Second Day's Sale.

Saturday, *May* 5th, 1810.

[1] Rottenhamer	. . .	1	Lot and his Daughters.
[2] Mutiano	. . . .	2	St Jerome.
[3] Carracci	. . . .	3	Venus with Cupids in a Landscape.
[4] Paduanino	. . . .	4	The Virgin and Child.
[5] Vandyck	. . . .	5	A fine copy of the celebrated picture of *Govartius.*
[6] Mengs	. . . . .	6	Cupid trying his dart, *after Correggio.*
[7] Carracci	. . . .	7	Venus, Satyr, and Cupid.
[8] Tintoretto	. . . .	8	The Visitation of the Virgin.
[9] V. Castelli	. . . .	9	The Marriage of St Catharine.
[10] P. Veronese	. . .	10	The Presentation in the Temple.
[11] Titian	. . . . .	11	The Marriage of St Catharine, *after.*
[12] N. Poussin	. . .	12	Cupid on a Dolphin.
[13] Lanfranco	. . . .	13	The Assumption of the Virgin.
[14] Zuccarelli	. . . .	14	A View in Italy with Figures.
[15] Correggio	. . . .	15	A Study of a Satyr's head.
[16] Brauwer	. . . .	16	A Dutch boor taking Medicine.
Lanfranco	. . . .	17	The Assumption of the Virgin.
Schidone	. . . .	18	A Pair of Studies of Children with Fruit.
Le Sueur	. . . .	19	Christ appearing to the Maries, and companion.
P. del Vaga	. . .	20	St Jerome.
Carracci	. . . .	21	St Francis with the Virgin and Child.
Bonifaccio	. . . .	22	The Nativity.
Rembrandt	. . .	23	A Head.
Frangonard	. . .	24	Danae, and companion.
V. Castelli	. . . .	25	Herod's Cruelty.
[17] A. Veronese	. . .	26	The Holy Family.
[18] G. Hamilton	. . .	27	Venus and Cupid.
A. Balestra	. . .	28	Diana and Actaeon.
Titian	. . . . .	29	Danae, *after.*
Salviati	. . . . .	30	Venus with Satyr and Cupids.
Titian	. . . . .	31	Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman.
Schidone	. . . .	32	The Reposo in a Landscape.
Baroccio	. . . .	33	The Marriage of St Catharine, *after Correggio.*
Schiavone	. . . .	34	The Woman taken in Adultery.
Zuccarelli	. . . .	35	The Virgin, Child, and St John.
Titian	. . . . .	36	Portrait of a Doge.
Bassan	. . . . .	37	Diana in a Landscape.
Vandyck	. . . .	38	A Portrait of Lady Ann Cavendish.
Ag. Carracci	. . .	39	Venus with Cupids in a Landscape.
Raphael	. . . .	40	The Triumph of Venus, *after.*
Liberi	. . . . .	41	The Three Graces.
L. Giordano	. . .	42	Venus, Cupid, and Satyr.
Sir J. Reynolds	. .	43	St Cecilia, *style of.*

[1] Sold for £3 3*s.* [*pencil note on Catalogue*]. [2] £5 5*s.* [*ib.*]. [3] £3 5*s.* [*ib.*].
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[8] £7 2*s.* [*ib.*]. [9] £17 9*s.* [*ib.*]. [10] £5 2*s.* [*ib.*]. [11] £5 5*s.* [*ib.*].
[12] £7 6*s.* [*ib.*]. [13] £11 11*s.* [*ib.*]. [14] 15*s.* 2*d.* [*ib.*]. [15] £12 13*s.* [*ib.*].
[16] £20 2*s.* [*ib.*]. [17] £7 2*s.* [*ib.*]. [18] £11 2*s.* [*ib.*].

	Sir J. Reynolds . .	44	Portrait of His Majesty, *style of.*
	Baroccio	45	The Nativity.
	Guido	46	A study for the head of Apollo.
	Albano	47	The Holy Family.
	Carracci	48	Bacchus and Ariadne.
[1]	Sir Joshua Reynolds	49	Charity.
	Guido	50	A capital portrait of Guido.
	Rembrandt . . .	51	A study for the picture of Christ among the Doctors.
	Palma	52	Susannah and the Elders.
	S. Farratti. . . .	53	The Virgin at devotion.
	Correggio	54	The Virgin and Child.
	P. Mattea	55	Venus bound by Cupids to a Tree.
	Parmegiano . . .	56	The Marriage of St Catharine.
	Raphael	57	Jupiter and Semele.
	F. Halls . . .	58	Portrait of himself.
	Mola.	59	The Reposo in a Landscape.
	Correggio	60	Cupid shaving his Bow.
	Murillo	61	The Assumption of the Virgin.
	A. Carracci . . .	62	St John in a Landscape.
	Titian	63	Titian's Mistress.
	E. Sarani	64	The Assumption of the Virgin.
[2]	Sir J. Reynolds . .	65	A small whole length portrait of the Duke of Cumberland.
	Domenichino. . .	66	A Madonna.
	Ditto.	67	The Mother of the Cenci.
	Albano	68	The Reposo.
[3]	Baroccio	69	The Holy Family.
[4]	Sir J. Reynolds . .	70	A half-length portrait of C. Barry.
	S. Farratti. . . .	71	The Madonna's Head.
[5]	Sir J. Reynolds . .	72	A half-length portrait of Foote.
[6]	Giorgione	73	The Judgement of Paris, . . . from the Orleans Collection.
[7]	Sir J. Reynolds . .	74	Portrait of Macpherson the Poet.
[8]	Tintoretto	75	The Vestal Tutia running with the Sieve, to prove her Chastity.
[9]	Sir J. Reynolds . .	76	A Study for the celebrated portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Florence Gallery.
[10]	Correggio	77	A fine copy of the St Jerome.
	C. Cignani. . . .	78	Charity.
	Albano	79	The Reposo in a Landscape.
	Murillo	80	St John with a Lamb.
	Teniers	81	A Magdalen at Devotion, a Pasticci.
	Albano	82	Diana and Endymion [11].

[1] Sold for £30 5*s.* (?) [*pencil note on Catalogue*]. [2] £20 [*ib.*]. [3] 60*s.* [*ib.*].
[4] 33*s.* [*ib.*]. [5] 50*s.* [*ib.*]. [6] 25*s.* [*ib.*]. [7] 40*s.* [*ib.*]. [8] 25*s.* [*ib.*]
[9] 73*s.* 8*d.* [*ib.*]. [10] 29*s.* [*ib.*].
[11] In the margin :—

£	*s.*	*d.*
31	10	0
	10	6
32	0	6
76	13	0
£108	13	6

£	*s.*	*d.*
73	0	0
3	13	0
£76	13	0

Baroccio	83	The Nativity.
Guercino	84	Venus and Adonis.
Rubens	85	Head of Christ. *This capital picture formerly adorned the Jesuit Church at Paris.*
Titian	86	The Virgin and Child.
S. Ricci	87	Bacchus and Ariadne.
Guercino	88	The Reposo in a Landscape.
P. Veronese	89	Mars and Venus.
Albano	90	Venus with Cupid.
Parmegiano	91	Pan instructing a Faun.
Schidone	92	Holy Family.
G. Bassani	93	Susannah and the Elders.
Correggio	94	The Reposo in a Landscape, in circle; *this capital picture was from the Udney collection.*
Titian	95	A portrait of Ig. Loyala.
A. Carracci	96	A Landscape, with a Satyr surprising Venus.
Correggio	97	The Madonna and Child.
Schidone	98	The Companion.
A. Veronese	99	Venus and the Graces, &c., painted on stone.
Titian	100	The Last Supper.
Mola	101	Lot and his Daughters.
Sir J. Reynolds. . .	102	The celebrated Portrait of Nelly O'Bryan.
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Sir J. Reynolds. . .	104	A Portrait of a Boy.
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Sir J. Reynolds. . .	107	A capital half-length portrait of Sir J. Stuart.
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